

Vol. 2, No. 11, Toronto, November, 1929

# The Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

November

1929



In This Issue:

The Question  
of the Hour—

Are Long Skirts Coming Back?—also—A New Beatrix Lloyd Novel

10¢



"ORIENTAL PLUSH  
The Supreme Motor  
Car Upholstery"

## Drawing room luxury in your motor-car....

*Available without extra cost in most enclosed models of McLaughlin-Buick, Chrysler, Oakland and Pontiac, Studebaker, Oldsmobile and Viking, Durant, Chevrolet and Marquette. Specify it when next you select a new car—and enjoy drawing-room luxury in your car.*

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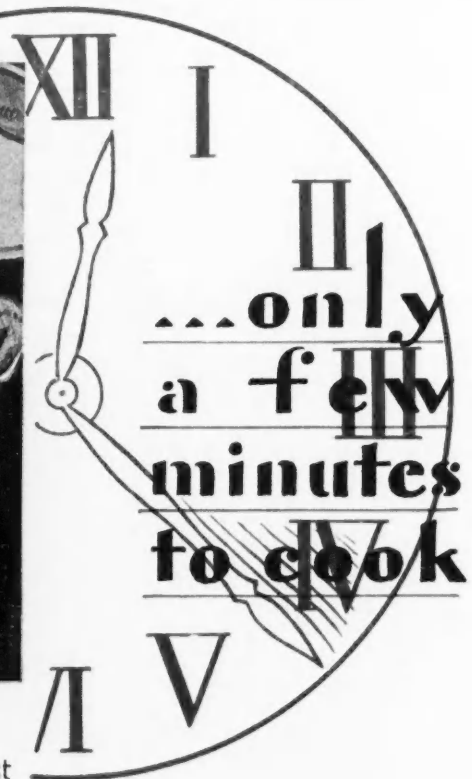
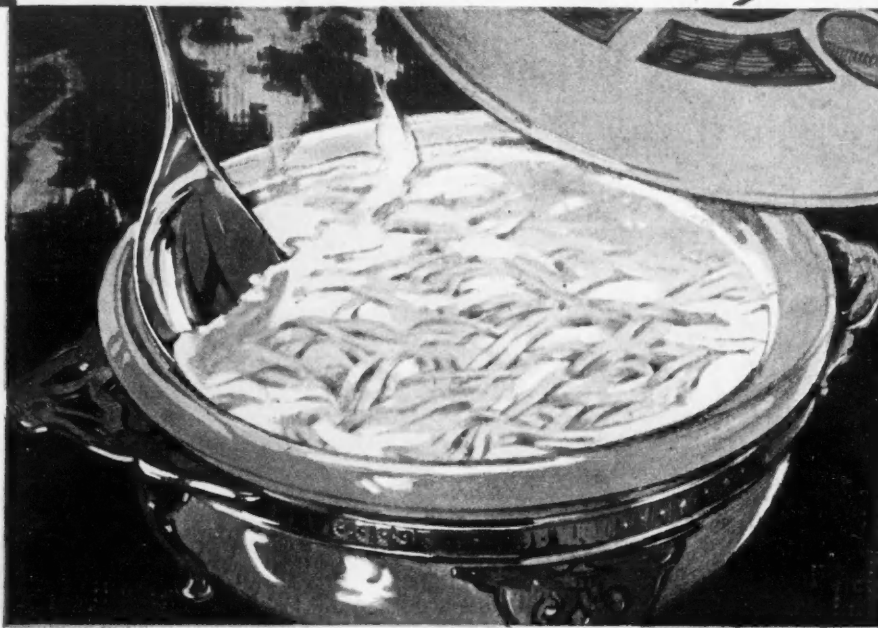
to the appearance and value of their cars. The sunny sheen for which Oriental Plush has become nationally famous never dims. Year after year it smiles on, and when trade-in time comes often influences the allowance. Too, it does not soil itself or other dainty fabrics. No wonder women prefer it! The Oriental Textiles Company, Ltd., Oshawa, Canada.

# ORIENTAL PLUSH

*Its Beauty Lasts*



# APPETIZING DELICIOUS



CATELLI'S "Eggweat" Noodles are made from the best Canadian Wheat and yolks of eggs and are full of flavour.

Serve as the main dinner dish or instead of potatoes with meat. As a side dish fry in butter to a light golden colour—they are most appetizing.

#### Catelli's "Eggweat" Milk Soup

Have milk boiling. Add Catelli's "Eggweat" Fine or Broad Noodles, and boil till cooked (about 8 to 10 minutes). Add salt and pepper, and serve with toast. (Excellent for invalids).

Each package of "Eggweat" Noodles contains a recipe.



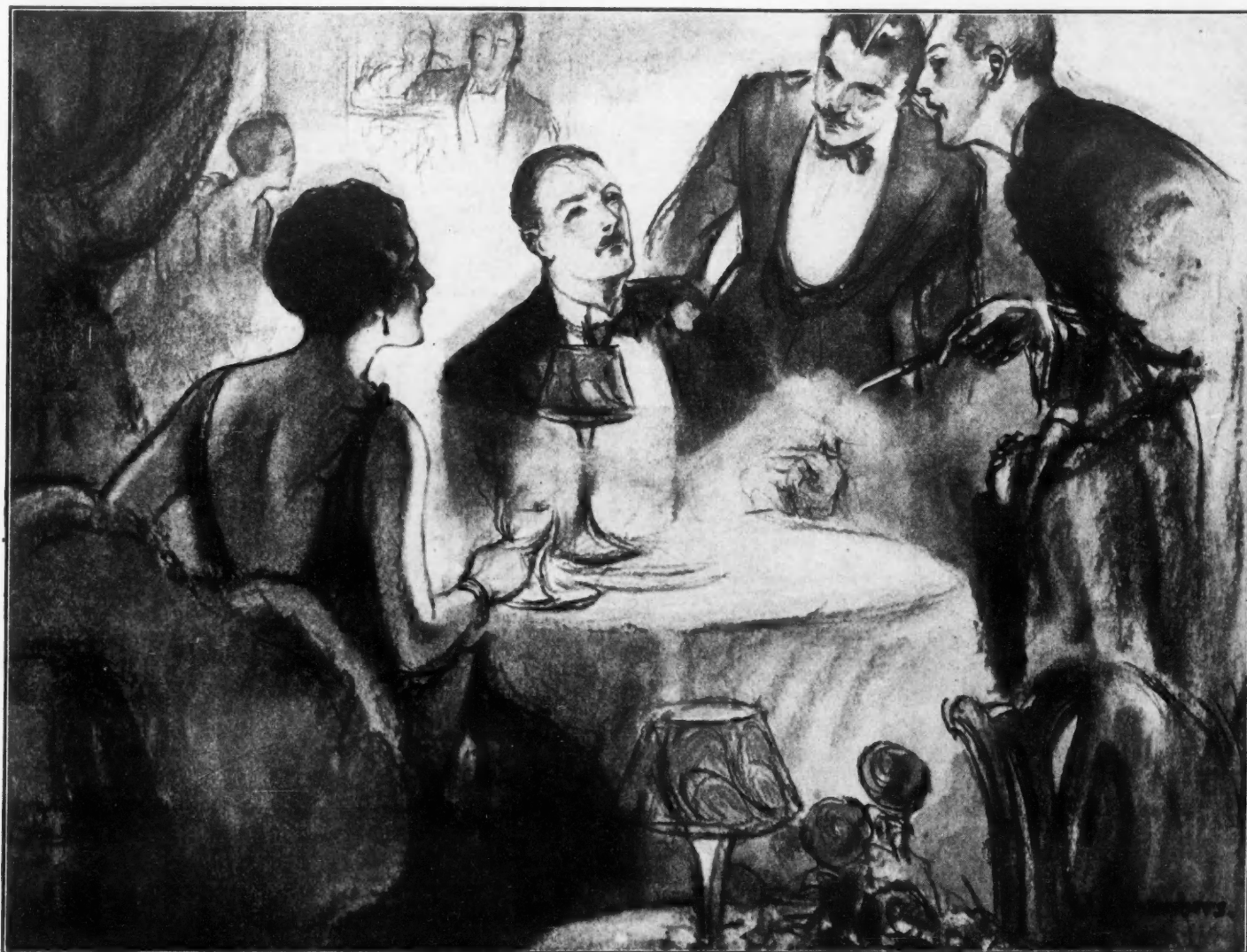
**CATELLI'S** *Nourishing* **NOODLES**



Volume II.

NOVEMBER, 1929

Number 11



*One awful night he had taken her to dinner at Pierre's where her brilliant and unforgettable beauty had halted at their table a dozen masculines whose womenfolk had sauntered by with casual stares. It was an evening they never referred to.*

# Lord Vibart's Valuable Time

## *A novel of mystery and romance*

by BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

### PART THE FIRST

IT IS not unnatural that in a spot arbitrarily selected by the Smart Set as the only place where it would spend its nights—and this involved not only beds but valets, maids, baths, motor cars, garages, cooks, kitchens, sun-parlors, bridge-rooms, dancing space, country clubs, yachts, harbors, and a whole community of purveyors—the real-estate dealers should realize many dreams. But it remained for one insignificant member of this optimistic class to go beyond their most feverish visions.

For nobody had ever in the wildest flight of fancy imagined himself as getting a name on the dotted line of a lease for the Moody Place.

Small houses with electric kitchens could be disposed of

at about five dollars the cubic foot as fast as they could be sown in the ground. But the Moody Place had been built in the days when the convenience of the master was considered before that of the servant. Built when a man's house was as big as he wanted it; when one could put an eight-foot fourposter into a bedroom and lose one's way to it in the dark after blowing out the candle.

It was a great stone and brick rectangle with two wings, each larger than the new railway station, set on a rise of ground by Moody's Inlet, and surrounded by a tract of forty acres, for which the development companies slavered at the jaws in vain. The Moody Place had been part of a lawsuit for so long that nobody knew what it was all about. It was a litigation that, like the famous Jarndyce and Jarndyce case, would undoubtedly muddle on until even the lawyers could not wring a penny from it. For this reason it could not be sold, and because of its preposterous dimensions it had never been rented.

Griggs, who was to achieve fame on the strength of getting a tenant for it, thought the people were joking. Though the



**"DANCE KNICKER"**

Here's a knicker admirably suitable for dancing. Lots of freedom, very brief and slim. The "flap" is of the modified uplift variety.

**"SEMI-DEB"**

A brief but practical little knicker for street wear.

**"PECK POCKET"**

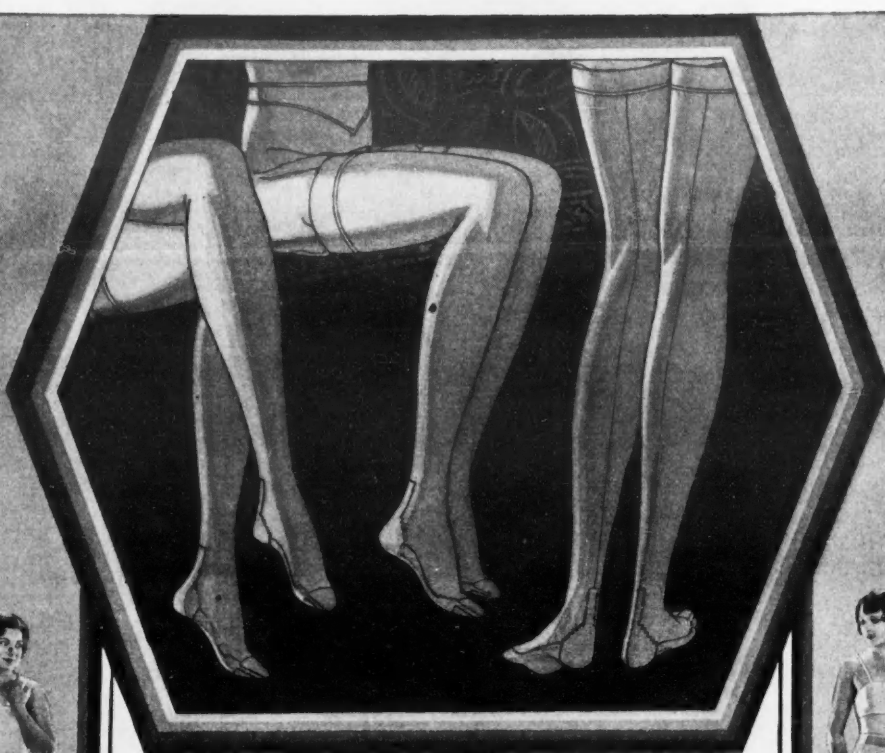
A little bird said that there is a pocket in this little princess type knicker—and there is.

**"LA MASQUE"**

The feather in his cap denotes the fact that he is part of an unusually practical knicker.

**"MARDI GRAS"**

There's a "Mardi Gras" all about this hand printed model, and it's brief as Pierrot's skirt.



## THREE EXTRA LONG STOCKINGS TO WEAR WITH THE NEW WOODS BREVITIES

- (1) Service Weight (2) Chiffon  
(3) Service Chiffon

The new Brevities demand extra long hosiery—the extra long Woods Lavender Line stocking has been specially made to meet this need. Its sheer strong silk comes 8 inches above the knee. In all qualities it has the new comfortable slipper toe and smart French heel.

The smart shops throughout Canada wherever Woods Lavender Line underwear is sold can also show you the new Woods Lavender Line hosiery in all the fashionable shades for fall. Here are the new shades:

Flesh tones—Flesh, Pearl Blush.  
Sun tones—Suntan, Romance, Biscay Nude, Onionskin, Sun-bronze, Afternoon, Beechnut.  
Fawn Beige—Monkey Skin, Breezee, Grain.  
Taupe Beige—Allure, Nude, Crystal Beige.  
Taupe Greys—Muskeg, Muskoka.  
Greys—Gull, Dove, Blue Fox, Light Gunmetal, Gunmetal.

At smart shops  
all over Canada.  
—Service \$1.95  
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**WOODS UNDERWEAR CO., LIMITED**  
70 Crawford Street, Toronto



**WOODS Lavender Line**

2

**"SPORTS PRINTS"**

This princess type Brevity is built for almost any sport. Its decorative sport scenes are hand printed.

**"RATHER DOGGIE"**

Another princess knicker. The little appliqued terrier comes in several colors.

**"TRIC-O-NIC"**

A dainty knicker for the Busy Young Person who wants a short, smart foundation for her frocks in attractive, woven-in-patterns.

**"STEPPING OUT"**

A brief princess knicker for dancing. The dancing couple in Applique add gaiety.

**"THE NEW FRENCH CUFF"**

A feature of this knicker is a smooth French cuff held in place by elastics.

"Nonsense," said the lady. "Can't I ask a question like that about my own brother?"

Griggs gave a little jump. "Is Owen Donovan your brother?" he gasped.

"He is that," she said, with the faintest touch of a reminiscent brogue in her speech. "I was on my way looking for his place when we passed this house of yours."

"Well, well," said Griggs. Donovan would make an A1 reference for these odd people who complained of poverty and wanted to rent a thirty room house. "He lives on the other side of the Point, around on Nicholls' Bay. It's only a couple of miles by road."

"Now, I'll tell you what," said the lady, turning to her companions. "You boys get a taxi and go to look at this house with Mr. Griggs. It's you that want it. For my part, I think we shall all have the horrors in it, but never mind. If you can induce Pawlson and Charles to stay in it, I'm game. But I'm going right over to see Owen. I have some private matters to talk over with him. We'd have to send you off to mouch around by yourselves, and they might catch you and start you reducing. I don't think either of you can afford to lose as much flesh as Portia would grant Shylock." She tinkled her little laugh at them. "In plain English, I'd rather have your room than your company."

"I was slowly taking that in," said Vibart sadly.

"I can get a taxi in two shakes," said Griggs. He didn't want this extraordinary feather in his cap to be blown away by mischance. To rent the Moody Place would make him modestly famous.

"Well," said Jervis sadly. "I don't know about Vib, but I am conscious of a depressing sense of disappointment. We are, besides, very impractical. Are we in any sense fitted to pronounce upon the size of the oven, the number of steps to the cellarage, and so on?"

"At least you know as much about it as I do," she answered. "After all, it's Pawlson and my chef who will have to be satisfied, not us. I'll come back for you in about an hour."

Griggs had barked a short command for a taxicab into the telephone, and now stood watching as these two satellites attended the lady to the limousine. With one charmingly shod foot on the step, she turned her head over her shoulder to call back to him. "Would you kindly come and tell my man how to find Mr. Donovan's?"

Griggs went forward and did so. "You can't miss it," said he with the invariable confidence of the director, a sturdy optimism that survives the human persistence with which the directed do miss it utterly. "Turn into the main road at the end of this street, go on past the station till you come to L'Hommedieu's Lane, then straight along for about a mile and a quarter. It's a big house with a green mansard roof, big gables, off by itself. You'll find it without any trouble."

The chauffeur touched his cap, the lady nodded, and smiled her flashing smile. Griggs could not see that she looked at all like a sister of Owen Donovan. The two tall elegant gentlemen made affectionate but reproachful gestures of farewell with their hats held a arm's length.

"Taxi'll be here in a minute," said Griggs, solemnly.

"If a minute is two shakes," said Vibart, taking out a cigarette case and offering it to his companions, "an hour should be a bad case of the trembles. Mr. Griggs!"

"Uh?" grunted Griggs, as he made use of Jervis' lighter.

"Mr. Griggs, we would have serious speech with you."

"I've no objection to that," said the agent drily. It was what they had been talking up to now that did not appeal to him.

One on either side of him, they puffed a moment in silence. Then Vibart blew out with a cloud of smoke a gentle question. "What is the matter with this place, this very moody place?"

"Ah," sighed Jervis.

"Nothing," replied Griggs.

"Mr. Griggs," said Jervis, in a tone of injured remonstrance, "I was conscious of a certain discomfort in your otherwise impeccable manner when my mother asked you the same question. I see now that my friend here remarked the same thing."

"Quite," agreed Vibart.

"She seems very young to be your mother," remarked Mr. Griggs.

"She will always seem very young," replied Jervis. "As a matter of fact, she is not my mother. I adopted her when I was six years old. May I suggest that your introduction of her youthful appearance seems to me an evasion of our direct question?"

"Now I'll tell you what," said Mr. Griggs. "Here comes our taxi. Let's go and look at the place. You may decide that you don't want it."

"I take that to be an admission," mused Vibart.

"Take it any way you like," said Griggs, pleasantly. "We'll go over the house first."

"In your local phrase," agreed Jervis, "I get you."



Donovan was totally unprepared for her question, spoken rather dreamily after a pause. "Owen, do you ever think of dying?" "Never," said he tranquilly.

THE Moody Place lay on the west side of the inlet, which was really quite a sizable harbor, one of the many such scallops on the southern shore of the Sound. Occumtown proper lay on the other side, filling a peninsula whose farther border faced another bay. To reach the Moody Place, one drove across a bridge over the marshy southern point of the inlet. Abortive attempts to drain this low land had, indeed, encroached slightly upon the harbor, but the tides still seeped up over it. Still, clustered down there in this undesirable spot was a little huddle of miserable houses, their roofs and crazy chimneys far below the bridge level, scattered along a roadway of muddy ruts that still showed signs of once having gone on as far as an abandoned ice-house built into the bluff. It was on the top of this bluff that lay the Moody acres, and once across the bridge the road to the house deserted the main turnpike in an abrupt right-hand curve.

Climbing the rise, among the great trees that covered the hill, the depressing little shanty town was not visible. One had a splendid view of the water, and of the handsome estates that were spaced along the shore of Occumtown. From the other side of the house, one saw nothing but the woods.

There was a high brick and stone fence surrounding the property, in shocking disrepair, and the big wooden gates had obviously not been closed for many a day, as the grass grown up about their sagging bars showed plainly. The ground was covered with last year's discarded vegetation, and the old negro who stood leaning on his rake in the middle of the overgrown driveway appeared to have abandoned whatever hope may have sustained him in embarking upon the enterprise of clearing the fallen leaves away.

He ducked and shuffled when he saw them approaching, and made a mild show of drawing his rake across the gravel.

"Mornin, Mista Griggs," he said, with a conciliatory grin.

"Morning," said Griggs, looking unmoved upon the old man's aimless flourish of work. Whether this ancient did or did not fulfil his duties was nothing to him.

The grey-wooled negro eyed the two young gentlemen with the eyes of instinctive worship. They were quality. Perhaps they were heirs come at last into possession. He bowed to them humbly.

"Good morning," said both of these godlike creatures pleasantly.

And "Your name isn't Hercules by any chance?" murmured Vibart with a slow look around him.

"No, suh, name's Jotham," chuckled the black. He knew enough to smile at the jokes of the Olympians, though he by no means understood this one. Quality did sure enough show when it come to talking to a poor old nigger: that white trash Griggs thought himself mighty proud. "Ol' Jotham, I is. Dunno how ol' and that's the truth."

"He has been," said Griggs patiently, "a servant in the family all his life. Lives along on a little pension they give him."

"Tha's me," crooned the old negro delightedly. "Gets my rations reglar. Work roun' here come springtime, but no one nigger kin do with all these yere trees. O' place look mighty cluttered up, but old Jotham get it fix one day."

"Do you live here?" asked Vibart.

"Lives down yonder in the holler," said the old man. "Tech o' misery in my ol' back make it mighty discombultious to climb up thisaway, but ol' Jotham got his wuk to do. Yes, suh." He gave a little ingratiating pull at the rake.

"Jervis," said Vibart, "you go in with Mr. Griggs and look at the house. I'll follow you in a few moments. Jotham is going to tell me all about the house."

It did not seem that Jervis cared for this division of entertainment, and he followed the agent into the house with a complete absence of enthusiasm. He seemed habitually to keep his spirits at a low temperature, but with the added chill of having to carry on this enterprise alone he became positively arctic.

"It's a good-sized place," he observed, looking about him.

[Continued on page 35]



two young men with the matronly lady who stopped in a motor to enquire about it were serious enough, there was, to Mr. Griggs, an odd undercurrent of whimsicality about them both that made him wonder if he were not being spoofed.

"You see, being practically penniless—" remarked one of the gentlemen, "I speak for myself, as I believe my friend here is accounted solvent—we thought, my mother and I, that we might take the house for the summer."

"I don't just get you," stammered Griggs. "Will you sit down?"

"Sit down, Mugs, my dear," said this young man respectfully to the lady. "Of course, there is no need for us to begin by the usual preamble that there is another party looking at it. Anybody can see that no one has given the place so much as a glance since the Tower of Pisa went out of plumb."

"Don't be so ridiculous, Jervis," said his mother composedly. She was that alliterative creature, fairish, fattish, and forty-ish, which still exists in rare cases nowadays when the thin bobbed-haired grandmother has come into fashion. She wore no paint nor gilding, yet she gave an impression of doing both. No one expected Nature to go on supplying pink cheeks and yellow hair to a woman of her age, but neither did one look for Paris dressmakers who continue to supply the penniless with ravishing *toilettes*. All of these things were hers. She sat down with a little sigh, on which there floated forth from her graceful gossamer draperies a breath of sachet perfume.

"No chap who patronizes Jerry's tailor," murmured the other gentleman, "can be ridiculous."

"Quite," said Jervis. "I was merely pointing out to Mr. Griggs that my look of incurable witlessness belies me. Let me explain the mental process by which I was led to bring my suggestion to Mr. Griggs." He sat down himself, the better to cope with this effort. "As we passed this lonely landmark, I said, 'Here is a place that nobody wants, that is going to seed for lack of care, and that should be a bargain. By industrious moving about, in the course of three months, we should be able to live in a goodish part of it, and I suggest that we go and ask Mr. Griggs what is the least he will take for it.' If I have mis-stated my remarks, Mugs, if I have not given Mr. Griggs my fullest confidence, Vibart, I trust you will correct me."

"Yours is a faithful report of what I consider the workings of a master mind," said the other gentleman.

The lady gave a little very musical laugh. She was kind-hearted, as a plump blonde is apt to be, and turned her pretty face toward Mr. Griggs with what promised to be greater friendliness than the gentlemen had shown. They had the appearance not so much of playing a game with him as over him, using him somewhat in the fashion of a net in tennis.

"You mustn't mind these youngsters, Mr. Griggs," she said. "What is your price for the house for three months? We really can't take it unless it is reasonable."

"Well," said Mr. Griggs.

There was a little pause. He had no instructions concerning a short lease.

"You would wish, of course, to go through the house?"

"But don't you think," suggested Vibart, negligently, "it might take us a considerable part of the three months?"

"Well, but—" Mr. Griggs was glad when the lady rescued him again.

"Of course the place is furnished?"

"Yes. Yes, it is completely furnished," said he. "As a matter of fact, it is very handsomely and expensively furnished. It was once a showplace. The last member of the

## Illustrated by W. V. CHAMBERS

family to live there brought over the furniture from Europe. No linen or silver. We might be able to get you the silver—I don't know. It would require a court order and a good deal of delay. The property is in litigation, you see."

"My dear Mr. Griggs," said Jervis, "we have no desire to add to the burdens of your surrogate. We can get us some silver and pillow shams. Let us be artfully frank with you. We like the place. It has an air of morose grandeur that reminds us of the abandoned estates at home. We could go to one hundred guineas a month. With my customary courtesy I step aside and allow you to figure for yourself what that may be in Canadian currency."

"It's five hundred and nine dollars and twenty-five cents," said the fair lady very unexpectedly.

"My darling Mugs!" cried Jervis with the first animation he had shown.

Even Griggs stared at her. Vibart shook his head.

"Far deadlier than the male," said he, "in the matter of specie."

"Well, I haven't forgotten how to count in dollars," laughed she.

Jervis' admiring gaze left her face to focus upon the agent. "And what in your opinion, sir, would this offer be worth? It sounds a comfortable bit, put in just that way?"

"I'll be frank with you," said Mr. Griggs. "It's a good offer. I can't close the matter myself, but I can and will strongly urge its acceptance."



Joan of the rippling red-gold hair, the dark blue eyes, the cream skin, had enough beauty to fit out half a dozen women.

"Consider yourself a lifelong friend," said Vibart.

"I understand, of course, that you intend to use it as private residence?"

"The thought is natural," said Jervis in a kindly tone. "One looks at the vast proportions of that noble pile and immediately the thought of lodgers springs to the intelligence. But we are congenitally against them. Inherited from an ancestor who was a pirate, the aversion to boarders—"

"Don't be so silly," said the lady again. She smiled at Mr. Griggs and for all her avoirdupois, the smile quite dazzled him. The insignificant agent in a small summer resort could not be expected to know that the superlative quality of that smile had once been famous over a territory on which the sun never sets, wherever indeed there were Englishmen who could sing 'I Never Once Forgot I Was a Lady'.

"There's nothing the matter with the place, I suppose? Drains or anything? Why doesn't anybody live in it?"

"Servants," said Mr. Griggs. "Coal. All that sort of thing."

These were plausible facts, but it did not escape the eyes of Jervis nor those of Vibart, who was apparently looking at his boots, that the agent had had a moment of hesitant discomfort.

VIBART looked at the lady and rose. He was a long bony chap of whom one might have expected some physical awkwardness, but he moved like a lazy panther. "I confess," he said, with a first hint of interest in his voice, "that I should like to take a cursory sort of prowl about the place."

The lady had risen with the others, and again the drift of delicate scent perfumed the air about her. She drew about her shoulders the huge fur collar that completed her filmy chiffon coat. "What's the name of this place?" she asked idly.

"It's just called the Moody Place," said Griggs. "I suppose it had a highfaluting name once upon a time."

"Oh, you mean the house," said she, while the others appreciatively rolled the words, "Moody Place" upon their tongues. They seemed to find the name exquisitely appropriate. "I meant the town."

"Town?" said Griggs. "This town?"

"Motoring about Canada," began Vibart, "one is frequently confronted with the hospitable assurance that Shawgamuck Welcomes You, but sometimes—"

"I get you," interrupted Mr. Griggs. He found the leisurely forms of speech indulged by these gentlemen a little prostrating. "This is Occumtown."

"Occumtown!" echoed all three of his visitors in well-bred amazement. Perhaps the lady's tone was even a little more highly pitched than that. Certainly it rang above the others. "Well, of all things," she added none too lucidly.

Mr. Griggs, hunting through a very untidy desk for keys, fancied they found the syllables bizarre. "It's named for a man who was a sort of missionary to the Indians, I've been told," he said. He hadn't seen those keys in many a day. "Our surprise was not," said Vibart, "for the oddity of the name, but for its familiarity."

"Of all things," repeated the lady. "Do you know a man named Donovan, Owen Donovan, who lives somewhere near here?"

"I know him, certainly," said the agent with a smile. The keys had turned up in the very bottom drawer of the desk. He looked up from his crouching position before he put a hand to his chair to raise himself. He might be a very active real estate agent, but he could not move with the elastic ease of Vibart. "Everybody knows him."

"I'm on my way to see him," said she.

Griggs, once more upon his feet, had a reply for this that for a moment dumbfounded them. "He doesn't take ladies," he said, and put the keys in his pocket. When he turned, with his hat in his hand, it was to find three pairs of blank eyes fixed upon his face. "What's up?" he asked crisply.

"Not wishing to seem insularly ignorant of the uses of our common language in a foreign clime," Vibart musically remarked, "allow me to apologize for saying that I don't know what the deuce you mean."

If Griggs was in much the same case concerning his visitor, the lady enlightened him by echoing "Doesn't take ladies!" in a tone of utter astonishment.

"Why, no," said Mr. Griggs. "Only men."

"And still it is not pellucidly clear," suggested Vibart.

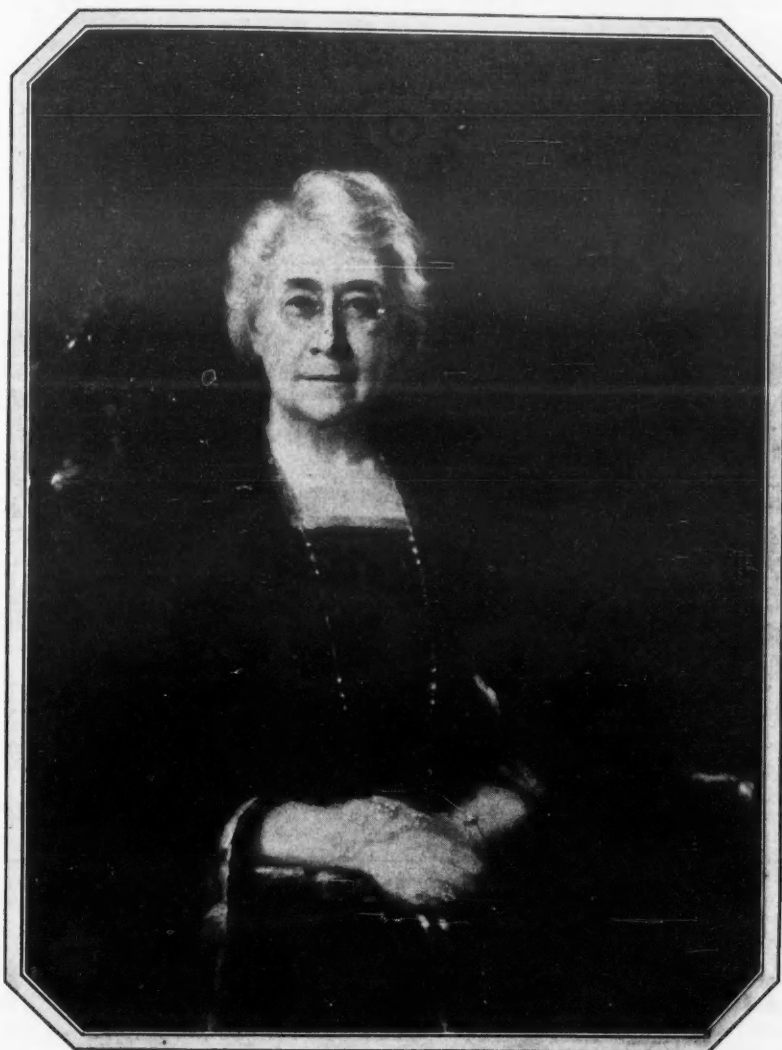
"Well," said the agent patiently, "Owen Donovan is, of course the best known trainer in the country. He does away with more fat than Chicago. But he only takes men at his place."

The lady suddenly gave again her tinkling tuneful laugh. "Oh, boys, he thinks I'm fat!" she cried with good-nature.

"But not at all," stammered poor Griggs.

She was not offended in the least, not even sufficiently interested to pause to forgive him. "So he's gone into training the flesh off other people, has he?" she said. "He's rich, isn't he?"

"Mugs, my dear!" protested Jervis in a shocked tone.



Miss Mary Agnes Snively, one of our greatest Canadian women, who laid the foundation for Canadian nursing, is today eighty-two years of age.

## PIONEER NURSING IN CANADA

*During the past fifty years the story of Canada's nursing pioneers has been a thrilling and romantic one*

by **BLODWEN DAVIES**

**I**T IS part of the romance of this Dominion's story that pioneers of so many of its greatest enterprises are still alive to tell the tale of their adventures. It is part of the tragedy of the story that we are not gathering up enough of these epics to preserve them for posterity. Every passing year blots out some precious memory that all the research in the world cannot replace.

There is still living in Toronto one of the great Canadian women of the age. I had spent various pleasant hours talking to her, dipping into her treasury of memories before I realized with a shock that this very charming, very alert, very capable woman was eighty-two years of age. I doubted the evidence of my eyes when I saw the date of her birth in print and dismissed it as a printer's error. But it was not a printer's error, and Mary Agnes Snively, the Florence Nightingale of Canada, has lived more than four-score full, fruitful years.

Miss Snively's pioneer work laid the foundation for our modern, trained nursing system in Canada. She, more than any other woman in our history, has raised nursing from the degraded trade it was, to be one of the greatest professions open to women today. In December, 1883, Miss Snively became superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital, and today, forty-six years later, she enjoys telling of some of the strange characters that were found on the staff of the hospital. Those were the days before nurses were trained for their profession, as they are today, and conditions were unbelievably bad.

Miss Snively found herself in charge of a hospital of four hundred beds with twenty-seven nurses in training and seven trained nurses in charge of wards. There was no systematic study or training, no written orders for anything, no case histories, no method of ward supply. The beds were of straw.

Eliza, an old pensioner was found by Miss Snively in one of the wards. She was Toronto's Sairey Gamp and was then the age that Miss Snively is now—but it would be difficult to conceive a greater contrast between two women. Eliza

was a nurse for many years. She lived in a room in the basement whence she emerged for her duty as night nurse; but most of the night was spent in sleep.

There were other strange old characters on the staff; Denis and his wife, Bridget, the gatekeepers, and Old Tom, the janitor, whose duties included the admission of patients to hospital. Old Tom was a sailor with one leg amputated, and most of his time was spent on the lawn with a black clay pipe in his mouth. The dresser was an old soldier who lived on the third floor of the hospital with his wife.

One of the head nurses had graduated from the kitchen where as a scullery maid she had had a hand-to-hand encounter with the cook. She came off second best with a broken leg and became a patient in one of the wards. As soon as she could, she helped with the nursing and in six months wore a cap and was in charge of a ward.

**D**R. ABRAHAM GROVES, of Fergus, still a practising physician, remembers those days before there was a trained nurse in Canada, and when a nurse's chief qualification was her ability to make a poultice. When she wore trains to her dresses, carried her knife, fork and spoon in her pocket, and had her daily ration of beer. When the nurses had their meals in a room in the basement opposite the engine room, and when they were frequently dismissed for neglect, rowdiness or incompetence. Sterilization was unknown. The operating table was a plain kitchen table without attachments of any kind, and doctors operated in bloodstained garments.

These are all sober facts from the history of the Toronto General within the last fifty years. The first woman to rise above the low level of nursing was Harriet Goldie, not a trained nurse, but a woman with experience in the Franco-Prussian war. She was matron for six years. At the end of

her regime the hospital board decided to establish a training school. Two trained nurses, one from London and one from Massachusetts, in turn, made an attempt before Miss Snively arrived. Only then can the training school be said to have taken root. Some five nurses had graduated previous to her arrival. One of them had attended one lecture on the circulation of the blood. Two passed without lecture attendance of any kind.

Miss Snively was born in St. Catharines of pioneer ancestry, and was a school teacher and a very successful one before she entered Bellevue Hospital, at the age of thirty-two, to train for nursing. She went straight from Bellevue to the Toronto General.

She faced a colossal task. It required not merely scientific training, but tact, strength of will, superb health, and a great nobility of character to meet and overcome the difficulties, the opposition and the resentments of the situation. The medical societies of the day were not entirely convinced of the necessity of all the "frills" that went with a training school, and their chief interest was in keeping down expense. The proposals of this energetic, ambitious and purposeful woman were sometimes overwhelming to their conservatism and left them gasping with astonishment. But Miss Snively was not only a nurse, but an administrator, a diplomat and an organizer. There have been other celebrated superintendents but Canada never knew one who combined with her teaching qualities the administrative and organizing ability and the wide public vision of Mary Snively. She practised, wrote, and talked nursing, day in, day out, from hospital, press and platform. She was a great pioneer.

**B**UT while Toronto General training school was the greatest it was not the first in Canada. That honor goes to St. Catharines.

Canada's hospital history is rooted in war and immigration, and began after the war of 1812. When the Napoleonic wars ended, immigration began [Continued on page 53]



# Three's a Crowd

*A merry tale with a moral--don't take an extra man to an elopement*



by R. K. HALL

**T**HEN you refuse to help me?" "Yes, Vincent," I said callously. "That's about what it amounts to."

"Why won't you?" asked Vincent. He seemed quite pettish about it.

"For several reasons."

"Name one of them."

"Well, in an elopement, three is rather an awkward number isn't it? If I were eloping, I wouldn't want another fellow around cluttering things up."

Vincent leaned well forward in the wing chair. He is short and fills his fashionable clothes to the point of bursting. His fair hair has begun to retire a bit from his forehead. He wears horn-rimmed glasses that make his blue eyes appear larger and more babyish than they actually are. Just now his attitude, and the distressed expression on his round face made him look as if he had over-indulged in green apples.

"Bunk!" he said. "I've already explained why I need your help. Her father—"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted him wearily. "I've heard it so often nothing short of a fall from a tenth-story window could jar me loose from it. Her father's wealthy and a big brute. He's kept dear little Norma as secluded as a nun in a convent. But you've been meeting her secretly at the end of the garden, and you've planned to elope. I know all that, Vincent. For heaven's sake, don't rehash it."

Vincent had worked himself to the extreme edge of his chair now. "Listen: I didn't tell you the most important part of it. The old man found out about Norma and me, and he's locked her in her room. He says he'll keep her there for a year if necessary."

"I don't blame him," I said. "If it had been my daughter, I'd have spanked her as well."

"Are you trying to be funny?" asked Vincent coldly.

"No," I said, "I'm telling the truth. How did you discover all this?"

"The maid who takes Norma her meals met me yesterday evening at the foot of the garden and gave me a note. Norma had bribed her to deliver it. I scribbled an answer, telling her to be ready at one-thirty to-night and we'd skip off and be married."

"Go ahead then. Proceed with the skipping."

"I can't manage it alone."

"Why not?" I asked.

"For one thing, I'll have to borrow a ladder from one of the neighboring houses. For another, I can't hoist an extension ladder to a third-story window alone without making a terrible noise."

I laughed. "You don't need me," I pointed out as brutally as I could. "What you need is a truck driver with lots of muscle and a willingness to work at non-union hours."

Vincent made a gesture of disgust, sprang up, lit a cigar



ette nervously, and paced around the room in harassed impotence.

"Man, haven't you any sentiment in you? Doesn't frustrated love elicit from you anything more than a wisecrack?" I laughed again—and coarsely. "Love! Have you forgotten the way Joan Remick ditched me for that Cassels fellow? Love doesn't mean a thing to me—and even less at an unholy hour like one-thirty in the morning."

"Your own misfortune," argued Vincent, "ought to make you more sympathetic toward a case of true love like mine."

"True love?" I scoffed. "Let me see; isn't this about the tenth allegedly true love affair you've had since you left college four years ago? And while you're preparing an answer to that one, for Pete's sake sit down. You're wearing holes in my rug."

Vincent made another circuit of the room and sat down. He was up again almost at once, glaring at me balefully.

"You're a great friend," he announced bitterly.

"Stop!" I commanded. "When you play that friend refrain, use the soft pedal and press lightly. I've never liked the tune since you persuaded me to sink two thousand in that tractor company that was going to put Henry Ford out of business and make fabulous dividends."

"And so it would, too, if—"

"Yes, if," I interrupted. "Let it go at that, Vincent. We are discussing something else at present. Let us return to our muttons."

"You're my last resort," moaned Vincent, recalled to his dilemma. "Can't you be moved by love or money to give me a hand?"

At once I was all interest. "Money?" I repeated. "Did you say money?"

Vincent looked startled; then hopeful.

"You don't mean to say you'd do it for money?"

"Well," I answered, "I swore once I'd get that two thousand back if I had to take it out of your carcass."

"Before I pay you two thousand for your help—" Vincent began, his voice soaring like a fire siren.

"Shush, shush! I don't expect to get it all at once. How much are you willing to pay?"

Vincent suggested ten dollars, and added that it was at least six dollars too much.

"Twenty-five dollars," I said, "and considering the risks, that's about a quarter of what it's worth."

"Twenty-five dollars!" gargled Vincent. "It's a hold-up. I'll be hanged if I'll be bled—"

He grabbed up his hat and rushed angrily out of the room. He rushed right back though, wrenching the door open almost as soon as it slammed shut.

"I'll give you fifteen, you infernal robber," he shouted, "and not a red cent more."

"Shut the door more quietly this time," I said, waving an indifferent hand.

"Twenty," Vincent offered, "and I hope you choke to death."

"I've changed my mind about it. Get somebody else."

"Here you are," wailed Vincent. He jerked forth a plump roll of bills from his trousers' pocket. "Ten—twenty—twenty-five." He couldn't have looked worse if he had been parting with a pint of his own blood.

"Correct. Where'll I meet you?" I asked, pocketing the money.

"I'll pick you up here in my car at twelve-thirty," said Vincent.

It was certainly an ideal night for an elopement, a hold-up, or a grave robbing. As we sped [Continued on page 56]



Illustrated  
by  
J. S.  
Hallam

*A muscular pyjama-clad arm reached out and assisted Vincent through the window. Indeed, I don't ever remember seeing a man pass through a window faster than Vincent did on that occasion.*

horror under our accusing eyes. But Julianna did not drop my hand nor the cookies. She held both firmly. She looked at us all, and again two little tears rolled out of her eyes. She flung up her head with the gesture we knew so well later on. She stuck out her firm round chin.

"Oh, she's all right—Aunt Anna. She wants me to forget my father—that's all. I never shall. Never. And what's more I'll make Brownbrook remember him without ever knowing his name. That's what I'll do. You'll see."

She withdrew her hand from mine and struck hers sharply twice on the jagged edge of the stones.

"You've cut your hand!" cried Evelyn.

"I meant to!" said Julianna. As we gasped and gaped, she dabbed the cut hand on her white pinafore over her heart.

"Now it's a blood vow," she said, and sucked her hand and gazed past our faces with sombre blue eyes; and that was all Brownbrook ever knew of Julianna Johns' father. But Brownbrook never forgot him. Julianna kept her vow though she never mentioned him again.

We tied up her hand in the cleanest handkerchiefs we could muster. Then we clustered about her and waited breathless to see what she would do next. She looked us over finally and smiled her dimpling crooked smile that crinkled up her beautifully modelled face. Her smile always spoiled her beauty, but made her instantly loving and beloved.

"You girls must be awfully dull cooped up here like this in a little school with no boys," she said. "Don't you ever play with boys? Haven't you got any brothers? I was watching you all yesterday."

We were troubled and disconcerted. Those of us who had brothers or even male cousins eagerly proclaimed them. Evelyn Brown had the most, we explained, and the best big gravelled yard for hop-scotch. The boys played "Hoist the Sail" every afternoon and it was a highly organized and very complicated game of "I Spy," ranging all over our end of the town with home goal in the Brown's yard. We could watch and play on the edges but we did not care to play "with boys."

Julianna looked at us pityingly. "Well, you ask me over this afternoon and we'll see what we can do about it," she said.

Evelyn was overjoyed and excitement waxed high.

"Will your aunt let you come?" we asked.

"Of course," said Julianna. "Aunt Anna's all right, I tell you. She's shown me her puppies already."

"But she—she burned up all your pretty clothes, didn't she?" said Evelyn. Julianna sighed.

"Oh yes. I've only got these now." She looked down at her ugly black cotton frock and the blood-stained pinafore, and drew up one corner of her large curved mouth. "It's black anyhow out of respect for Death," she said solemnly, "and that's decent of her. She might easily have put me in Turkey red like her blouses. I'd have hated that now, but I like red too. But she's fair, Aunt Anna is. I guess I'll never have any pretty clothes again."

That afternoon Julianna appeared with a puppy under one arm and two huge red satin boxes of candy under the other. She walked into the Browns' back yard where the masculine game of "I Spy" was just beginning. Gathered in a little group under the butternut trees we girls watched her with awe.

"Hello, boys," said Julianna. "Look at my new puppy. Aunt Anna's just given him to me."

The boys looked at Julianna, and then at the silky puppy which was obviously one of Miss Anna's prize winners. Over his little head was Julianna's crinkled smile. But it took some time for Aspasia to conquer the Greeks, and history repeats itself. Some of the boys shuffled and smiled sheepishly—but a raucous voice was raised suddenly. "Look here, skirts—this is a boys' game. Clear out!"

It was fat Jimmy Wheelwright. Julianna looked at him with interest.

"Ho, smarty! They all do as you say, do they? Right sweet of them to sit

down and wait for you. Hope you'll never get stuck in a gate, or they'll have to take the fence down. I'll bet you can't do a handspring like this, even if you are a boy."

She glanced swiftly about her, and suddenly deposited the puppy and the candy boxes in the arms of Clarence Short. "Here—you hold these for me," she said. There was a whirl of slim black legs and a swirl of black cotton skirt and white pinafore. Amidst genuine gasps of homage, gymnasium-trained Julianna Johns stood again upon her feet. Giddy and a bit bruised from the gravel, but victorious, she took the puppy from Clarence and dimpled at him. We girls edged nearer.

"I've got two boxes of candy," announced Julianna. "I hid 'em yesterday. Before the bonfire. Suppose you've heard about that. One's for us girls, but we can't eat 'em both, maybe. Come on over under the trees. We won't bite you."

It was a great and historic afternoon. Julianna's resources were beyond our wildest dreams. She knew a new and superior kind of hopscotch which interested even the older boys. She knew how to play marbles, produced a pocket full of very grand ones and lost them all finally without a whimper, announcing that she had more at home. We finished the red satin boxes—one for the boys and one for the girls.

Clarence Short came up to Julianna suddenly and held out the great box containing the last three candies.

"You haven't had any yourself," he said. "Eat these."

Julianna ate them slowly, reminiscently, staring beyond us all as she had when she sat on St. Stephen's wall in the morning. To the least imaginative among us it was evident that Julianna's palate was savoring the final material essence of the past. No such candies as these had ever been eaten in Brownbrook.

"That's that," said Julianna.

## II.

THAT was a great summer in which Julianna came to Brownbrook. Julianna not only skimmed the veritable cream of life, she drank the milk and turned the cup upside down. Nothing went on in Brownbrook without Julianna.



Her golden hair gleamed and she wore a marvelous Spanish shawl of blood-red crepe.

cotton frocks and pinafores, heavy winter flannels and home-made cotton underwear such as Miss Anna wore. Also an expensive coon-skin coat.

It was evident that the life inside the Johns' gates never bored Julianna. Outside them she apparently had to exert herself to create interest and keep something going as she said. The pattern of the years never varied for Miss Anna and Julianna took to it like a duck to water—dogs and more dogs, unlimited periodicals and newspapers, the supervision of two farms, the collecting of rents, large wood fires, and the excellent plain roast and boiled with green vegetables, prepared by old Joe Huddleworth and his wife. It was curious how Julianna partook of Miss Anna's dignified isolation, became her comrade, yet became another personality outside the gates.

She did not confine her activities to those of her own age by any means. Every one, young and old, savored Julianna. She was not so much loved as many a lesser personality, but she galvanized every one, and those she could not galvanize

she laughed at—with three exceptions. These three were her eccentric aunt, Mr. John Erskine, the paralyzed elderly lawyer whose house of ivied stone was a twin to Miss Anna's, and Clarence Short.

Clarence Carmichael Short was the son of the new and popular rector of St. Stephen's. He very much more resembled his silent Scotch mother than his brilliant father. He was a tall, thin boy, with steady grey eyes, curly red hair and muscles of steel. He had slow-burning passions—one for painting and drawing everything he saw, the other for all growing things. He knew every flower and tree in the country-side and cultivated his mother's vegetable garden with uncanny competence. For almost everything I have mentioned—name, position, hair and absorbed silence included, he had roused the instinctive distrust and persecuting instincts of the Brownbrook boys. For each item he had fought one concentrated and victorious fight, with the result that he was now respected and left to his own devices when he [Continued on page 45]



Regardless of our greedy eyes he crammed a small box into her hand. "Here," he said hoarsely.



Illustrated  
by  
Edward  
Ryan



*Julianna was definitely understood to be Clarence's girl. He had fought his usual solemn fight over it and the affair was regarded with respect.*

# The Woman Who Went to Africa

by

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

INDIVIDUALS, like races, experience calm intervals of self-satisfied well-being, with a danger of becoming comatose unless pricked into mental vitality by contact with some personality. But a thriving small town seldom recognizes the personality at first meeting. In the case of Julianna Johns and Brownbrook some of us believe that Brownbrook did.

Many of us recall that spring morning when mothers said to their small daughters, "There will be a new girl in school this morning. She has come to live with Miss Anna Johns. She is an orphan and you must all be kind to her."

My mother also said, "Some of the others may not know this, but I shall tell you, Martha, and you are not to chatter about it. Her mother was Miss Anna's beautiful sister—years and years younger than Miss Anna—and she married against Miss Anna's wishes. And now the"—my mother cleared her throat—"the gentleman is dead and Miss Anna has taken this little girl."

I listened wide-eyed. If there was one person in Brownbrook who was different from any one else it was Miss Anna Johns. She lived all alone in the ancient "Johns' Place" except for two old servants, and she was always asked to all our mothers' parties and almost never came. She dressed as much like a man as was possible in those days, in shabby gray tweed coat and skirt, and shirt-waists of red flannel, or cotton with black polka dots, with white linen ones for church, and a musty coon-skin coat for winter. Even to childish eyes she was a curious combination of great lady, farmer and sportswoman. She owned wonderful dogs and silky new puppies, and went to Boston or New York once a year and exhibited them at great dog shows there, returning with silver prizes.

I pondered. "I don't believe Miss Anna will know how to take care of a little girl, mother. What is her name?"

My mother looked at me queerly. "I don't know what her name is yet," she said. "But whatever it is you will be good to her, won't you? Don't let the others tease her."

I promised and hurried out to join the groups of chattering skip-

ping children. All the little girls whose mothers had talked to them as mine had to me, went to St. Stephen's church school, held in the new parish house of the Anglican church. A teacher whose name was Miss Pingill had been imported from the neighboring city at some cost. But she was a native of Brownbrook and knew our social history.

The public school was near St. Stephen's and on our way there we often learned much that our mothers did not tell us. That morning we learned that Miss Anna's beautiful sister had run away and married. That ever since Miss Anna had been "queerer." That Miss Anna had once been very handsome herself. That the express company had delivered two large trunks at Miss Anna's containing lovely clothes for a little girl that all had been burned in the lower garden at "Johns"—old Joe officiating, and Miss Anna grimly directing the holocaust. Old Miss Mills the seamstress had been sewing at Miss Anna's for two days now, making cotton frocks.

We wondered what the new girl would think of St. Stephen's schoolroom, with its two rows of little deal tables placed ready for us each week-day morning. We knew, of course, that it was exclusive and "the thing" in Brownbrook—but would she?

Miss Pingill had opened her hymn book, and also her large mouth to announce the morning hymn, when the door opened. It was the new girl. She wore a black cotton frock and a white ruffled pinafore. Pinafores were distinctly out of date some years before, but this little person wore hers and the ugly cotton frock, royally. She laid an impressive envelope with a bright red seal on Miss Pingill's desk,

linked her hands lightly behind her back and stood waiting. While Miss Pingill read the letter the new girl surveyed her. Miss Pingill had a face very like a large calm horse. We had often remarked it. Now as the new girl turned and looked at us we knew she saw it too. She met our eyes calmly and yet her gaze was not calm—it was full of dancing comradeship, of defiance, of wistful appeal—but all so blended that our childish minds could not grasp its complexity. We only felt irresistibly drawn. The school room was charged with our curiosity as if with exposed electric wires.

Miss Pingill laid down the letter. She seated the new girl beside Evelyn Brown and picked up her prayer book again. After the hymn and prayer she spoke.

"We have a new pupil this morning. Now, my dear, what is your name?" As she spoke she lifted the letter. The new girl rose. She was larger and taller than any of us, a splendid sturdy little figure with her tossing golden curls. Her great blue eyes with their black lashes were on Miss Pingill's face.

"Julia—Anna—A—" she stopped and choked. Not a muscle of Miss Pingill's calm face moved.

"Yes, my dear," she said. "That is what I understood from your aunt's letter. Children, this is Julianna Johns."

She wrote it down on the roll. Julianna Johns stood rigid—very white, and from under her long black lashes two little tears oozed and slowly rolled down her cheeks. The school breathed hard.

"You may sit down, Julianna."

Julianna Johns sat down. The day began. It transpired that Julianna could talk a French that disconcerted Miss Pingill. Julianna had read history and "adored" it. Miss Pingill raised her eyebrows. She proved herself a dunce at arithmetic and spelling and Miss Pingill purred over her. And then Julianna, returning from the blackboard in disgrace, suddenly treated us all to a large merry wink. Our subjugation was complete. She could laugh at herself. It didn't matter then if she laughed at us. It was peculiar how sure we felt even then that she would do that too.

BUT Julianna evidently did not feel much like laughing.

During the next half hour she sat looking out of the high windows where the green leaves tapped the dusty panes. When recess came she moved slowly and as if she would like to stay in her seat. She went over and sat on the old stone wall that bounded St. Stephen's yard. Two or three of us edged shyly up beside her and I slid my hand into hers. My father was dead, too. And Evelyn Brown slid spice cookies on to her lap.

"We're all sorry your father is dead and you have to live with Miss Johns!" blurted Evelyn, and then shrank with



*Miss Anna Johns dressed as much like a man as was possible in those days.*

*The story of a man  
and his wife and the  
neighbor's dog*



*Keep him, then!" cried Jimmy. "What's the difference. We're headed for bankruptcy, anyway, and the sooner the quicker."*

# MUFFINS

by ERIC HOWARD



THEY called him Muffins because, when Alice, was a very young bride, and as inexperienced as she was young, he was the only person in the world who would eat what she baked and designated as muffins. He lived next door, in the house of many quarrels. They were always quarreling, those people next door.

Alice hoped that she and Jimmy would never, never be like that. How anybody could quarrel, with a Muffins in the household, was beyond Alice. How anybody could quarrel at all was beyond her. From which you will see that Alice was young, and inexperienced about things.

Jimmy liked muffins for breakfast. That's why Alice tried to make them. She tried every recipe she could find; she watched the oven thermometer with the intense concentration of a broker at the ticker tape; she did everything to ensure perfect success. But always and invariably some unaccountable thing happened. The muffins, instead of rising to their full glory, fell to the flatness of unambitious pancakes. Instead of being light and alluring, they were like hardtack or dog biscuit.

So for three months following their establishment in that lovely new stucco bungalow, with the colored tile kitchen and bath, Jimmy ate breakfast food, and Muffins, the pup, consumed what came out of Alice's oven. He came over every morning for his breakfast, and Alice, laughing over her failure—laughing because she didn't want to cry—told him that some day she would fool him. Some day, she said, pointing her finger at his wistful, whiskered, oldish face, she would make muffins that Jimmy would eat. Then where would he be?

As Jimmy told Alice, he didn't mind—much. "Sawdust and you, darling," he said, "are better than perfect jewels of muffins and anybody else!"

Jimmy was given to extravagant statements, like that. But he usually meant them. After he had kissed her and had run to catch his train, Alice would go into the tiled kitchen to clear up the breakfast things.

"I will learn to cook!" she would say, laughing at herself.

Usually Muffins was still there, looking in at the kitchen door, his wistful brown eyes full of gratitude for the breakfast she had given him. Muffins no doubt thought that she prepared these delicacies especially for him; he considered her altogether kind and admirable.

Sometimes Alice talked to the pup. He was a very amusing companion, and the days were rather long for her, with Jimmy away. When they could afford it, they were going to have a dog, too. They couldn't buy a car until the house was paid for, and if they went out at all they walked. It would be fun to have a dog to walk, too. Just on the edge of the suburb was a thick wood. When they could afford a dog, they'd walk there.

The people next door, who owned Muffins and called him some other name, by no means so fitting, didn't deserve him. They probably never thought of feeding him, to judge by his hunger. They were too busy quarreling to think about a dog.

Their name was Bransom. She and Jimmy had often

talked about them. Jimmy said that Bransom was a nice enough chap; they often caught the same train and rode into town together. And Alice liked Polly Bransom. Polly wasn't bad at all, but she was flighty, nervous and easily excited. Quarreling all the time would make anyone that way.

Polly often came over in the morning, while Alice was at work in her kitchen. Their houses were the only two in this block, and they were thrown together quite a lot.

"Go home, you bad dog!" Polly would say to Muffins, as she reached the kitchen door. "I don't know what I'm going to do with you—you're such a beggar!"

She talked to Muffins as some mothers talk to their children.

"Anybody home?" she'd ask Alice.

"Come in, Mrs. Bransom," Alice would reply.

Polly would enter, excited, nervous, with tears threatening her large dark eyes, to pour out her grief to Alice. Hugh, her husband, had done this or that. He had said this or that. Weren't men awful? She simply couldn't stand it any longer. She simply had to leave him. There was nothing else to do.

"But don't you love him?" Alice had asked once, thinking of Jimmy.

"Yes, I do—when I don't hate him," said Polly. "But it's getting so I hate him more and more of the time. I just can't stand it."

She had been threatening for three months, ever since Jimmy and Alice had bought their house, to leave her husband. She hadn't done it yet. Sometimes Alice thought that she liked to talk about leaving him—it gave her





The change in woman's status is particularly shown in education. The college woman used to be called a "blue stocking." Now she is a "co-ed."



## THE CHALLENGE OF FREEDOM

*"The world challenges today's free women to prove themselves worthy of all those rights which were won for them by the struggle of pioneer women in an older generation"*

An interview with the Hon. Irene Parlby

by C. B. ROBERTSON

**H**OW many of us have a vivid recollection of the time when the word "suffragette" aroused heated argument? It seems just the other day, yet the struggle began so long ago!

When some of us were in our cradles, and more of us were being assisted into overcoats by young men who tenderly tucked in billowing sleeves, the while gazing into coyly-uplifted eyes, regardless of the chaperon's stern gaze; and when yet a few of us were rocking those cradles, or shirring the sleeves for young things with pompadours, the world was talking indignantly, argumentatively, sympathetically, heroically, or deprecatingly of women's rights!

The famous "Persons Case," and the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada that women, within the meaning of the British North America Act, are not persons, and so are not eligible for seats in the Canadian Senate, "goes to show that women's rights have not been completely achieved. Yet so brave and stubborn a battle was fought by women for women in days past, that not only politically, but educationally and economically, women have taken a place in the world which their grandmothers would have considered the unscalable heights of freedom.

As I write this article the British Privy Council, to whom the Persons Case has been appealed, is solemnly debating whether or not the Canadian woman is a person; but, according to press reports, there are comic moments in the discussion. Can we wonder? The old land has now a woman on that same Privy Council—the Right Hon. Margaret Bondfield—and it must highly amuse the Britishers that so young and progressive a nation as Canada should be behind the Old Country in a realization of the value of woman's contribution to the nation in any job or office.

With the coming of votes for women, and the consequent partial dependence of the members' seats in Parliament upon the feminine vote, there naturally followed legislation for the protection of women and children. Work in the business world was made possible for women as never before. Women and girls had been touchingly protected against the crude business world. It was true that they had worked in offices to the extent that they scrubbed office

rooms and stairways in the stilly watches of the night, when they were uninterrupted by the men who carried on the business of the world by daylight. So when I say that they were protected from work in the offices of our cities, I mean that they were protected from the jobs which paid real money.

Girls and women were becoming an important part in the business world when the war came, and more and more women were needed to carry on the work of the men who went overseas. They rose to the occasion in a way which must have surprised many a man who had still declared that woman's place was in the home, not the office.

It was not only in the business world however, as we all know, that women served. In every war-time activity, with the courage of an altered status, and freedom to serve, women "gave till it hurt" by the sweat of their brows, by the activity of their minds, by the inspired and inspiring faith of their womanly souls.

This service of freedom was a disciplined service. Therein lay its greatest value. It was after the war that some of the younger generation who had not passed through the fires of sacrifice and service, in their freedom became resentful of discipline. They saw this freedom which came to them with no effort, not as an opportunity to serve, but as a chance to revolt against the least restraint. Freedom became a thing of insubordination; a thing of treason to the ideals for which those women of not so long ago fought to the limit of their strength, and in accordance with uncompromising ideals.

Note that I say "some of the younger generation," and I may add that those who demanded and grasped undisciplined freedom were, and are, a very small number of the whole group of today's girlhood. Yet there is another type of girl who, while she may not be a menace to society and to future generations, as are those girls, yet fails to realize that a great power for good is in her hands if she will use it in the way of freedom's service. She fails to realize that only so will come the healing of the nations—through the women who "strike great chords that the heart of the world may respond to their harmonies."

In a crisis, this type of girl may rise to the occasion in a spirit of heroism, but her workaday life brings few crises, so she does not take advantage of her opportunities to serve other girls and women, through her home, the community, the women's organizations, or the nation.

**I**T WAS the day after the Wainwright fire that I was with some people in Alberta—a group which included the Hon. Irene Parlby, M.L.A., and Minister without Portfolio of the Alberta Government. Someone spoke of the heroism of the "hello-girls" who, with the whole city blazing about them, stuck to their posts in the telephone exchange until the lines were down. Mrs. Parlby spoke: "Not a slacker among them! How that would have warmed the hearts of those pioneering women of an older generation who fought for economic rights as well as political rights for their sex! I like to think, too, of how the women, along with the men, are

cleaning up the horrible mess left by the fire."

"You remember," said someone, "Charles Rann Kennedy's play, *The Servant in the House*, and the drain-digger who appeared upon the scene, having found in the drains the source of the contagion which was bringing disease to the people? Dirty and weary, but triumphant, he told of finding the beastliness and filth, and of cleaning it out with his bare hands. He exclaimed: 'Oh, it was a beautiful job!'"

Yes—sometimes it is "a beautiful job" when a self-appointed sacrifice takes us to the source of ugliness and disease which may be a world-wide thought of international discord, or conditions to be seen by a morning spent in our community's police court. If we see that job as our responsibility, it takes us into dangerous places sometimes, for the purpose of cleaning out "with our bare hands" the social disease which threatens our home life, our national life. It takes courage to face it. At a time of uplift which comes with the job staring us in the face as it was in war time, or even at the time of that awful fire at Wainwright, we women meet it bravely, but how about it when things go smoothly with us individually? Don't we find it easier to disregard the existence of ugliness, disease, discord in the next street, within the nation, within this world?—This world which has learned so hard a lesson of the stupidity, of the ugliness of war, and the thought of war, and has learned the beauty of peace, and of the thought of peace, which is brotherhood.

**B**UT in how far is it our responsibility to interest ourselves in what does not seem to be, strictly speaking, our business? Hear Mrs. Parlby, as she spoke to us that day: "The world challenges the free woman of today to use her freedom as a stepping stone to duty. It is a duty to generations now rising to a social scheme of things which today's free woman may leave much as she has found it, or infinitely stronger for the right, infinitely more beautiful, because more harmonious. This is a day and generation of women's organizations, and these women's organizations are doing much for the growth of a better world, but they might do more."

"I heard some men talking

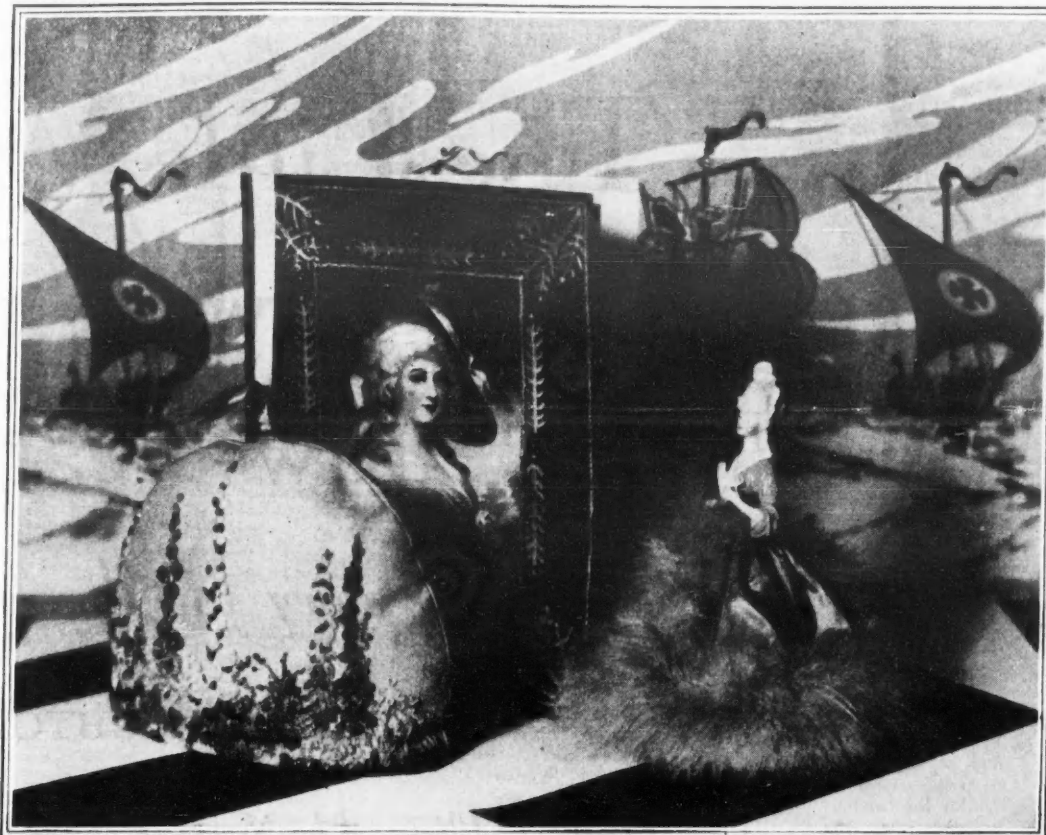
[Continued on page 67]



Someone spoke of the heroism of the "hello-girls" who stuck to their posts with the city blazing about them.



During the war, with the courage of an altered status and freedom to serve, women "gave till it hurt."



A linen tea-cosy in bright colors, a writing portfolio, and a French doll for the dressing-table—three distinctive gifts which are described in this article.

by  
**HELEN  
WEBSTER**

## "I MADE IT MYSELF"

*Personal gifts that give a double pleasure*

**T**HERE are, I fancy, few of us who at one time or another have not received gifts which are so useless, that were it not for the sentiment attached to them we would willingly donate them to the waste paper basket, or wish them back to the giver. When so much pleasure may be derived from gifts that are either essentially useful or beautiful, it seems a great pity that any other kind should be given or received.

An excellent idea, and one which if carried out should prove a boon to us when we are trying to decide upon some suitable birthday or Christmas gift, is to keep a special gift note book, in which, besides keeping the names and addresses of our friends, we can jot down such items as their favorite hobbies, whether they are fond of travelling or reading, the color or style of their bedrooms—anything we heard them say they were particularly fond of, or any suggestions for gifts thought of when visiting their houses.

### *Shoe Bags*

**I**F YOU have a friend who you know loves to keep her clothes beautifully, or does much in the way of travelling, unusual and endlessly useful presents are dimity shoe bags—an individual bag for each shoe. They have many advantages, being exquisitely dainty, easily laundered, taking up no space, and preventing the delicate shoes from becoming scuffed or tarnished when hanging on shoe racks or packed for travelling. Three to six pairs of bags make an acceptable gift. Half a yard of dimity will make one pair of bags. Cut the bags lengthwise of the goods. French seam the sides and bottoms, and finish the tops with two inch hems. An initial or flower design worked in cross stitch is applied in the centre front of each bag. If each pair of bags is embroidered with a differently colored initial or different design, the owner will find it easy to distinguish the contents without the necessity of opening them. Dimity may be bought in various colors such as, pale pink, rose, blue, mauve and white. The total cost of making three pairs of bags (six bags) is approximately eighty cents.

### *A Tea-pot Cosy*

**C**RISP linen in shades of pale yellow, light green, mauve or cream, may be used to make a charming tea-pot cosy, which is embroidered in a variety of soft colored wools. Its freshness and daintiness would grace

any tea tray, and particularly one to be served to an invalid. It is advisable before cutting the linen to make a paper pattern, allowing one inch all the way around for seams. Bend a piece of paper in half. Cut the pattern to the size required. Using the pattern, cut two layers of linen, two layers of silk for the lining, and two layers of cotton wool, about two inches thick.

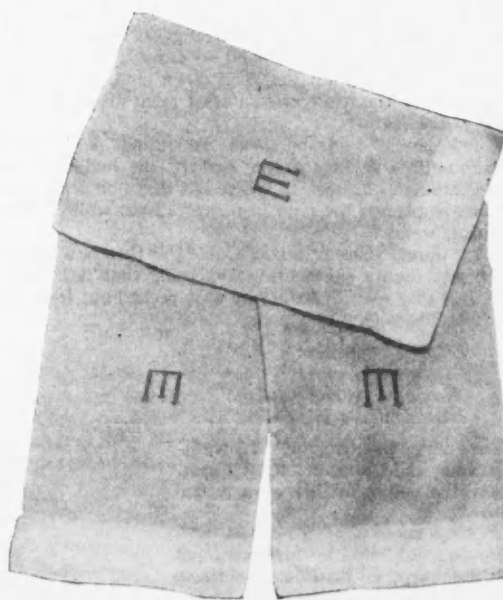
With a soft pencil daintily indicate on the right side of the linen the outline of the design to be embroidered. Soft yarns in pastel shades of blue, mauve, violet, pink, orange, are used. Finish the bottom of the cosy with an uneven border of variegated greens. The stitches should be bold and effective.

The embroidery completed, lay the outside pieces of linen face to face on the table. Baste the rounded edges together. On top of these place one layer of cotton wool. Then two layers of the silk for lining, and again one layer of cotton wool. Baste the rounded edges of these six thicknesses together. When securely basted, stitch through

the six thicknesses on the machine, about half an inch from the edge, using a coarse needle and coarse stitch. Leave the two lower edges of the cosy free. Trim any unevenness or bulkiness with the scissors. Place the hand between the two layers of linen, and turn the cosy inside out. Turn in, and sew three thicknesses of the lower edges of the cosy together, thus forming a cosy with a linen covering and silk lining. Buttonhole stitch with green wool over the rounded or upper part of cosy, and finish it with buttonholed loop at the centre top. The approximate cost of a teapot cosy measuring about 10" by 12" when finished is 95 cents. One-third yard linen at 75 cents yard—25 cents. Assortment of wool ends two for 5 cents—30 cents. One third yard silk broadcloth lining at about 60 cents yard—20 cents. Cotton wool stuffing 30 cents—or less according to the quality used.

### *A Writing Portfolio*

**A** HANDSOME antiqued writing portfolio makes a delightful personal gift for some friend who we know loves the artistic. Cut heavy quality parchment paper into a rectangle measuring 20½" x 13". With a pencil, faintly indicate the line running through the centre of the parchment. To allow sufficient room between the covers to accommodate blotters and papers, the back fold must be half an inch wide. Therefore with a small knife or large darning needle scratch indelibly a line one-quarter of an inch on either side of the centre line. If an antiqued effect is desired, rub a very little brown oil paint on the right side of the parchment making a somewhat blotchy effect, and allow it to dry. Having selected a print, colored or in sepia—a copy of some old master's work is preferable—give it one coat of shellac. Coat the parchment also with shellac. Paste the picture in the centre of the right hand section with glue. Scroll-like designs may then be added if desired, painted on in oils, or gold or silver mixed with banana oil. Next brush on three to four coats of varnish over the parchment and picture with a small bag allowing each coat to dry thoroughly before the next one is added. Now bend the two scratched lines, thus forming the folder with its half inch back. Cut two pieces of blotting paper one-half inch smaller all the way round than the parchment, bend these with quarter-inch folds in the back. Place the blotting papers inside the parchment folder. Finish the portfolio with a half inch ribbon of gold or colored silk, pulled through the back fold, thus binding the blotter firmly to the parchment [Continued on page 44]



Individual shoe bags are unusual and endlessly useful Christmas presents.



some dramatic satisfaction—but really had no intention of doing so. Perhaps she liked to threaten him with desertion. The Bransoms seemed always to live in a state of dramatic tension. Alice fervently hoped that she and Jimmy would never be like that. She laughed at herself. Of course they never would.

THE Bransoms were always in debt, too. That was one of the things that caused their quarrels. Alice and Jimmy were also in debt. They had to pay fifty-two dollars and fifty cents each month on the house. But in twelve years it would belong to them. That was quite a large payment to meet out of Jimmy's salary. It hadn't looked so large until they began paying it. Also, there was the monthly installment on the furniture, which they hadn't been able to buy outright. And the bills, of course—telephone, gas, electricity, water. It was astonishing how those little things counted up. Why, they must amount to twenty dollars a month!

Alice tried to cut down here and there, but in spite of her best efforts their expenses more than kept pace with their income. They had planned to lay aside, in the savings account, a small amount each month. They had had to forego it some months. But there was a little over three hundred dollars in that account—"rainy day money," Alice called it.

"Bransom's in a frightful hole, poor devil," said Jimmy one evening, after dinner. "He told me about it on the way home. They've been extravagant and haven't kept up their payments on the house. He's got to get two hundred and fifty dollars right away or they'll lose it."

"Oh, the poor things!" said Alice. "They're so unhappy, as it is. And this will make it worse. Oh, I'm sorry for them. Polly was here this morning. They had another quarrel. No wonder he quarrels with her—in a hole like that!"

Jimmy nodded. Then they were both silent for a while, thinking. At last Alice spoke.

"We—we could lend him the money, Jimmy," she suggested. "Out of our savings. It might mean—everything to them."

"Little sport!" said Jimmy. "I was hoping you'd say that. You see, Bransom asked me—if I could. He's so up against it I'm sorry for him. I'd like to help him out. But I wouldn't lend him the money unless you said so."

"We shan't need it," said Alice. "And we've got so much they haven't got. Let him have it."

That was settled, and Alice's generosity made her seem even more dear—if that were possible—than before. Bransom was given the money, the next day, and for a little while the Bransom home seemed happier.

Bransom had promised to repay the money in a month, but at the end of the month he told Jimmy that he had had some more of the hard luck which seemed to pursue him, and asked if the loan could stand for another month. He looked so pathetic that Jimmy said, rather grandly, that it could.

JIMMY had not foreseen—nobody could have foreseen—what was coming. Their expenses, in spite of Alice's best efforts, had eaten up all of Jimmy's salary. Jimmy had had to have a new suit to wear on the trip to the convention of buyers. Alice had simply had to have new shoes and a few other things. In their savings account, following the loan to Bransom, there was less than a hundred dollars. Bransom had nearly all of their rainy day money. And then, there came a rainy day!

It was, in fact, a rainy week. The skies wept. Down from the hills back of their house poured rivers of water. Their level lot—the real estate man had used that word "level" as an inducement for them to purchase the property—reverted to what it had been before the subdivision was put in. It became again part of a swamp. Their basement was flooded, and the new stucco looked as if it would melt and float away.

"You've got to provide for drainage," said the man they called in for consultation. "You need a concrete wall at the rear, with a pipe to carry off the overflow. That's the only way to handle it. It'll cost around four hundred dollars to make a good job of it."

"Four hundred dollars!" cried Jimmy.

He hurried off to the real estate company that had sold him the house. They were very polite about it, but they couldn't do anything at all. Such a rain was unprecedented, unusual. It was, so the realtor piously said, "an act of God," for which they could not be held responsible.

Jimmy was angry, but something had to be done. Bransom, whose house and lot were likewise submerged, couldn't repay the loan.

"I'll have to go to the bank," said Jimmy, "and borrow some money."

After much discussion, that's what he did. He affixed his signature to the note, wondering

how and when he could ever pay it. Financial worries were beginning to harass Jimmy; he hadn't had them before he was married. Now, as a householder and a man of property, they seemed to come doubly.

"Well," he told Alice, "when Bransom pays us back, we won't be so short. Then we can pay off that note."

"I'm almost sorry we gave Bransom that money," said Alice. "They still quarrel terribly, and Polly may leave him."

"The poor devil is worse off than we are," said Jimmy. "He'll pay it back when he gets it."

But the very next morning Polly Bransom came over, more excited than Alice had ever seen her, and reported that Hugh had not come home the night before. In the first mail, today, she had received a note from him. He was never coming back. He was through. He saw no way out, and he was through. He was deserting her.

"Oh, I should have gone to mother long ago!" wailed Polly, very much annoyed that Hugh had left her before she left Hugh. "To think that he would do a thing like that!"

While Alice tried to comfort her, she was really thinking of their two hundred and fifty dollars. Bransom had gone away. Where? Polly didn't know. Nobody knew. He had simply disappeared, leaving wife, house and indebtedness behind. And now Polly was going home to her mother.

"What about the house?" asked Alice. "And the furniture?"

"We don't own 'em!" said Polly, tearfully. "We don't own anything. And the house is ruined by the water. They can take it back. The furniture company can have their old stuff. It wasn't what I wanted anyway!"

"What about our money?" asked Alice, at last.

"Your money? What are you talking about?" cried Polly.

"Didn't Hugh tell you Jimmy lent him two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"He did not!" exclaimed Polly. "Oh, you fools! Why did you let him have it? You'll never get it back. You don't know him as I do."

Alice's heart sank. "Oh!" she said.

Polly grew more tearful, more self-pitying, then, and she

couldn't bear to tell her what she thought. When at last she went away, Alice was glad she had gone.

That was the last she saw of Polly Bransom, who returned to her mother's house that same day, leaving her own submerged castle unswept, undusted, and with dirty dishes on the tiled sinkboard. Leaving everything, in fact, as if she had gone away for an hour instead of forever.

Leaving everything—including a whiskered, wistful little creature called Muffins.

MUFFINS came over at noon, looking perplexed and worried and hungry. Alice was in tears, and that made him look even more worried. He gave a queer little bark through the screened kitchen door, and Alice let him in. He skidded across the linoleum, and since he was irresistible Alice caught him in her arms.

"Well, we've got you, anyway," she told him, "even if they have got our money. That's something!"

A moment later she thought, smiling, "I hope they really owned you, and that nobody comes to take you away."

Muffins wagged his stubby, erect tail, and uttered puppy barks of joy.

When Jimmy got home, that night, he looked as if his bank had failed, war had been declared, and he had been sentenced to a long prison term. Alice had never seen him look so gloomy. Jimmy had received a brief, apologetic note from Bransom, saying that he was in so deep he couldn't swim out, but that as soon as he got a fresh start, somewhere away from his wife, he'd repay Jimmy's money.

Jimmy tossed that note on the table before Alice.

"Maybe he will!" he said. "A fellow like that what an idiot I was to let him have it!"

"I know, Jimmy. We made a mistake. Polly went to her mother's. Just packed her bag and left."

"What's that dashed dog doing here?" demanded Jimmy.

He had never spoken so about Muffins before. In fact, he had displayed considerable fondness for the pup. But he was in no state, just now, to display fondness for anybody.

"She left him, too," said Alice.

"Well, call up the pound and let 'em take him. We can't afford to feed him. Those people have cost us enough as it is!"

Alice had never heard Jimmy talk like that. The day had been a hard one for her, too. She also had nerves.

"It isn't the dog's fault," she said, on the verge of tears. "We might keep him—it's all we'll ever get out of them. He's worth something."

"Hunh!" snorted Jimmy, most inelegantly. "Call up the pound! There's the place for deserted dogs. We can't afford to feed him, and that's that!"

Alice stared at him for a moment. He really meant it. That made her indignant.

"I won't let the pound have him!" she cried, and her tears actually began to flow. "I won't! I'm going to keep him! You can't begrudge him what little he eats!"

"Oh, hell!" cried Jimmy, getting up and walking to the door. "Keep him, then! Keep him and feed him! What's the difference? We're headed for bankruptcy, anyway, and the sooner the quicker! That seems to be your idea—to go broke as quick as possible! Keep the cur!"

Jimmy stormed out, banging the door behind him.

IT WAS their first quarrel. Of course, Muffins wasn't the cause of it, but he seemed to be. When there is a multiplicity of causes for war, usually one more or less insignificant one is selected as the most important. In this case, it was Muffins.

There followed days of silence between Alice and Jimmy—stormy, pregnant silence, with Alice almost in tears and Jimmy ready to burst into profanity. Tears and profanity, the feminine and masculine emotional outlets.

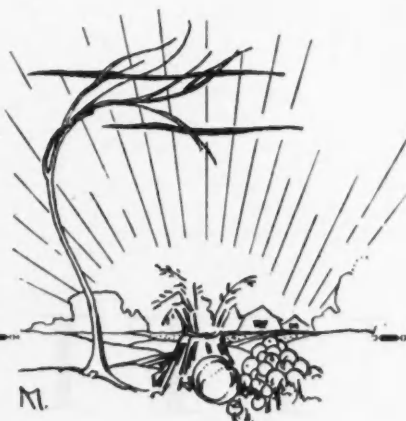
But Alice kept Muffins. Jimmy scowled at the dog, pushed him aside, rejected his friendly overtures. So rebuffed, Muffins turned to Alice, astonishment in his eyes. Why, he wondered, did the man dislike him?

Alice, of course, was in no mood to make successful muffins. She didn't even try, any more. What was the use? Jimmy probably regarded her efforts to master cooking as extremely wasteful. No doubt he held her responsible for the loan to Bransom. She admitted that she was partly responsible, but she felt that she shouldn't bear all the blame. They had made a mistake. Why fight about it? They fought about Muffins, instead.

"Get out of my way!" Jimmy would say, lifting the dog—quite gently, really—with his foot.

"If you kick that dog again," Alice would cry out, "I'll . . ."

She didn't know quite what she'd do, but she hated Jimmy. She was seeing a side of his character that she had never seen before. He was stubborn. In a (Continued on page 50)



## Squaw Summer

by John Hanlon

November days are mild with hinted rain

And winds, that might be winter-toothed are mellow;  
While leaves, like yellow lanterns, light the lane  
And in the yard, chrysanthemums are yellow

November skies keep something of June's blue  
And from the woods, a feathered elf is flinging  
Handfuls of crystal song to people, who,  
A month ago, bade farewell to such singing.

Yet, in the frost-tanned grass, the crickets grieve—  
They know this June mirage brings death the faster,  
This false Squaw Summer, pitiful reprieve  
Proserpine has won from her cruel master.

It was midnight by the time the little hen and the fairy and the pixie arrived. The day had been long, but they had rested once or twice on a fluffy cloud or a sunbeam and the little white hen had slept for some time. Asleep or awake it did not seem to matter for the yellow feather did all the work, and never stopped for a minute. So in this way the little white hen was not tired at all, and felt quite ready for anything that might happen.

Something did happen very soon.

ASTHEY reached the borders of Fairyland a strange sound came to them and the fairy and the pixie looked anxiously at one another.

"Fairies are weeping," said the fairy.

"Pixies are scolding," said the pixie.

"Are there any hens to be doing anything?" asked the little white hen.

"No," said the fairy. "Something must be the matter. Let us fly down and see."

So they all flew down to the borders of Fairyland and there saw a sad sight. An Enormous Worm had arrived and was trying to eat up all the fairies! One fat little pixie had just escaped by the skin of his pixie teeth, and a gnome—well, nobody seemed to know what had happened to the gnome. Everybody was very frightened, and some who said they had seen the worm, told them that it had eyes like beetles. Others said that he growled all the time without stopping, and still another said that he was very lame and walked with a crutch. The little white hen laughed merrily at this. Who ever heard of a worm walking with a crutch?

With so many strangers about and with so much beauty all around her, the little white hen felt very shy, but it grieved her to see all the fairies weeping. So, clearing her throat a few times to give her courage to speak, she said modestly, "If you'll tell me where the worm is I'll kill it for you," and immediately dozens of fairies and hundreds of pixies and thousands of elves shouted with glee.

"A little white hen has come to kill the Enormous Worm," they cried, and they danced joyfully upon the moonbeams.

In no time at all the little white hen found the Enormous Worm, and swallowing him found that he made a delicious supper. To be afraid had never for a moment entered her head. Who had ever known a hen to be afraid of a worm? Yet all the fairy folk seemed to think she had done something very wonderful, and the little white hen felt very uncomfortable at receiving praise which she felt she hadn't won.

THEY had not gone much farther on their journey, and the yellow feather was still sticking right up from the very middle of her back as though it were not the least bit tired from the long journey, when a Ferocious Snail crept out from a wood and began to tear down a fairy's house. This would not have been so bad, as there were plenty of houses in Fairyland, if the fairy baby had not been left at home alone. But the little white hen looked down just in time to see its pretty chubby face as a moonbeam rested upon it. Without waiting to tell the others she flew to the ground and ate up the snail in a twinkling. Then she flew back to the fairy and the pixie, not thinking it worth while to mention such an ordinary happening, and the baby slept on peacefully. A fairy, however, had seen the whole thing from her house nearby, and she flew off in a great rush to tell the fairy queen.

After another few moments they came to a beautiful field where daisies grew and pretty yellow buttercups nodded their heads at the fairies. Here, too, was trouble, for in the centre of the field there lay a little boy whom nobody could wake up. The fairies shouted in his ears and pinched him, but their voices when they shouted were so musical that they only made him sleep the sounder, and their pinches were so gentle that they felt like delicious tickles and only put him to sleep the more.

"What shall we do?" the fairies cried in despair.

The little white hen smiled. "I can wake him," she said, thinking that a "cluck cluck" in any boy's ear could not help wake him up. If that failed she could give him a peck or two with her nice sharp bill, and that would be no fairy pinch. No indeed.

Without waiting for more the little white hen flew down beside the little boy and "cluck clucked." To tell the truth, she wanted to get on to the fairy queen's palace. All these things that were happening were a bothersome nuisance. The night would be over before she had any fun. So the little white hen clucked loudly and perhaps just a trifle crossly and the little boy awoke.

"Is it time to feed the hens?" he cried, and the little white hen laughed. For this was Henry, the boy on their own farm. Well, well, how little they had expected to meet one another in Fairyland!

IT WAS well after midnight when the fairy and the pixie and the little white hen reached the palace. The queen, knowing nothing of what had happened, frowned at their approach. Fancy keeping a fairy queen waiting. Then everybody gathered around and told her what a wonderful



An Enormous Worm had arrived and was trying to eat up all the fairies!

heroine the little white hen was, and when she had heard about the Enormous Worm and the Ferocious Snail and the little boy who could not wake up, she was so pleased that she put an extra magic on the yellow feather and let the little white hen sit next her at the banquet.

All through the night things happened for the little white hen. When crumbs fell on the fairy carpet she ate them up, and as the fairy carpet-sweeper was broken this saved a lot of trouble and bothersome sweeping with a broom. A bramble bush got in a pixie's way so the little white hen bit it with her sharp teeth and took it away altogether. One of the fairies got cold, and the little white hen snuggled her under her wing and warmed her up.

All the while the little boy looked on. Was this the little white hen with the yellow feather sticking right up from the very middle of her back, at whom they had laughed so often in the barnyard? The little white hen who carried a powder puff and stopped beside any puddle that she could find to powder her nose?

The evening wore away and the little white hen thought there had never been anything so lovely. Games were played and dances were danced, and although she could not dance herself she enjoyed looking on at the others. Then she found that she could dance in a very waddling fashion, but she could not manage to hold a partner having no arms with which to guide one. Instead she carried the baby fairies on her back, and as she could take a dozen of them easily they had a delightful time.

IN THE midst of this they were asked please to be quiet for a moment, and the fairy queen came out and spoke to them.

"We are all delighted I am sure to have the little white hen with us this evening," she said and everybody clapped and shouted, "Hurrah!"

"Can anybody guess why she has come?"

"Because she stayed home to mind the baby?" asked one.

"No," said the queen.

"Because she gave her brother the biggest apple?" asked another.

"No," laughed the queen, such a sweet, silvery laugh. The little white hen almost forgot to feel uncomfortable, it was so pleasant to listen to her voice. But although they guessed and guessed they could not find out the reason until finally the little pixie who had gone with the fairy to the barnyard said,

"I know."

"What is it?" asked the queen.

"If you please, your majesty, it's because she was nice and stayed good-natured when everybody laughed at her yellow feather and made her feel like crying."

That wretched yellow feather! She had forgotten all about it until then, but now the very mention of it made the little white hen feel sick. Would she always feel like that about it? All the fairies were looking at her now and like the hens and chickens they were probably laughing at her. Oh, what an unkind world it was, and the little white hen took out her powder puff and pretended to powder her nose while she wiped away a tear.

"Yes," said the queen, "and the yellow feather has proved her best friend after all."

"How?" asked the little white hen in surprise.

"Because it will always take you wherever you want to go," said the queen. "All you need say is,

*'Little feather I would fly,  
Right away. Not bye-and-bye.'*

"Can you remember that?" But the little white hen could not. Anything that had a rhyme to it she could not remember, for hens have very poor memories at best. However, the little

boy wrote it out for her on a piece of paper, and this the little white hen tucked safely away in the pocket with her puff.

The fairies all begged the little white hen to stay with them in Fairyland, but she said no, and thanked them for their kindness. Just then they thought her a heroine because she had saved them from an Enormous Worm and a Ferocious Snail and had wakened a little boy whom they could not awake. But she could not always be a heroine. Besides she knew she would be lonely away from the barnyard for she loved the hens and the chickens, even if they did make fun of her. Then too, she had a wonderful patch of worms at home, and if she stayed here how could she ever live on moonbeam food, or whatever it was that fairies ate? and wouldn't her mother feel sad if she never returned?

So the little white hen said good-by all around, said her little verse to her yellow feather, and flew away.

High above the trees she flew, her yellow feather like a little sail, fluttering bravely in the soft night wind. But just when she reached the boundary line that separates Fairyland from the Land of Everyday, the Little White Hen felt a shadow fall upon her, and the fat, round moon who had laughed with her all the way home, was suddenly hidden by two fierce wings that beat above her. The Little White Hen trembled. "Yellow feather," she whispered, "Oh, little yellow feather, do please hurry up." Dear, dear, that wasn't right, she knew, and there was no time to read the magic rhyme. The yellow feather was doing its best, but even it couldn't carry a hen faster than a hawk, and before she knew what had happened she was flying higher and faster than she had ever dreamed possible, with the yellow feather that stuck right up in the very middle of her back, gripped firmly in the beak of the hawk.

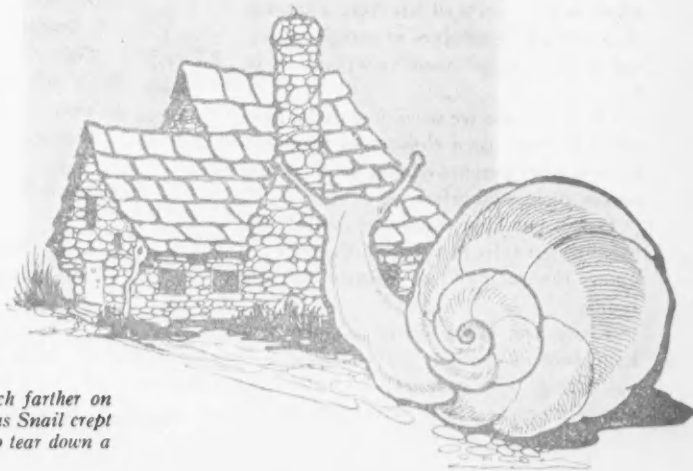
Poor Little White Hen! Not a chicken she knew had ever returned to roost when once Hector the Hen-Snatcher carried her off. The Little White Hen wept so hard that her tears made yet another looking glass in the barnyard below her. Sniffing dismally, she searched around her pocket for her powder puff. It was then the wonderful idea came to her. Quick as a pixie, she threw the puff right into the old hawk's eyes. "Take that, Mr. Hawk," she cackled excitedly. Such a gasping and a spluttering as that hawk made! He wasn't used to powder at all, and it got into his eyes and choked his beak until he had to let the captive yellow feather drop. And as the Little White Hen dropped through the shimmering night, she could hear Hector the Hen-Snatcher still squawking indignantly.

When the little white hen awoke in the morning the other hens looked at her strangely. Being able to remember so little, she almost forgot what had happened until she saw Henry and then she remembered quickly enough. Of course all the hens asked where she had been, but she refused to tell them. However, from that time on, whenever they got altogether too nasty with their teasing she took the piece of paper from her pocket and said,

*"Little feather I would fly,  
Right away. Not bye-and-bye,"*

and then she always went to an adventure.

Since then she has had to look in her puddle mirror no longer and her powder puff lies in her pocket unused. Now if the little boy, Henry, hears another little boy making fun of the little white hen, he fights him on the spot, for he feels differently about her since he saw what a heroine she was in Fairyland. But although the other hens eat cornmeal every day, there is not one of them who has ever been able to grow a yellow feather sticking right up from the very middle of her back. The little white hen laughs when she sees them doing this, and usually runs off alone in the barnyard to wink at the friendly sun.



They had not gone very much farther on their journey when a ferocious Snail crept out from a wood and began to tear down a fairy's house.



# The Little White Hen with the Yellow Feather

*A fairy story for the children*

by HELEN CREIGHTON

Illustrated by Mabel Victoria Leith



*Could this then be a fairy—this pretty, dainty, shimmering something that flew above her? Did that roguish little face that peeked out from the fairy's pocket belong to a pixie?*

THE little white hen ran out from beneath her haystack bed and looked joyfully at the sky. There were only little lamb-like clouds to be seen there now, but all about the ground were puddles—hundreds of them; dear little puddles where a white hen could look and look at herself for happy hours at a time. Suppose fairy princesses did use pools for looking-glasses, couldn't a hen find a very good mirror in a roadside puddle?

Besides, the little white hen felt she simply must look in a puddle or she might forget to glow with pride because of the yellow feather that grew right up from the very middle of her back. Other hens and chickens were inclined to laugh at her, and if she had allowed herself she would have wept bitterly because they laughed. Instead she tried to feel proud of the fact that she had something no other living hen could boast, for who before had ever heard of a hen with a yellow feather sticking right up from the very middle of her back?

The yellow feather had been the talk of the barnyard from the very day when the little white hen had been born. It was like a flag, flying always, but unlike a flag it could never be taken down at sunset nor put up again at sunrise. It just stood up all the time as though it were too proud of growing there ever to sit down. Although the little white hen's mother and all her friends and almost-friends and not-even-acquaintances all had a pull to get it out, nothing would ever make the yellow feather sit down or budge an inch.

So that was why the little white hen had to find a mirror. She must make herself think she liked her appearance. For if she did not do this she would have to cry and feel ashamed of being so different, and the little white hen knew that if she once did that there would be no more fun for her in life at all. So the little white hen strutted off and found a puddle and looked and looked at her feather with every bit as much pride as a peacock might have enjoyed over its fan.

She had been there for about ten minutes or perhaps fifteen, when she noticed what she thought was a cloud above her and the light became so dim that she thought the little yellow feather sticking right up from the very middle of her back must have been lost. She could no longer see it. For a moment she was very frightened and did not know whether to be pleased or sorry. Then she looked up to see why a black cloud had come to darken the lovely blue sky and fleecy white clouds. Then indeed she did get a fright, for there was Something above her which she had never seen before.

"Are you the little-white-hen-with-the-yellow-feather-sticking-right-up-from-the-very-middle-of-her-back?" asked

this lovely Something. What a delicious voice it had, like water bubbling from a stream.

"Yes," said the little white hen, for that indeed was her name. Instead of being Jane Elizabeth Mary Ann Jerusha Patricia Frances Katherine Sarah Caroline Gertrude Sheila Margaret Alice Lois Barbara Kathleen like a princess, her whole name was The Little White Hen With The Yellow Feather Sticking Right Up From The Very Middle Of Her Back, and that is what she had been christened.

"Well," said the pretty Something, "there is somebody far away who wants to see you. Would you like to come with me on an adventure?"

"Yes, indeed I should," cried the little white hen with delight. "How shall we go?"

"We'll fly," said the pretty Something.

"Fly?" The little white hen looked crestfallen. "I can't fly," she said. "Hen's wings aren't made to fly with. Not any distance I mean."

Again came the burbling laugh. "Not ordinary hen's wings," said the lovely Something, "but you're not an ordinary hen."

The little white hen looked up. Was this lovely shimmering Something poking fun at her? Would it dare to fly above her and say horrid unkind things to make her sad? Could anything so beautiful and so dainty, be so cruel? The little white hen put her head down, and for the first time in her life she really cried a great many tears, because of the yellow feather.

"Come, come" said the sweet Something, her voice a thousand times sweeter as she realized she had hurt the little white-hen's feelings. "Where has that fine pride gone that has so pleased the fairy princess? Listen while I wave my magic wand."

Magic wand? Fairy princess? Could this then be a fairy—this pretty dainty shimmering Something that flew above her? Did that roguish little face that peeked out from the fairy's pocket belong to a pixie?

*"Little yellow feather  
Golden in the sun,  
Now begin your Magic,  
Little white hen come."*

The fairy was singing. Already something had begun to happen. Where the yellow feather grew in her

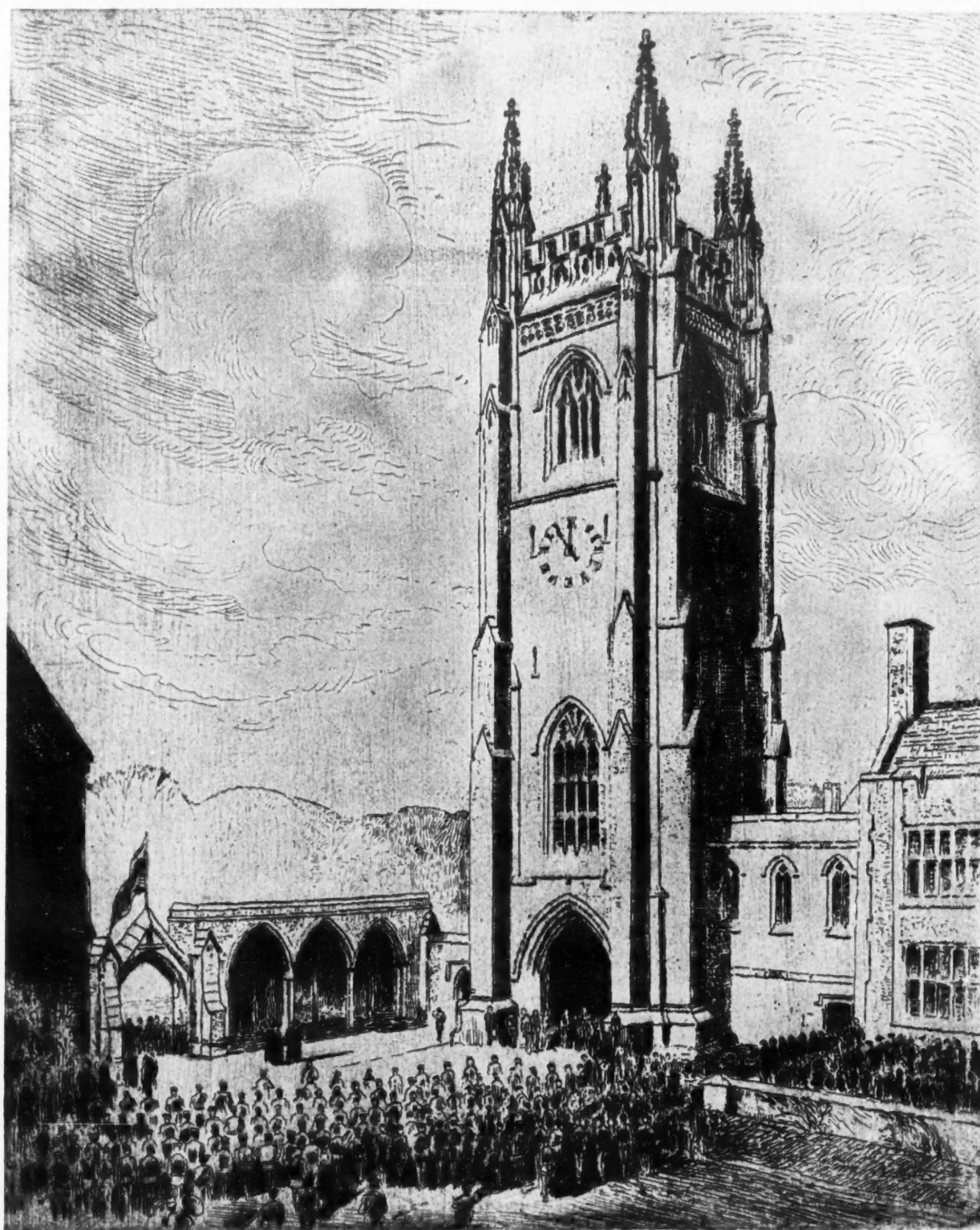
*Here too was trouble, for in the centre of the field there lay a little boy whom nobody could wake up.*

back the little white hen felt all tickly. Delightful shivers ran up and down and funny little pin-pricks played all over her back. Then the fairy smiled again ever so sweetly, and the pixie looked as though he would jump right out of her pocket in his excitement. What was it all about?

BY THIS time other hens had clustered about wondering at the strange actions of the little white hen, for they were unable to see the fairy. They could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the yellow feather begin to sway back and forth as though in search of a breath of wind. Then finding it the feather kept swaying and the little white hen flew up and away with the breeze. A magic feather! Then indeed were the other hens envious, and they all began at once to eat cornmeal, hoping, as it was the proper color, that they too would grow yellow feathers.

The little white hen blinked and shut her eyes and blinked again. Was it only yesterday that all the other hens were teasing her and she had pulled a powder puff out from beneath her feathers and pretended to powder her nose while she wiped a tear away instead? Was it only a few hours ago that she had been the laughing-stock of the barnyard? Now today she was flying through the air, soaring over the houses, the chicken-coops and the tree tops, rocking in the arms of the wind while the little yellow feather bent back and forth, and back and forth, and carried her on to adventure.





*Memorial Tower University of Toronto. Armistice Day,*

*Owen Staples*

## *Memorial Tower, Armistice Day*

OWEN STAPLES studied at the Rochester Art Club, the Philadelphia Academy and Art Students League, and in Toronto under G. A. Reid. He has been a member of the Ontario Society of Art since 1892 and is a past president of the Society of Painter-Etchers. The Canadian Authors' Association and the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto also claim him as a member. His work, both as a painter and as an etcher, is represented in the National Gallery at Ottawa, the Art Gallery at Toronto and in many of the schools throughout the Province of Ontario. He has exhibited at Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Rochester, Buffalo, St. Louis, London and Liverpool, England. Mr. Staples has completed a great many etchings of the University of Toronto buildings, but in none, perhaps, has he struck so fine a note as in his picturization of the Armistice service before the Memorial Tower.



# DO WOMEN ASSUME TOO MUCH?

## A Question of the Spinster's Responsibilities

ARE women more "honor bound" than men? Do they undertake family responsibilities which the men of the family often elude—and is it fair?

My fervent question follows a letter I received this morning from a tiny hamlet in British Columbia . . . a letter which throws a new light on an anecdote which I narrated in my first editorial in the September issue. For those of you who,

1. did not read it,
2. were not subscribers then, or
3. have forgotten it,

I shall synopsise briefly.

It was an anecdote concerning two little sisters who would always rise with fiendish ingenuity at the crux of an exciting game and say to their young and trusting brothers, "You are put on your brotherly honor to tidy up before tea" . . . It was a simple tale and when I saw it in type it seemed a stupid one, but, since it adorned a moral, it had its points.

But this letter from British Columbia has shed a deeper light on the question, coming as it does on top of a series of similar incidents. It runs in part:

"Your editorial in this month's 'Chatelaine' appealed to me immensely, as I was one of those unfortunate people in my youth who were always 'honor bound' to disagreeable tasks, and now I am a mother with one son and an adopted daughter both under twelve, and although my whole soul cries out to write and write and write, I am in honor bound to stick by the family until my hair turns grey and I am fairly obsolete, and then I suppose I shall be able to find time to write to my heart's content."

Now, although I'm no Dorothy Dix, I know perfectly well that I should (after many thanks for the pleasant words) say unto the lady that she has everything in having a son of her own and a happy married life. "Count your blessings, Madam," I should say, and so lead into a diatribe upon Thanksgiving hearts in general, to surround the Thanksgiving poem, and sign my name with the smug satisfaction of saying something appropriate. But instead it has set me to thinking out a problem which has beset me on every side recently, in the strange way in which some aspects of life have a fashion of accenting themselves at certain times; and I want to get your viewpoint on it, too.

On every side we see women who have given up their own chances of happiness to look after parents, young brothers and sisters, or invalid relatives.

It is a fact that cannot be denied that this burden falls in the majority of cases upon the unmarried women of the family.

Every one of us knows women who have devoted the best years of their lives to caring for parents; to educating younger brothers and sisters; to nursing

an invalid relative. One woman I know is bound to a place she detests because her mother feels she would break her heart if they left the old homestead. There they live, year in and year out, the daughter bearing a grudge against life which she cannot hide. Yet when I tax her with it and . . . "Why not live your own life? Go and follow your profession, and make your mother follow you," . . . she replies simply and irrevocably, "I can't hurt her so. . . . You see I love her."



ANOTHER girl, whose illustrations will appear shortly in *The Chatelaine*, has been the main support of her family for years. Both her brothers married when they were very young and can barely manage to support their wives and children. They

haven't got a spare cent to devote to the support of their mother or the education of their youngest sister. The girl has been slaving all day for years and doing free-lance work at night. And when, on rare occasions, she will discuss it, by that intimate confessional, a hearth-fire, she shrugs slim shoulders and laughs, "I'm giving the best years of my life and I know it." She is very serious. "I cannot go out and meet people . . . I cannot have fun . . . and I have small chances of marrying, living the way I do . . . yet I wouldn't be doing anything else for the world. Jack and Frank can barely make their own ends meet . . . It's a pretty clear job for me to tackle, this training Betty in her profession and taking care of mother."

We agree that that's all there is to it; yet she knows, and I know, that by the time the little sister is earning enough to help, the older sister's youth will be gone; and there's not much fun in attaining at last a ravishing evening wrap when one's cheeks have faded. . . .

A woman in one community I know had a son and daughter. The son left home early and went to a near-by city where he is making his way. The daughter felt she ought to stay at home and keep on her pernickety little job, since her mother would be so lonely without her. The boy feels, and it is basically true, that his sister and mother can live comfortably on the girl's salary . . . and he is saving up to be married. He sends an occasional cheque. Yet it is the son of whom the mother speaks constantly and proudly. The daughter is just . . . a good girl. But when the son's roses come on Mother's Day, the whole town is told of his wonders and his thoughtfulness and his kindness to an old mother.

BUT it has always been the lot of the spinsters in a family to care for parents and relatives and younger children, and with all our much vaunted women's freedom, I doubt if there will ever be much of a change in this situation. I doubt if there ever should be.

For it fulfills a law of humanity—that we all want to be necessary to someone. We want to be wanted. We may grumble at times. We may glory in sentimental lapses wherein we feel we've sacrificed "life and love and youth and laughter" to some honor-bound duty that should not be wholly ours. We will always yearn to do those enchanting things that lie outside our honor-bound tasks. Yet we know that it is all (as the youngsters have it) "blah," that we wouldn't really be doing anything else. For what else, after all, is there in life greater than that glorious sense of being absolutely necessary to someone? That, oh that, gives a meaning to life!

By Mrs. Hope Sanders.



## Thanksgiving

by John Hanlon



I sought for thankfulness Thanksgiving Day,  
Scourging my froward heart to praise in vain,  
For wintering winds were bleak and skies were gray  
With the cold scorn of the November rain.

And all my brave, my youthful dreams were trod  
To bitter vinegar in fate's wine press;  
I raised rebellious lips to question God,  
"Where have I cause for any thankfulness?"

Then, in my ravished garden plot, I found,  
Frost-conquering, disdainful of soon snows,  
Quilted by spruce boughs on the icy ground,  
The loveliness of one surviving rose.

Was it God's answer? Sorrows fled away  
As sudden joy attacked their serried ranks,  
I found a rose upon Thanksgiving Day  
And all my heart was jubilant with thanks.



Marceline D'Alroy the highest priced fashion interpreter in the world.



## ARE LONG SKIRTS COMING BACK ?

*A brilliant introduction to the revolutionary new mode*

by MDLLE. MARCELINE D'ALROY

**L**ADIES—knees have gone. Long skirts have arrived. It is not a matter of whether we are going to accept long skirts or not. They are here where I am—they are there where you are. They are everywhere where smart women gather, for it is a fact, a fashion fact, that long skirts are literally sweeping the floor.

Are you glad? Are you sorry? That depends mostly I think on your age and temperament. There are many women who are resisting, mentally at least, the inroad that this new style is making. They are afraid for one thing that it will make them look older. As a matter of fact, I do not find that the longer skirts make women look older, but—they do not make a woman look younger. They literally make them "look themselves." They are more "womanly" than the short skirt, and therefore have something to recommend them—by night at least. We have all looked young for so long—at least from the back—that we can now afford to be gracious. And graciousness is not to be despised in a hostess, or a home-making woman, most of all.

Strangely enough it is the younger women and girls who

have quickly seen the alluring possibilities of the long lines in skirts and bodies. Or is it surprising? Youth is essentially adaptable, essentially an experimentalist, essentially fearless, and of course it is a sign of youth to be progressive. I find that the women who are now saying that they cannot possibly wear the long skirts are in the majority of cases the same women who a few years ago said that they could not possibly wear short skirts! Why? Because so many of us like what we have become accustomed to. We are not used to having material flapping about our legs, as one woman put it, and we are busy and we do not want to be annoyed. All excuses—for comfort, for pretty legs, for lack of fashion interest, for laziness! The smart woman adapts the prevailing fashion to her needs. She is never uncomfortable in her clothes. But she might be uncomfortable out of style. By that I mean that she will be wearing her morning sport skirt of tweed about four inches below the knees. In the afternoon though those same smart knees will be covered by six inches, approximately, of heavy silk, crêpe satin or velvet, since it is smart now to be form-

ally dressed in the afternoon. No more suits and sports clothes after lunch now, but with the new formality, velvet, lace at neck and throat, buttons, bows, and trimmings on day time frocks have all reappeared.

In the evening the knees of a smart woman are now her own secret! Absolutely—not even "glimpsed." They must only be guessed at. Evening gowns "drip" loveliness. The long lines mold the figures of the fortunate, and insinuate more kindly the pulchritude of the less perfect. But through the new silhouette all women can achieve grace, dignity, elegance and sophistication. No mean assets—socially or otherwise. The new lines will make a better deportment necessary for some women too. Long lines need "carrying," not merely wearing.

**T**HE line is what we look for. In a dress. In a hat. In the coiffure. In the way a woman carries herself. And now we have an elegant line, imposed on us if you will, but nevertheless a line that demands our instant attention.

It has been suggested that the [Continued on page 31]





This Christmas card, printed in black and white, is to be tinted with Japanese water color films which are supplied with it. The set of seven colors, enough for many cards, is 31c.



Christmas cards are more personal than ever when they are colored at home. This Christmas card is \$2.44 for the set of twenty.

# The Chatelaine's Christmas Handicraft

**S**OON, soon we'll have the mysterious Christmas parcels; tissue paper crising on the floor; red ribbon coiling in lavish lengths—and then the glad shout of triumph as the gift is unwrapped, "I made it myself!"

Is there any gift so welcome as that which someone has made for you with a lavish expenditure of time, ingenuity, and handiwork? Isn't it far more satisfactory to plan an individual gift for some particular friend and feel that it is distinctive and original? Of course it is; and that is why this month *The Chatelaine's* Handicraft service is offering you a number of suggestions for gifts that are out of the ordinary, and yet simple to make. The materials are now in stock, so you can order until Christmas.

First, a suggestion for the small one to make for his father or mother, or some one that he has on his list. If he's for father, the cunning little Chinese will probably hang close to the telephone; or if he's for mother, he may be used in the kitchen for jotting down grocery orders.

This Chinese-boy pad is quite easy to make—a braid of yarn is fastened under his appliqué cap at one end and through a ring-top pencil at the other. Three very simple appliqué patches, some blanket and outline stitches, and a glued-on pad completes him.

## Suggestions and Patterns by RUBY SHORT McKIM

Number 320 at 25c. postpaid, includes wax transfers to stamp on muslin, on gay scraps for blouse, trousers and cap, and even on the paper pad. The pad of paper is included, as is also the ring-top pencil, wool for his queue, black embroidery floss, and instructions so definite that you can't make a mistake. If you want the pattern for the Chinese boy, write to *The Chatelaine*.

**N**OW something for mother to make for her own youngster. We know that it is easier to tuck the young tyrant into bed at seven o'clock under his own picture-book quilt, with a friendly soft "dolly" for company. No. 603 is a bedspread gay with toy animals traveling toward the ark. There is also a Noah for a matching pillow case. The spread comes stamped on heavy, unbleached muslin 40 by 60 inches, with the figures on swatches of fast-color gingham and percale in dots, stripes, and solid red and blue. The running-stitch which sews them on is black, as are the animals' eyes. Black floss and white for eyeballs is also included in number 603 at \$1.80 postpaid. If you prefer the pattern alone, to use on your own material, write for 603B and enclose only 25c.

So many liked the 12-inch plaited parchment shade that we offered some time ago as number 537 at \$2.09, that we are offering another very unusual lamp this time, and the cost is considerably less. This small plaited parchment

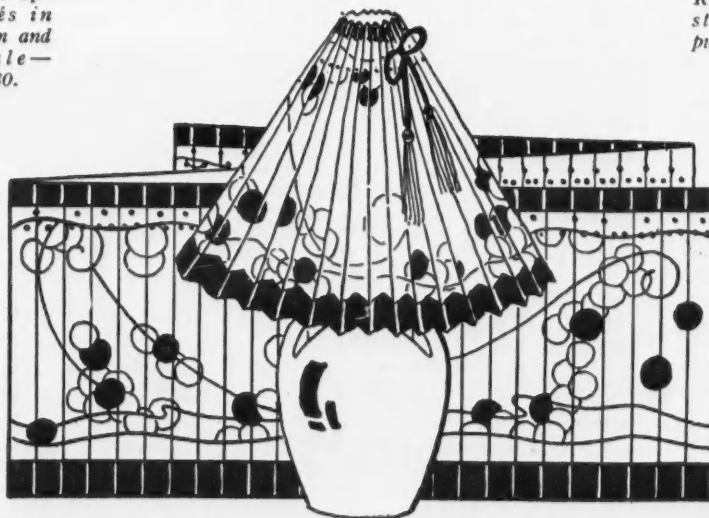
shade which comes stamped, perforated and scored for plaiting, with a definitely marked color chart, and instructions is number 578 at \$1.27 complete. The design is bubbles of sheer color, yellow, orange, red, turquoise, and jade, overlaid with serpentine lines of jet black. Like the other parchments we have offered, this paints in flat areas of color—no shading or technical handling is required.

Order number 578 has one sheet of parchment, 8 inches wide by 32 inches long, and comes to you flat with the design stamped on it, as shown in the sketch back of the lamp. It is scored for plaiting and has holes for the cord. This order also includes a specially designed wire frame upon which the parchment pulls up tightly together at the top, giving that new conical shape so clever with bases varying from squat bowls to slender candlestick types, and is appropriate in pairs as well as singly. Order number 578 includes parchment, cord and frame, price \$1.27.

Parchments may be painted in oil paints, but the clear lacquers are much more luminous. Lacquer assortment number 538 at \$1.38 postpaid, contains yellow, rose, blue and opaque black in one-ounce bottles, and a brush and a bottle of thinner.



Nursery quilt in heavy unbleached muslin, with animal appliques in gingham and percale—\$1.80.



The ever popular plaited parchment shade, to be tinted in gay colors. Complete with color chart and instructions—\$1.27.

Chinese-boy pad—easy to make and very effective. Ready to stamp and put together—25c.



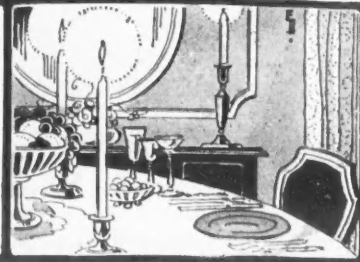
**F**OR the bedroom linens we offer a new cut in dresser scarfs as well as the standard vanity set and one-piece scarf, all to be daintily embroidered in three values of pink, with blue, orchid and white. Number 217 is the new and unusual one, designed as shown, in two pieces, a plump little heart surrounded by the other which conforms to the structural lines of the dresser. Size is 18 by 36 inches. In wax transfer form it is [Continued on page 33]





## The MODERN CHATELAINE

### A department for the housekeeper



by  
**NANCY  
DARNELL**

*A Thanksgiving table set for a "stag" party with no real head of the table since the mistress of the house is not present at the foot.*

# WHEN THE MEN GIVE THANKS

*Some original ideas for Thanksgiving entertainment*

**T**HERE is usually one time during the year when it is necessary for the man or men of the house to entertain, and on that occasion, the hostess, in her enthusiasm to make the "stag party" a success, is likely to trip up if she attempts something too elaborate at a time when she herself is unable to personally officiate. Exhortations from the male contingent of the family to do her best, or to show what she can do, often spur her on to dangerous heights.

Having successfully and unsuccessfully managed several of these feasts myself, I have evolved at least two menus of which the serving is simple and for which most of the preparation may be accomplished so far ahead that there is little danger of anything going amiss. That they are particularly appropriate for this season of the year is a coincidence for which November is responsible. It provides an ideal time for the men's entertainment—the Armistice Day celebration, as well as fruits of the year particularly appropriate for a masculine menu.

One of these which I have found particularly successful and popular with the men folk is a cold supper of great simplicity, but considerable effect. It consists of:

Cold Virginia Ham  
Salt Rising Bread  
Doughnuts  
Cider Punch

Baked Beans  
Onions in Vinegar  
Pumpkin Pie  
Coffee

Here is an array for which the cook may preen herself, but at the same time be well prepared against possible failure.

#### Virginia Ham

A twelve-pound smoked ham is of sufficient size to dine ten people amply, allowing for shrinkage in boiling and the

weight of the bone. A heavier ham than this is likely to be either too fatty or too bony, and if more meat is required, it is the better part of wisdom to prepare two smaller hams.

Some specially smoked country-cured hams arrive in a state of mummification which it takes considerable time as well as elbow-grease to modify. They may be sewed up in stockinette, covered with ashes, saltpeter and mildew, and look for all the world like something which has been buried for years. As a matter of fact, some of the best of them have! The method of procedure is to actually scrub off with a brush and scrape with a knife, this venerable encrustation, which is as valued by the epicure and connoisseur of hams as the mold on cheese. Cut off the hock, if this has not already been done, but not too high. The slim shank-bone should be left showing.

When all these preparations are made, soak it over-night. Change the water in the morning, wash it thoroughly clean, and cover with fresh cold water. Sometimes a much-cured

ham will require several skimmings. Let it come to the boil, add a cup of cold water, and clear the pot thoroughly. Repeat until the boiler is clean, then add the following seasonings:

6 Whole cloves  
12 Whole allspice  
1 Pod red pepper

6 Peppercorns  
1 Strong onion  
1 Cup of cider vinegar or 1 pint of tart cider

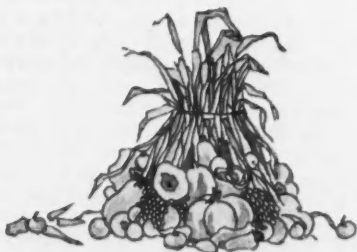
Boil slowly until ham is tender when pierced with a fork, or fifteen minutes to the pound from the time of simmering after the seasonings are added. Allow to cool in its own liquid.

Take up, place in roasting pan and dress for baking. The dressing of a ham is a simple art once you know it. There will be a heavy, leathery skin covering the entire upper surface of the ham. Loosen around the edge at the large end, and peel off. It will come away like the skin of a peach. Now prepare the paste with which the "candying" is to be done. Mix in a dish:

2 Cupfuls of brown sugar Pinch red pepper  
2 Tablespoonfuls of Liberal shaking of black  
mustard pepper  
Sufficient onion juice to moisten

Work the ingredients together until they form a paste. Now pour a pint of tart cider over the ham, and lay this surface dressing over the fat like icing. Stud with whole cloves. Allow to stand for several hours before baking.

A ham may be baked from one to [Continued on page 55]



**W**E ARE building a new house and hope to move in this autumn. My drawing-room is 13 x 22 feet, with an arched window at the far end. Could you advise me how to dress this arch?

I am thinking of getting a silky material and just having one lot of curtains with no inner net, but I should like your advice about that, too.

I have a double front window and a door on to verandah, so with our brilliant sunshine, I don't have to consider light.

I should be most grateful for any ideas you could give me.

I always enjoy *Chatelaine* very much, and gave it to five of my friends for Christmas who all seem very fond of it.

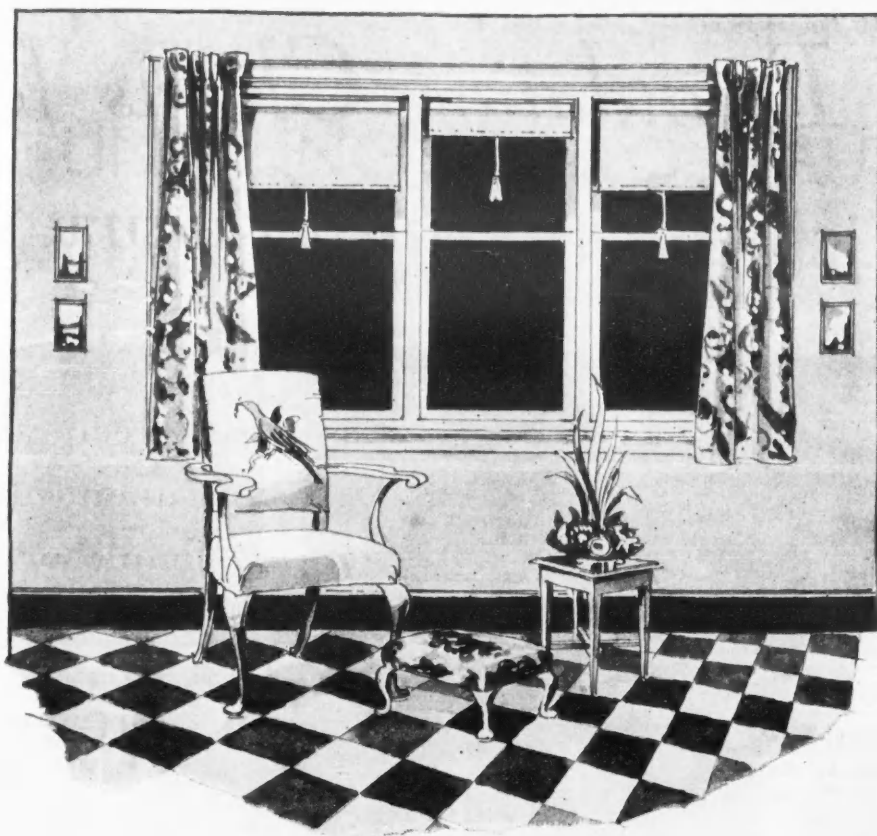
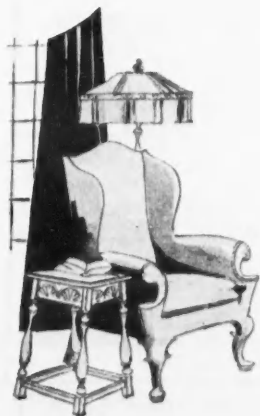
**I** BELIEVE it would be better if you had inner net for all the windows, for it would be necessary for the arch of the window in question, anyway, and you will want to keep them all uniform. Gold gauze is very good as a light filter, and adapts itself to overdrapes of almost any color. A "silky material" that should be good here is pongée, which can be secured in a number of suitable colors. Reseda green should be good for a very light room, and I well know the brilliance of the Bermuda sunshine.

For the arched window, you can secure a special arched rod, procurable at a manufacturer's whose name I shall send you by letter. I presume it is a French window; in which case the net on the doors should be rodged top and bottom. It is very attractive to use small brass rings rather than running the rod through the net. Do not set them too close together, and stretch the material rather tight. It will give a very open effect, a little different from the ordinary rodged curtain.

#### A Color Scheme For a Kitchen

**A**S A subscriber to *The Chatelaine*, which I like very much, I read with interest "The Home Bureau" department. I wonder if you would kindly give me a color scheme for my kitchen. It is 9 x 12 feet, on the south side of the house, but, unfortunately, on account of a large building it does not get the early morning sun in the winter, and so I want to make it as bright as possible.

It has rather a lot of woodwork besides three doors, a wooden tongue and baseboard running all round, three feet high. Then there is a large built-in cupboard from floor to ceiling. At present, all woodwork is grained a light oak effect, and, oh, I am so tired of it! I want a complete change. Then above the baseboard, the walls are painted ivory, the ceiling white.



In adapting den furniture for a sun room, leather-backed chairs can be covered with tie-on seats and backs, and the wood painted green.

## THE HOME BUREAU

*A page to solve our readers'  
interior decoration problems*

Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

I am buying a kitchen cabinet, but will wait until I receive your reply so that I will know in what color to order it, and the rest of the kitchen furniture can be painted to match.

**I** CERTAINLY sympathize with you over the grained golden oak effect. My earnest advice would be that you have every scrap of woodwork in the kitchen painted white or cream, leaving the ceiling as it is. Why not get one of those gay waterproof papers for the wall? You can order samples from Toronto, pick out your paper, give the measurement of your room, and have it sent to be hung by your local decorator. When you choose your paper, pick out the predominating pastel color which it contains, a yellow or light green preferably, and paint your kitchen furniture that shade. I should advise you to order your kitchen cabinet in white or cream like the woodwork. Lavender dotted Swiss curtains would look charming with either yellow or green furniture.

#### An Unsatisfactory Master Bedroom

**I** HAVE a very great problem on my hands at the present time, and would be very grateful for your advice. Last year we had an interior decorator do our home, and everything was most satisfactory, with the exception of the master bedroom, which faces east and has one large window only. Our woodwork is white enamel (or rather ivory) with mahogany doors. The paper is a very plain deep ivory with dashes of blue, pink and yellow. These are almost invisible. There is a Sheraton bedroom suite, and the rug on the floor is deep rose broadloom, which almost covers the floor. The drapes, bedspread and dresser covers are also old rose damask. It has made a very pretentious, but rather dark room in wintertime, and not at all homelike.

Would it be possible to have the rug dyed, and what color would you suggest? I would like to have some yellow in the

room if possible. I am willing to buy drapes, bedspread and dresser-covers, but cannot afford to spend very much this year.

I had thought of a rose grey taupe to have the rug dyed, and perhaps chintz or peach yellow hangings, but any suggestions you could make would be very acceptable.

**Y**OU can, of course, very reasonably change the effect of your room with chintz drapes. At present it is too much of a monotone to satisfy you. You could then leave the rug as it is, or have it dyed darker with a grey tone, which will give you more or less the rose-taupe shade. If you used peach yellow for the drapes, however, I should advise dyeing it mulberry, for it would be rather a daring mixture if you left any suggestion of rose on the floor whatever.

#### Shall it be Den or Living Room?

**T**HE question is, whether to turn the den into the living room, or into the sunroom, as the house I am now occupying has no den but a sunroom. My living room acts as living room and dining room combined, is of good size and has lots of light. I am enclosing a sample of drapes used on the three large windows (a rather large floral chintz containing rose, purple, blue and green). There is quite a large bird in purple on it, and I am

enclosing a sample of green repp, the material in which my drop-side couch is done in. The only thing that separates the two rooms (the living room and the sun room) is a very large arch.

Now for den furniture I have two large armchairs, two smaller chairs, a den table, a jardinière stand and bookends and a footstool that I am going to re-cover. They are all finished in walnut, seats and backs of chairs in imitation brown leather. This set is practically new.

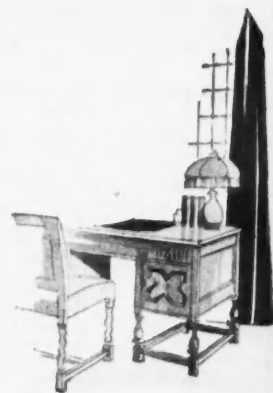
In this (the living room) I have a small walnut desk, a bookcase, an oak gate-leg table, two arm Windsor chairs and two plain Windsor chairs, besides drop-side couch and china cabinet.

I thought of lacquering the backs and seats of my den chairs in green, as I am going to make the quilted cushions in green for my Windsor chairs, or purple to match two cushions which I have on the couch.

The windows face east and south.

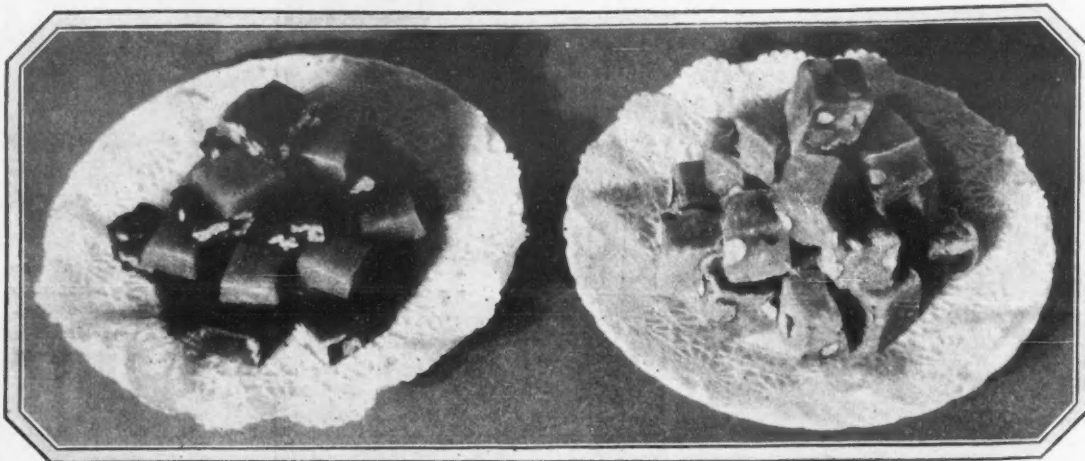
Now could you suggest something for floors and walls as well as for the rooms themselves. I should like also to have a suggestion for my brass table lamp. The rooms have only two drop-lights.

Although I have discussed the possibility of lacquering all-over leather chairs in "The Home Bureau" before, I should very much hesitate to [Continued on page 61]





# A PROFESSIONAL'S CANDY RECIPES



Three varieties of caramels—plain vanilla, chocolate walnut and rich vanilla nut.

The second article in our series on the secrets of successful candies deals with delicious fudges and caramels

by

JOHN T. PERRIN

ASK any group of women if they have ever made fudge and you will be met with righteous indignation. As well ask if they have ever cut their teeth, knitted a sock or sewn a straight seam. For fudge-making is one of the rites of feminine development. Not one of the indignant number will not, in sweet adolescence, have donned frilly apron and bent anxious brows over her best friend's favorite recipe—a recipe which, according to all owner's precedent, had never failed to meet with success. Unfortunately, those same "recipes of a best friend" are usually found to be faithful to the point of being dog-like in their devotion to the interests of their originators. No amount of careful mixing, slow cooking and diligent watching for the elusive soft ball, can guarantee for the correct consistency. They are one-man recipes, dependent for their success on what, for want of a better phrase, might be termed the "owner's knack."

Long experience has taught me that a "knack" is no qualification in the making of candy. If instructions are followed accurately and the correct utensils are used, there should be no possibility of failure. For this reason the following recipes for fudge and caramels are universal favorites, for they are very simple to work with. These, together with the fondant, toffee and glazed nut recipes introduced last month, and the chocolate recipes with delicious hard and soft centres planned for another article in this series, have been carefully developed for popular use. Little experiment should be necessary to achieve confections fit to grace the candy booth of the most elaborate bazaar planned for the Christmas season.

The main point to consider in making fudges and caramels is that to be nice they must not be too hard. It is important to see that they are not allowed to boil above the degree specified. If this should happen, a little water should be added to lower the strength of the boil, and it can then be carried again to the required temperature.

If any doubt exists as to the correctness of the thermometer, test it by placing it in water and bringing up to a strong boil. If it registers 212 degrees it is correct, if above or below that degree, that allowance should be made in all the recipes. Only a special candy thermometer can be used. Whenever cream, milk, or butter is added in the recipes, stirring must commence and be continuous. A backward and forward movement is best, working all over the bottom of the pan and shifting the thermometer often. Use the paddle for this.

## Divinity Fudge (Vanilla Flavor)

This requires a 4-quart saucepan.

- ¾ Pound (1½ cupfuls) of granulated sugar
- ¼ Pound (½ cupful) of brown sugar
- 1 Ounce (2 tablespoonfuls) of butter
- ¾ Pound (4 level tablespoonfuls) of white corn syrup
- ¼ Pint (½ cupful) of hot water

Stir and see that all sugar is dissolved before boiling starts, then do not stir until it reaches 230 degrees. Add slowly a ¼ pint of fresh cream, or a ½ pint of milk, and stirring continuously, boil to 242 degrees. Remove from fire and with the paddle start to cream it, by pressing to the side of the saucepan with a regular backward and forward motion. Do not whip it. Add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring, and 1 big tablespoonful of marshmallow cream, and another teaspoonful of butter. If desired, add a ¼ pound of any sort of nuts. Cream until it begins to thicken,

then pour on to heavy wax paper placed in a tin pan, or wood frame, about ¾-inch thick. Mark in ¾-inch squares about a ¼-inch deep, when cooling.

This can be made in strawberry, colored pink; lemon, colored yellow; or any flavor desired, and makes a fine centre for chocolates, covered with dark vanilla sweet coating.

## Divinity Fudge (Chocolate Flavor)

Use same recipe as for vanilla, adding 2 ounces of cooking chocolate (melted in double boiler) when adding the marshmallow cream. Finish in the same way.

## Maple Fudge with Nuts

- 1 Pound (2 cupfuls) of granulated sugar
- 1 Cupful (½ pint) of maple syrup
- ¼ Pint of hot water

Boil to 230 degrees then add a ¼ pint of cream, and 1 ounce of butter. Stir continuously until it reaches 238 degrees. Remove from fire, and let stand until cool enough for finger to remain on it. Add a ¼ pound, or more if preferred, of chopped walnuts, a ½ teaspoonful of salt, and cream with spoon or paddle until it begins to get firm. Pour on to heavy wax paper placed on tin dish or frame.

## Honey Coconut Fudge

- 1 Pound of granulated sugar
- 2 Ounces of honey
- 2 Ounces of white corn syrup
- ¼ Pint of hot water

Stir to dissolve all sugar and boil to 230 degrees, then add a ¼ pint of cream or a ½ pint of milk. Stir continuously to 238 degrees. Remove from fire, and let stand until cool enough for finger to remain on it, then add 1 ounce of shredded cocoanut. Cream with paddle on side of saucepan until it thickens, and pour on heavy wax paper in tin pan or frame.

## Puffed Cherry Kisses

- 1 Pound of granulated sugar
- ¼ Pint of hot water
- ⅛ Teaspoonful of cream of tartar

Stir to dissolve sugar until boiling starts, then wipe round side of saucepan to remove any remaining sugar crystals. At 230 degrees add 1 ounce of butter and, continuously stirring, boil to 240 degrees. Have ready the white of an egg, beaten until stiff, and add syrup to it very slowly, beating constantly. When it begins to get creamy, color slightly red, and flavor with cherry or vanilla, also adding a ¼ cupful of candied cherries. When thick enough to hold its shape, drop in small lumps on to wax paper.

## Vanilla Caramels

This requires a 4-quart saucepan.

- ½ Pound of granulated sugar
- ½ Pound of white corn syrup
- ¼ Pint of hot water

Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil to 230 degrees, then add slowly, stirring continuously:

- ¼ Pint of cream or ½ pint of milk
- 1 Ounce (2 tablespoonfuls) of butter
- ⅛ Teaspoonful of salt

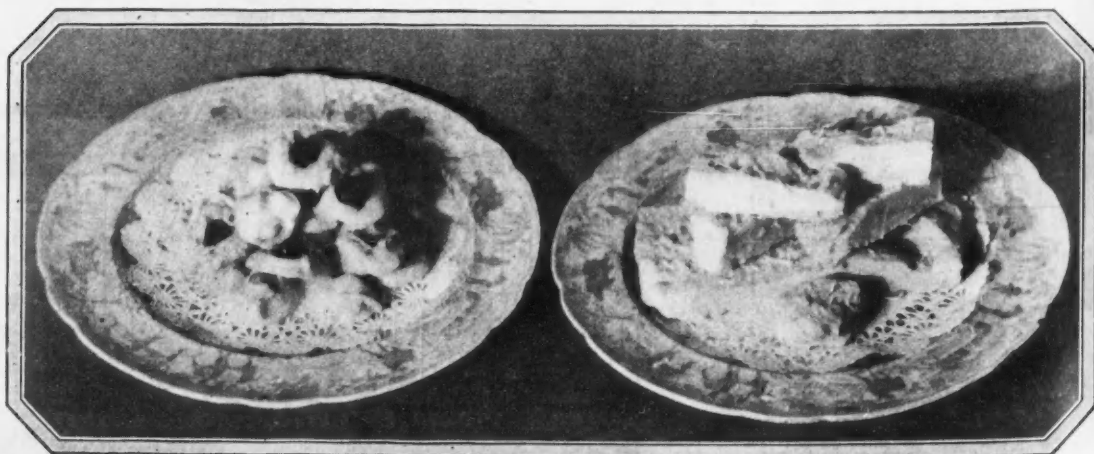
Boil to 245 degrees, remove from fire, add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring and pour, about ½-inch thick, into a pan which has been well greased with lard. Cut in squares before too cold, with a heavy butcher knife greased with lard.

If 5 ounces of fondant cream is added and well stirred in when flavor is put in, it makes a delicious soft-eating caramel.

## Chocolate Caramels

Use same recipe as for vanilla caramels, adding 2 ounces of cooking chocolate (dissolved in double boiler) when adding the flavor, but boil only to 243 degrees.

[Continued on page 32]



Puffed cherry fudge kisses and honey coconut fudge are delightful both to make and eat.

# 4 UNFAILING AIDS TO BEAUTY AND HOW TO USE THEM



1.

Pond's Cold Cream



for thorough cleansing



apply it generously



always after exposure



and before retiring.



2.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues



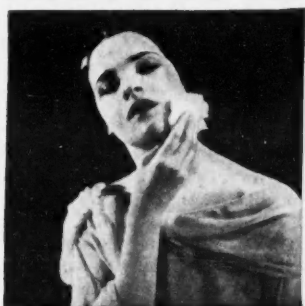
soft, ample, absorbent



remove cream and dirt.



To banish oiliness



and firm your skin

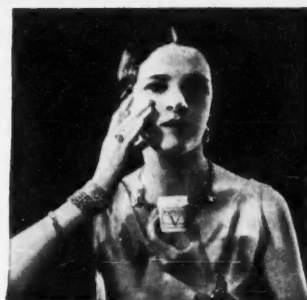


3.

Pond's Skin Freshener



pat it on briskly.



For powder base



and soft, white hands



smooth in a little



4.

Pond's Vanishing Cream.

**V**ITAL MOMENTS in a well-groomed woman's day . . . the all-important, yet simple care she gives her skin . . . Study these pictures . . . follow these swift, sure steps . . . Pond's four famous aids are unfailing . . . they keep your complexion exquisitely fresh and clear.

Pond's Cold Cream comes first . . . pure, light . . . use generously for thorough cleansing two or three times through the day . . . at bedtime . . . always after exposure. Quick, caressing, upward, outward strokes to smooth it in . . . they keep

your contours young and firm. Now leave a moment to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . coax every particle of dirt up to the surface.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues next . . . to remove all cream and dirt. Take two at a time from the dainty latticed box. Fold or crumple in your hand . . . lift off the cream and dirt, using exactly the same caressing upward motion as when applying the cold cream.

Now Pond's Skin Freshener . . . cool, exhilarating . . . it banishes the last trace

of oiliness. See how you soak a sizable pad of cotton . . . pat face, neck all over briskly. This gentle Tonic closes, refines the pores . . . for sallow cheeks it's magic to conjure back fresh vital color.

Now for the smooth, well-bred finish that adds so much to your poise . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Smooth in a delicate film before you powder. And don't forget your hands . . . It keeps them velvet-white.

And now your powder and rouge blend beautifully. Finished, enchanting,

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# Foundation Charts for Making Savory Sauces

If you know how to vary the basic recipes, savory sauces are an unending inspiration for simple or elaborate dishes

by

RUTH DAVISON, REID



Savory Sauces can make an indifferent dish better, and a good dish excellent.

THE art of making savory sauces is one which we associate with all the best in French cooking. While they may be considered an accessory, rather than a main part of the culinary art, sauces can make an indifferent dish better, and a good dish excellent. There are literally hundreds of them, to serve with fish meat, and vegetables, to use up left-over foods, to make simple dishes elaborate. But while at first glance they seem intricate, in reality they are based on a few foundation recipes which lend themselves to many variations.

A white sauce is the foundation of so many that it may be considered typical both in the proportion of the ingredients, and in the method of mixing. One cupful of milk is thickened by two level tablespoonfuls of flour to make a sauce of medium thickness. One level tablespoonful flour with one cupful of milk makes a thin sauce and three level tablespoonfuls flour with one cupful of milk makes a thick sauce. The butter gives richness to the sauce, and also acts as a separator to the starch grains, preventing them from forming lumpy masses and allowing each little cell to swell, burst, and thicken the liquid around it.

The butter is melted and the flour and seasonings ( $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper) stirred into it. When well blended and bubbling, the liquid is added gradually and stirred constantly until thick. But further cooking is necessary to remove all taste of raw starch. This is best accomplished in a double boiler when milk is used. With water or stock the sauce may be boiled over a direct heat until finished. A wire whisk is excellent for stirring and blending sauces, many professional chefs using nothing else.

To make a richer white sauce, cream may be substituted for milk or the amount of butter increased. Where an egg yolk is to be added to a sauce it should be beaten well, then a little hot liquid poured into it and the mixture returned to the double boiler to be cooked over very gently boiling water for a minute or two. Flavorings such as wine or lemon juice, are added when the cooking is complete just before serving.

The method for white sauce holds good for brown sauces, but in the latter three tablespoonfuls of flour are needed instead of two, as in browning the flour it is dextrinized

and loses some of its thickening power. Brown stock is the liquid used instead of milk.

In some sauces, such as béchamel, highly seasoned white stock replaces part of the milk; in velouté the liquid is entirely white stock but the method of mixing is the same as for white sauce. Supreme sauce contains cream and chicken stock as the liquid, and mushroom for flavoring. White stock for sauces is made of veal or chicken cooked with seasonings, or the water in which a fowl was cooked.

In drawn butter sauces, water is the liquid and lemon juice is added to give character. There is a larger amount of butter too and in order that it should not make the sauce oily, part is used to blend with the flour and the remainder added in small pieces after the sauce is cooked. It may be boiled over direct heat to cook the starch.

For variety there are many seasonings which may be delicately blended—minced parsley, thyme, bay leaf, cloves, tarragon, malt, or wine vinegar, chives, onions, mushrooms—these used with a sparing hand give the subtle flavors which characterize savory sauces.

In the following charts strictly level measurements are used.

WHITE SAUCES							
Sauce	Basis	Seasonings	Additions and Directions	Sauce	Basis	Seasonings	Additions and Directions
Medium White Sauce	2 tablespoonfuls of butter 2 tablespoonfuls of flour 1 cupful of milk.	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt few grains of pepper.	Melt butter stir in flour and seasonings. Stir until well blended and bubbling. Gradually add the milk stirring until thick. Cook in double boiler until the taste of raw starch is gone.	Béchamel Sauce	2 tablespoonfuls of butter 2 tablespoonfuls of flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of white stock	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt few grains of pepper	Cook white stock with $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf 4 pepper berries spray parsley 1 slice onion 1 slice carrot for 20 minutes and strain. There should be $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful. Finish as white sauce.
Thin White Sauce	1 tablespoonful of butter 1 tablespoonful of flour 1 cupful of milk	" "	Cook as for medium white sauce.	Velouté Sauce	2 tablespoonfuls of butter 2 tablespoonfuls of flour 1 cupful of white stock	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt few grains of pepper.	Make as white sauce.
Thick White Sauce	2 tablespoonfuls of butter 3 tablespoonfuls of flour	" "	Cook as for medium white sauce.	DRAWN BUTTER SAUCES			
Egg Sauce	1 cupful of medium white sauce		Add 2 hard cooked eggs chopped and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt.	Drawn Butter Sauce	3 or 4 tablespoonfuls of butter 2 tablespoonfuls of flour 1 cupful of boiling water	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt few grains of pepper 2 teaspoonfuls of lemon juice.	Melt 2 tablespoonfuls of butter add flour and seasonings stir until well blended and bubbling. Add water gradually and boil until the taste of raw starch is gone. Add the remaining butter in small pieces and the lemon juice just before serving.
Parsley Sauce	1 cupful of medium white sauce		Add 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley.	Parsley	1 cupful of drawn butter sauce		Add 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley.
Caper Sauce	1 cupful of medium white sauce		Add 3 tablespoonfuls of capers.	Cucumber	1 cupful of drawn butter sauce		Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of chopped cucumber and a pinch of salt extra.
Cheese Sauce	1 cupful of medium white sauce		Add $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of grated cheese. Blend and cook until cheese is melted.	Egg	1 cupful of drawn butter sauce		Add 2 hard cooked eggs chopped and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt.
Curry Sauce	1 cupful of medium white sauce		Add 1 teaspoonful curry powder and 1 egg yolk.	Egg	1 cupful of drawn butter sauce		Add 2 beaten egg yolks.
Bacon Sauce	1 cupful of medium white sauce		Add 1 cupful crisp cooked diced bacon and reduce salt in white sauce.	Caper	1 cupful of drawn butter sauce		Add 3 tablespoonfuls of capers.
Onion or Soubise Sauce	1 cupful of medium white sauce		Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful chopped boiled onions and $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of lemon juice.	Melba	1 cupful of drawn butter sauce		Add 2 teaspoonfuls of grated orange rind
Celery Sauce	1 cupful of medium white sauce		Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of finely chopped cooked celery $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of celery salt and 3 drops of tabasco.	BROWN SAUCES			
Mushroom Sauce	1 cupful of medium white sauce		Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of mushrooms chopped and fried in butter $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful additional salt and 2 teaspoonfuls sherry.	Brown Gravy	2 tablespoonfuls of fat from the meat 3 tablespoonfuls of flour 1 cupful of water or stock	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt few grains of pepper	Brown the flour in the fat in the meat pan. Add the seasonings and water and boil until the starch is cooked.
Supreme Sauce	2 tablespoonfuls of butter 2 tablespoonfuls of flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of chicken stock $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of cream	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt and 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice.	Add 1 tablespoonful of mushroom liquor and if desired 1 tablespoonful of fried mushrooms. Cook as white sauce.	Brown Sauce	2 tablespoonfuls of butter 3 tablespoonfuls of flour 1 cupful of brown stock	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt few grains of pepper 1 tablespoonful of onion.	Cook onion in the butter until slightly browned remove it and brown the butter. Add flour and seasonings and stir constantly until the flour is brown. Add stock and boil until the starch is cooked.

[Continued on page 31]

HEESHADES ARE USED EVERYWHERE IN BEAUTIFUL HOMES

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**T**HE Medical Arts Building, Toronto, has reached completion. It is one of the finest buildings erected in this season of splendid architecture. Its rooms will be occupied by members of the medical profession.

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Much depends upon colour, so the wise folk say. Those people who study humanity and its ways, say that colour plays a very large part in life . . . especially modern life. We talk in terms of colour . . . we have the "blues," "brown studies," "see red," "are green or yellow with jealousy." We have adopted colour in our homes from the wash bowl in the kitchen to the shade in the window. And thereby hangs the tale . . .

In the Medical Arts Building, where neither expense nor labour has been spared, to get the best of results from architect, builder and interior decorator, the most modern of window shades have been used. They are of translucent Monarch Linen Tint Cloth, the colour selected being Café . . . one of the thirty-two beautiful colours in which these shades are made.

*Reliability of operation, durability, sunfastness of colour, beauty of effect and high quality of material were the reasons why these shades were chosen for this fine building . . . reasons why the Monarch Linen Tint Cloth and Super-Art Cambric Window Shades are chosen by the clever woman for her home.*

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C.



A. An attractive model from John D. Ivey, of jet vis-à-vis faced with felt.

B. This smart handbag of "antelope" from Wellinger & Dunn, possesses the new concealed frame.

C. "Gainsborough"—the new bi-corn silhouette in a reversible velours of soft tan.

D. A smart glove of "silksuede" for fall, from Richard L. Baker & Co.

E. A slip-on glove of "chamobia" sueded fabric, from Hall Glove Co.



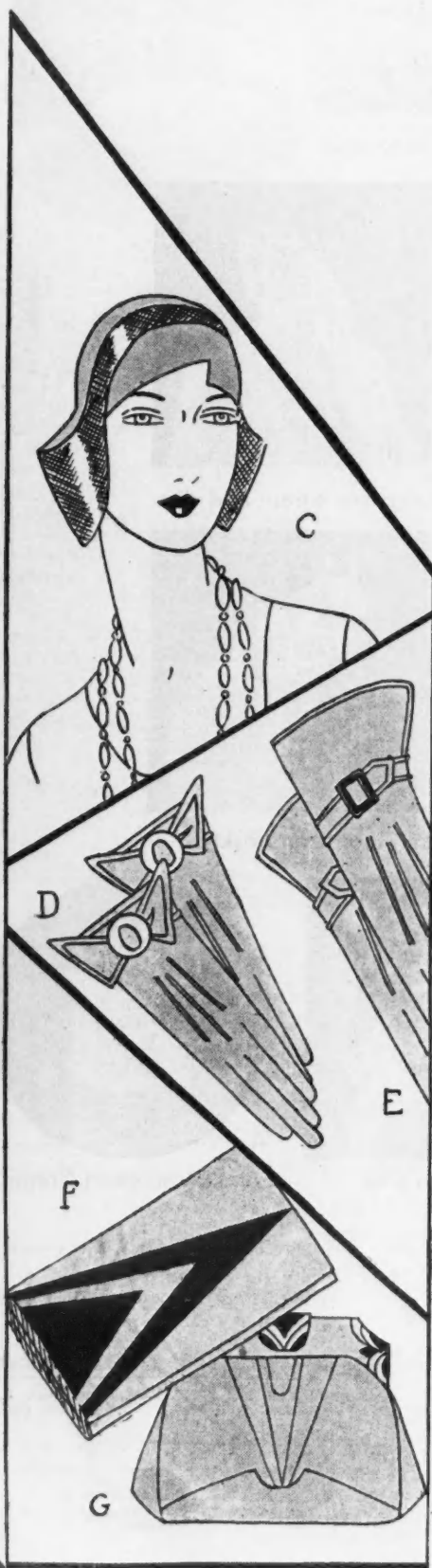
Mary Humphries

H. A Debenham model in two shades of tan with a jaunty quill of tan and garnet red.

I. An English fur felt from Abbott Brothers flaunts the new pirate design.

J. The embroidered novelty cuff is favored on this silk glove from the Tru-Fit Glove Co.

K. A Newport shoe, smart for informal and street wear, of tan calf, finished with a bronze buckle.



## The Trifles That Pursue Perfection

by KATHERINE CLIVE

**G**REAT-GRANNY was brought up on the theory that "To be well gloved and well shod, is the mark of a lady." Now, when every woman is well shod—though perhaps not yet well gloved—care in such trifles is no longer regarded as a mark of good breeding. With the cult of the ensemble, it has moved into the domain of fashion. News concerning the coming mode in shoes, in gloves, in handbags, neckwear and so on, are as important to the woman who would be well turned out, as are landmarks to the explorer of a new country. And it is *news* that we give in this resumé of the fashionable accessories for the coming winter.

Shoes

With the advent of longer skirts, attention is focussed upon the hem-line, so it follows that shoes must be plainer. All their trimming—insets and appliqué—is confined to the quarters, and slim elegance is their ambition. Reptile skins (lizard and python) and antelope lead for practical shoes; kid and patent for shoes of the dressier type—chiefly in a new dark brown called weathered oak, in black and navy. The smartest evening shoes are made of crêpe de Chine or satin, dyed to match the dress, or in a bright shade. This mode by the way should only be indulged in by possessors of pretty feet and legs. Silver kid shoes are also chic.

Stockings

The sun-tan vogue is responsible for the deepening of tones in stockings—even the flesh tones have a sunburnt cast, while the deeper shades of mocha and brown go [Continued on page 61]

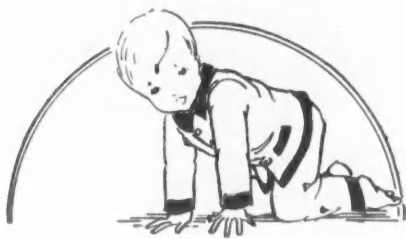
F. Geometric design adds interest to this purse of castor calf, from Canadian Leather Products.

G. A tan and brown novelty bag which wears a frame of wood with inlaid design, from Wellinger & Dunn.

L. Black Luxor crêpe with dainty insets of lizard and patent leather fashions this shoe from the Myles Shoe Co.

M. A satin kid walking shoe of new design, from the Blachford Shoe Co.





## What of Your Child?

*Laying the foundations for school*

by Frances Lily Johnson

ONCE more the schools have opened wide their doors to receive back old pupils and welcome a host of newcomers. Many a mother has watched her baby start out for the first day at school with an ache in her heart as she realizes that an irrevocable step has been made in the severing of home ties. Never again will her child be so closely bound to her as when she was not only the centre of his life, but his whole universe, and she feels very much as the mother in Elizabeth Shane's poem "Wee Hughie:"

"He's gone to school, wee Hughie,  
An' him not four;  
Sure I saw the fright was in him  
When he left the door.

I followed to the turnin'  
When they passed it by.  
God help him, he was cryin'  
An' maybe, so was I."

But no matter how parents, mothers particularly, may feel about it, every child must pass into the hopper of the educational mill, it is their duty to give assistance so that the child may come through it physically and mentally strong.

The little one is bound to find the first days of school trying. The crowded school-room is very different from his own home where he has played with a few companions, been given individual attention and time to develop at his own rate of progress. The increased number of companions means added strain and the lack of space for free play will be exceedingly irksome to the small beings, who are creatures of ceaseless activity. But, after all, even though the present school system is open to much criticism, it has been planned with a view to giving an adequate education to the greatest number possible and so should be given support.

The school and home should supplement each other—not be critical of each other as so often happens. In this way the shortcomings of each can be lessened and the children will benefit by the co-operation between parents and teachers.

The part of the home is to train the child for success in school, and ultimately in life. It must lay the foundations on which educational institutions can build for useful and successful citizenship. The training begins long before school age. It starts when the child is born and, in some cases, even earlier when parents plan for the life of the child whom they have brought into being.

We want our children to be enquiring, investigating, and to have a learning attitude toward facts. We want them to be independent, to require little aid from others, to do and to think for themselves. We want them to be unselfish, to be considerate of others, to exhibit self-control under all circumstances, and we must prepare for the realization of our hopes from the time the baby draws his first breath.

THE child must learn from the earliest moments that there are some things he cannot do, some things he cannot have; and when he has learned this lesson parents can use the time in happy and interesting

companionship. The building of good habits will prevent the acquiring of destructive ones and the parents need not constantly exhort and urge.

They should see that their children have, early in life, sufficient opportunities to mingle, play, quarrel, fight and co-operate with others. However unpleasant they seem, fights are necessary to help the child find his place in the social life of the community. Parents should not interfere unless actual physical harm threatens. Children must learn to take care of themselves and also to conform to the wishes of others on occasion. If parents interfere too much, children become either much hated tattle-tales, or detested bullies who are a great source of trouble. Left alone, they will learn compliance and co-operation through contact with other children, and desire to co-operate is the stepping-stone to the respect and liking of companions.

Parents should realize that the child needs to be unceasingly active and not demand the impossible. It is useless to command silence and quiet of a small child, for it is a physical impossibility for him to obey. Substitution is the secret of control. When one activity is forbidden or a desired object refused, another which can be made equally attractive should be offered.

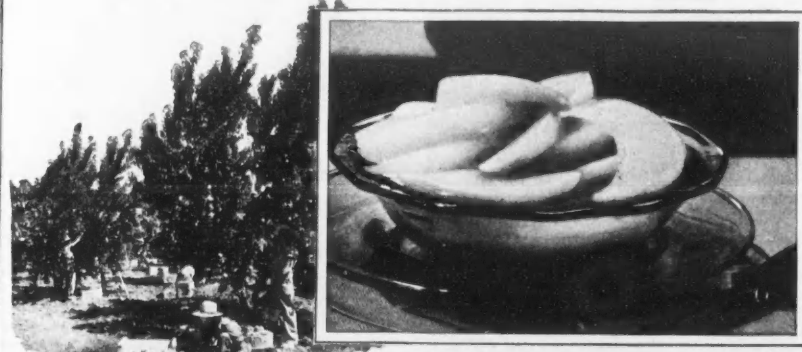
With the young child, suggestions can take the place of commands and will be found much more effective, since he is very receptive, and a suggestion does not bring about an impasse between parent and child, such as occurs when the parent tells the child to do something and he refuses. Punishment in such a case is of very little use, as the point is to get the thing done, and one could punish till doomsday and the child still refuse to do it. Administration of pain is effective in preventing the doing but not in aiding it, and may produce a stubborn child.

Shaming or ridiculing one who has made a mistake is quite unforgivable. It is perfectly natural to make mistakes and often these errors are an indication that the young mind is making an effort to fit isolated bits of information into limited experience. The child who saw a pig and said to his mother, "That's a funny dog, isn't it?" at least understood that both animals had something in common, and did not deserve the ribald laughter which the remark elicited. He would be chary of expressing himself aloud on another occasion. Children are exceedingly sensitive to ridicule and care should be taken not to use this weapon in a way which will repress open expression of thought, as it is only when we know what the child is thinking, that erroneous impressions can be corrected. Listen to the prattle, answer questions when you can, and if you do not know, be frank to admit your ignorance. You can then encourage them in the quest for knowledge by going to the person or book which has the desired information and acquiring it with them.

One excellent way of imparting knowledge is by reading aloud. Through listening to interesting fairy tales, poetry and stories, there is a gain in words and phrases, and in new material for dramatic play. Do not

*[Continued on page 52]*

## Ten years ago, a dream — today the world's largest Peach and Apricot orchard



*You'll be interested to know how much this great Del Monte garden means to you—in better, more tempting everyday meals*

Almost four thousand acres in a single fruit ranch—planted to the finest fruit trees, all in bearing!

A great fruit orchard in which any organization might take pride.

But you'd call its size only incidental—if you knew the real story behind its planting.

—a story that goes right back to the quality of fruit we demand for every DEL MONTE can that reaches your table.

—a story—and an ideal—particularly important to you if you still have the slightest thought that the modern canner of quality foods is content with the fruits he finds convenient to his canneries—or depends on surplus stocks not needed for the market!

As a matter of fact, DEL MONTE not only insists on special types of fruit, but these fruits must meet requirements far more exacting than those set for ordinary market varieties.

Canning peaches, for example, must be as nearly ideal in size, shape, color and texture as the kindest whims of Nature allow. And most important to your enjoyment—they must have everything desirable in flavor!

### Fruits from a modern paradise

For many years DEL MONTE has selected for its canneries the finest fruit products from the Pacific Coast and Hawaii—bringing the pick of their many crops to your table.

Ten years ago we decided to go still farther. We not only wanted to increase our dependable sources of supply, but to experiment—to see what carefully controlled plantings and different cultural methods could do toward producing even better fruit than any we had ever had.

As a result, this great DEL MONTE orchard was planned and planted in the years 1920 to 1922. Every one of the 300,000 peach and apricot trees in this one orchard was produced from selected stocks. Different varieties were planted, so that ripening might be continuous and even throughout the entire canning season.



Today half of its fruit—the pick of the crop—comes to you under the DEL MONTE label.

In like manner, other great farms, orchards and plantations have been developed by DEL MONTE in the most favored localities—each producing the particular kind of fruit or vegetable best suited to its soil and climate.

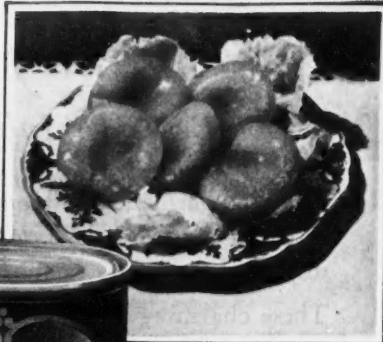
All of this means that DEL MONTE starts with the finest raw materials that can be grown. It means that the entire DEL MONTE canning process can be devoted to just one end—bringing you exactly the ripeness and flavor that Nature can develop at its best.

And remember—the DEL MONTE label brings you this same high quality in a full assortment of fruits, vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruits, raisins and prepared foods—every one packed with the same experience and painstaking care that has made DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables so widely known—so universally preferred.

You already know DEL MONTE Quality! Why not see that you get this label, every time you buy? It's the surest, easiest guide you can find to better, more inviting meals!

### 267 Tested Recipes for You

Recipes for scores of fruit desserts, salads and main-course dishes—all simple and easy to prepare. And in such convenient form for filing! May we send these 7 DEL MONTE recipe books and folders to you—free of charge? Just drop a line to Dept. 36-A, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.



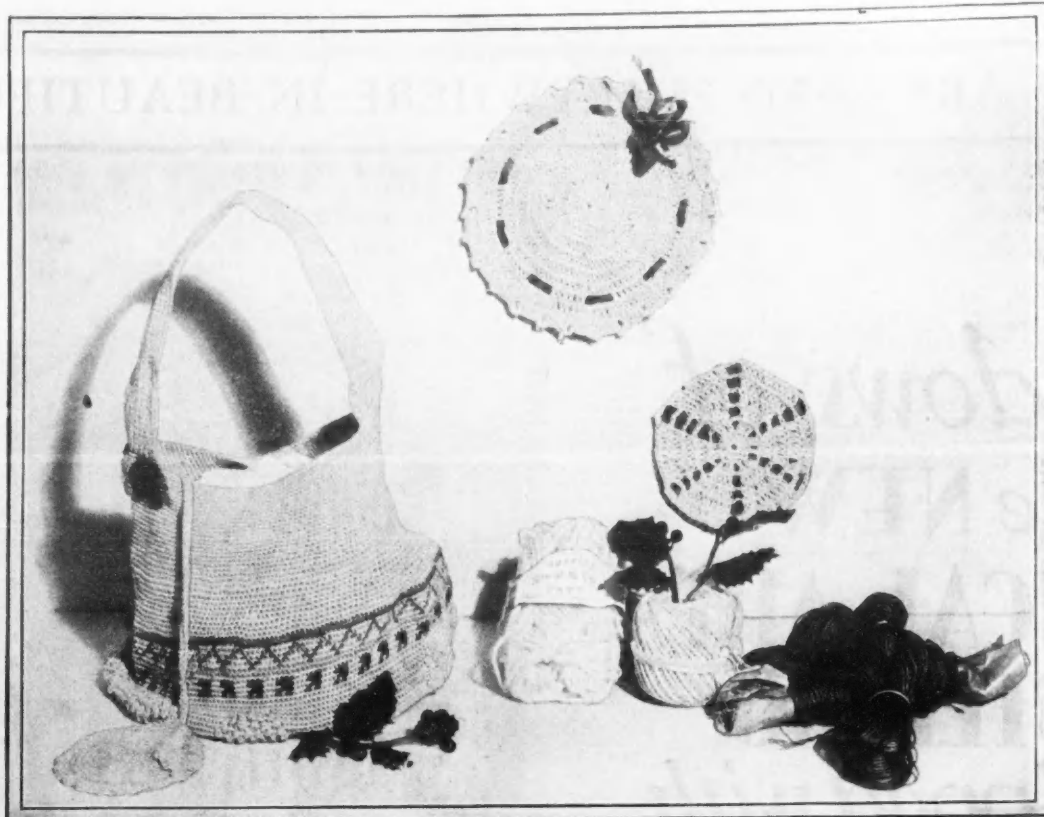
Picked fully ripe from the tree, Del Monte Apricots have a delightful tart-sweet flavor which makes them especially enjoyable in salads, custards and puddings—with cereals, meats and other heavy foods—or just by themselves, in their own rich syrup.

Only the famous Bartlett Pears are canned under the Del Monte label. Packed in a pure syrup of just the right density to bring out all the delicate natural flavor for which this fruit is prized.





by  
EDITH  
PITT



A household bag made from twine, a luncheon mat threaded with ribbon, and a tea-pot stand—all interesting gift ideas.

## GIFTS TO BE CROCHETED IN TWINE

*Or copied in silk or wool*

**E**VENINGS are busier than ever in these pre-Christmas weeks, with so many things to be made, so many gifts to plan, so many new suggestions to try out.

I think you will be astonished at the charming gifts you can make from twine. I have photographed a few of those which I have prepared, and I think you will agree that they are well worth the making.

Can any woman have enough bags? For shopping, picnicking, travelling, for sewing and fancy work, and for the humble stocking, rag or string—there are scores of uses for the gift bag.

Twine is very successful in making these bags, but of course they may be copied in silk or wool, whichever you prefer. When buying twine, see that you get one with a smooth finish, and try it over your fingers to make sure that it does not rub. Buy generously and be sure to have enough to finish the bag, as it is sometimes difficult to match colors. Be sure that the colors are fast. Red is the only shade which I have found impossible to find in a fast color, so beware of it, unless it is guaranteed.

Twine bags can be washed, cleaned with gasoline, or hot corn meal. Take the lining out when washing.

In the following directions use a No. 6 crochet hook, and end all crochet work with a needle or bodkin.

### *The Round Bag*

**T**HE bag photographed at the bottom of the page is very effective for many uses, and would make a welcome gift. It might be crocheted in a dark shade, and trimmed with circles of vividly-colored cotton. Use a number 6 crochet hook, and treble stitch throughout.

Commence with 5 chain and join 1st row, into each of 4 chain crochet 3 treble.

2nd row, crochet 3 into each stitch.

3rd row, crochet 3 into each 4th stitch.

4th, 5th, and 6th rows, crochet 2 into 4th stitch.

7th row, crochet 2 into 4th stitch.

8th row, crochet 2 into 7th stitch.

9th and 10th rows, crochet 2 into 12th stitch.

You now have 147 stitches. Crochet 121 treble, then a chain of 50 for the handle. Skip 26 stitches and crochet around the 171 stitches three times. Draw the thread through and leave enough to thread a bodkin.

This is one side. Crochet exactly the same for the other side, match them together and oversew them with the bodkin. Press with an iron on the wrong side. For the lining cut two rounds the size of the bag to 147 stitches and a straight piece the length of the 171 stitches and width of 6 rows. Join this to the shape of the bag and sew in lining.

The bag can be trimmed with almost any kind of fancy work or patch work. The one illustrated has rounds of many-colored cotton, which proved very effective.

### *Luncheon Mats*

**V**ERY decorative luncheon mats can be made from richly-colored twine to match the china for a summer table, or for breakfast. They launder very easily and are quickly made. When completed, thread with colored ribbon.

Follow the instructions to row 7. On the 8th row crochet 6 treble; 2 chain, miss 1, 2 chain, miss 1, stitch, 6 treble. Repeat nine times.

9th row, 6 treble, 3 treble into chain, 2 treble, 3 treble into chain, and repeat 9 times.

10th row, do not increase, but crochet 4 treble and 3 chain,

4 treble 3 chain, once around, end off in usual way. Thread the holes with colored ribbon and press.

### *Medallions Have Many Uses*

**M**EDALLIONS are simply made and can be put to many uses. They take only ten minutes to make and the numbers mount up quickly. Two of them, for instance, joined and lined make a very useful powder puff. Seven of them make a very nice table mat.

Cushions, table centres, afternoon tea cloths, bed spreads, supper cloths, bags and many other useful things can be made when they are joined, especially when inset with linen. Made in fine cotton or silk they make a pretty insertion.

Crochet chain of 4, join.

1st row, into this ring crochet 12 double crochet.

2nd row, 1 treble into each stitch.

3rd row, increase on every 2nd stitch and 2 chain. You now have 6 blocks.

4th row, increase 1 on first and last stitch of each block.

5th and 6th rows, increase 1 on every first and last stitch of block and 4 chain in between.

### *A Bag in Jumper Silk*

**T**HE bag illustrated at the top of the page is particularly successful in jumper silk, although, of course, it can be made in twine or cotton.

Make a chain of 4 and join. Into each chain crochet 3 double crochet.

2nd row, 2 into each of the 3 chain.

3rd row, 2 into each stitch.

4th row, 2 into every 2nd stitch.

5th row, 2 into every 4th stitch.

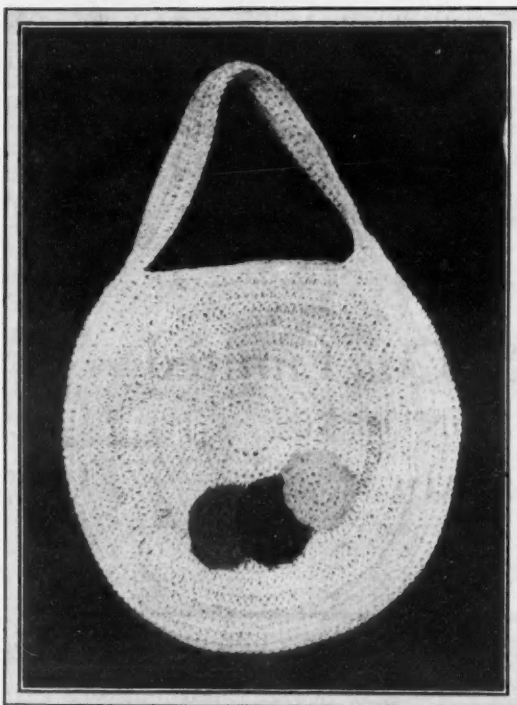
6th row, 2 into every 5th stitch.

7th row, 2 into every 9th stitch.

8th row, 2 into every 10th stitch.

9th row, 2 into every 11th stitch.

10th, 11th and 12th rows, 2 into [Continued on page 41]



Made from twine decorated with richly-colored circles, this bag is always welcome.

## Foundation Charts for Savory Sauces

Continued from page 24

BROWN SAUCES			
Sauce	Base	Seasonings	Additions and Directions
Mushroom Sauce	1 cupful of brown sauce		Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of chopped mushrooms fried in butter and 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice.
Olive Sauce	1 cupful of brown sauce		Add 6 chopped olives and simmer a few minutes.
Currant Jelly Sauce	1 cupful of brown sauce made without onion		Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of currant jelly.
Tomato Sauce	2 tablespoonfuls of butter 3 tablespoonfuls of flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of strained tomato $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of brown stock	1 teaspoonful of salt few grains of pepper	Brown butter with tablespoonful each of carrot, onion, parsley and $\frac{1}{4}$ bay leaf. Remove seasonings add flour brown it in butter. Add stock and tomatoes. Boil and strain.
Creole Sauce	2 tablespoonfuls of bacon fat 3 tablespoonfuls of flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of tomato $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of brown stock	1 teaspoonful of salt few grains of pepper	Brown the fat with 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped onion and 3 tablespoonfuls of green pepper. Add the flour brown it, add tomato and stock. Boil and do not strain.
MISCELLANEOUS SAUCES			
Sauce	Ingredients	Directions	
Bread Sauce	1 cupful of milk $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of stale breadcrumbs 2 tablespoonfuls of butter 1 small onion 4 cloves $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt few grains of nutmeg	Stick the cloves in the onion and cook in the milk with the crumbs in a double boiler for 30 minutes. Remove onion and cloves and add seasonings and butter.	
Mint Sauce	4 tablespoonfuls of chopped mint 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar 3 tablespoonfuls of water 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar	Dissolve sugar in the hot water and vinegar. Steep the mint in it on the back of the stove for 20 minutes.	
Tomato Sauce	2 tablespoonfuls of butter 3 tablespoonfuls of flour 1 cupful of seasoned tomato $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt few grains of pepper	Cook 1 cupful of canned tomato with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of water, 1 slice onion, spray parsley, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 2 cloves, 2 pepper berries for 20 minutes. Strain to make 1 cupful of tomato. Brown flour in the butter and add tomato and seasonings.	
Hollandaise Sauce	4 tablespoonfuls of butter 2 egg yolks $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful boiling water 1 tablespoonful lemon juice $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt few grain cayenne	Cream the butter, add the beaten yolks, seasoning and water. Cook in a dish surrounded with water which is boiling very gently. Beat constantly until thick, add lemon and remove from the fire at once.	
Sauce	Directions		
Bearnaise Sauce	In the recipe for Hollandaise Sauce substitute for the lemon juice $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful tarragon vinegar in which 3 crushed peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ slice onion and 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley were boiled and then strained out.		
Cucumber Hollandaise Sauce	To $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful Hollandaise Sauce add 3 tablespoonfuls drained grated cucumber just before serving.		
Sauce	Ingredients	Directions	
Mock Hollandaise Sauce	1 cupful medium white sauce 2 egg yolks 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls lemon juice 2 tablespoonfuls of butter	Add the hot white sauce to the beaten yolks. Cook over hot water until smooth and thick. Add lemon juice and butter.	
Lemon Butter	4 tablespoonfuls of butter $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoonful lemon juice	Cream the butter and add the lemon gradually. Chill.	
Sauce	Directions		
Maitre d'Hotel Butter	To lemon butter add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of chopped parsley and few grains pepper. Chill.		
Cucumber Sauce	Peel and grate one cucumber, drain, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt, few grains of pepper and 1 teaspoonful of malt vinegar.		
Sauce	Ingredients	Directions	
Cucumber Cream Sauce	$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful whipped cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful grated cucumber drained	1 tablespoonful lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt	

## Are Long Skirts Coming Back?

Continued from page 19

short skirts made many "little vices" fashionable—drinking in the afternoon, smoking at all times in all places, and making for a general laxity in deportment. And if it is a psychological fact that the fashion is a direct reflection of the way we are thinking and acting and living at the moment—which I personally believe—then the new long skirts most certainly suggest a sudden return to rectitude. Whether that is a cause for rejoicing or not, must like everything else, again be a purely personal opinion, depending again very largely on a woman's age at the moment, and her temperament.

In any event out of the new mode for the long skirt, these things appear evident: Dignity to be resumed has often first to be assumed.

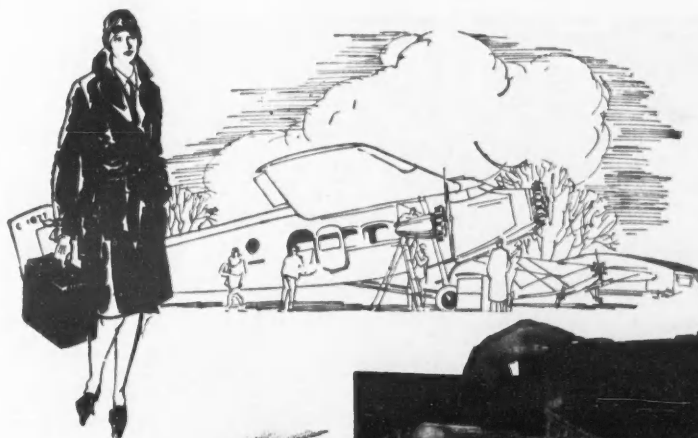
The knees of a smart woman are now her own secret. Though her brow should be exposed.

As always when fashion decrees that one part of us should be covered, she immediately exposes another. So with the passing

of our legs, our faces are once more featured. The smart hat is worn well back on the head, well down in the neck, and well over the ears. It really amounts to this, that the brow is the symbol of the brains, and that a clever woman is now showing her brains by not showing her knees.

In conclusion, the whole difference between last year's fashion and this year's new mode can be summed up in that sentence. Last year a woman showed her knees and her hat shaded her face. Today our knees are covered and our faces frankly exposed, with all the mystery transferred to the other end.

Legs are passing. From beneath new hats we look life frankly in the face. Long skirts are here. Be glad. And ladies, I know through my many visits to your country, that you are observant of fashion and its significance in our lives as an expression of our finest qualities. I ask you to remember, regarding these same long skirts—do not put off until tomorrow what you should put on today!



ULTRA-SMART

THE NEW WHEARY

AVIATRIX BY LANGMUIR

Carries 9 to 12 Dresses without wrinkling on the Special Hangerobe.

Ample space for other garments—hats, shoes, etc.

Hat box size—weight only 7 pounds.

—and the simplest, easiest, travelling case in the world to pack.

Words almost fail to convey all the features and advantages of this chic new travelling case. It carries dresses, shoes, hose, lingerie, sweater coat, toilet articles . . . everything needed for a limited trip, without wrinkles or disturbance.

The removable Hangerobe, an exclusive feature of The AVIATRIX, is entirely new. It simplifies and speeds the process of packing garments, and holds them gently and firmly. The new AVIATRIX locks lie flush against the case and garments laid over the top cannot catch and tear.

The AVIATRIX is today's most fashionable, most practical travelling case for milady. The model shown comes in black or brown with attractive linings, shirred pockets and trimmings to match, and is priced at \$15.00. Other designs from \$13.50 to \$40.00 f.o.b. Toronto.

Ask your dealer to show you the AVIATRIX, or send the coupon below.

Made in Canada exclusively by

*M. Langmuir*  
Manufacturing Co.  
of Toronto, Limited

M. LANGMUIR MANUFACTURING CO.,  
800 King St. West, Toronto 2, Ont.

Please send me all particulars about your new "AVIATRIX" Travelling Case "F.V."

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## *Its Dainty Femininity Belies Its Inherent Strength*

Lingerie garments fashioned from rayon fabrics of hitherto unimagined beauty and delicacy are now displayed at leading establishments.

These charming creations possess a lustrous beauty and a rugged strength due entirely to the new Courtauld rayon yarns of which they are made.

The natural loveliness of this new rayon fabric, combined with its marvellous wearing qualities, give a dominant smartness and style to lingerie and hosiery which much wear and repeated washings will not harm.

The Courtauld name on any rayon garment guarantees you the utmost in satisfaction and value.

**COURTAULDS (CANADA)**  
LIMITED  
CORNWALL ONTARIO



## The Promise of Beauty

*What story do your hands tell?*

by MAB

**T**HERE is a mean quality about hands; they tell tales! Sometimes they praise us, sometimes they condemn us. They indicate character, health, age, fastidiousness or the lack of it, and according to the palmists, they reveal the story of our lives, past and future.

I know a doctor who says that he finds it a simple matter to tell the approximate age of people by the skin on their hands. If the skin on the back of the hand of a young person is pinched between the fingers and lifted up, it will snap back into position when released. If the person is old, it will fall back slowly. He says that sometimes, of course, the latter condition may be caused by ill-health or dissipation either of which may induce premature old age, but for the average person, the rule holds good.

The present-day urge for the preservation of youth has turned attention to plastic surgery as a means to this end, and many doctors are accumulating much largesse by lifting the sagging skin of the face and neck and restoring the youthful contour. At first those who sought by this method to checkmate Father Time, gave no thought to their hands, and these—like "bad Delilah"—told! The face might be the face of youth but the hands were the hands of age. Nothing daunted the seekers after youth returned to the plastic surgeons and demanded the same type of operation for their hands, and, after a few experiments, these surgeons claim to be able to—at least temporarily—restore the hands to youthful outline and smoothness by removing the excess skin and loose tissue.

To most of us there is something distasteful about restoring or preserving a youthful appearance by such means. I saw a woman in Chicago who had undergone this treatment for her face and while it had unmistakably banished all look of age, it had also dispelled all expression, and made her look like a Benda mask.

It is possible to preserve a youthful appearance without such drastic measures, by exercise, massage and proper nourishment, and these methods are as necessary for the hands as for the rest of the body.

I was reading not long ago of a woman who had been at one time a journalist, but whose health demanded that she live an out-door life. She bought a small farm and by dint of doing the greater part of the work on it herself is now earning an adequate living. She wrote that at first she almost ruined her hands in this work. They

became rough and calloused with honest toil. To use her own words: "I realized at last that my hands were my most valuable tools, and that I should not permit them to get rusty. I have learned also that it is inadvisable to use the best tools for the coarsest work, so I never subject my hands to undue hardships, and never use them for any work that can be done as well by machinery. I work very hard but I manage to keep my hands presentable. Any woman can do as much if she cares to take the trouble."

This woman has schooled herself in the use of gloves. Most of us like the freedom of working bare-handed, but for women in industry this means bondage in the form of blisters, callouses, stains, roughness, broken nails and hangnails. She says that it is not worth the price, so she wears gloves. To guard against grime and roughness resulting from contact with the soil, she rubs tallow over her fingers and underneath the nails. This makes washing the hands afterward an easy task.

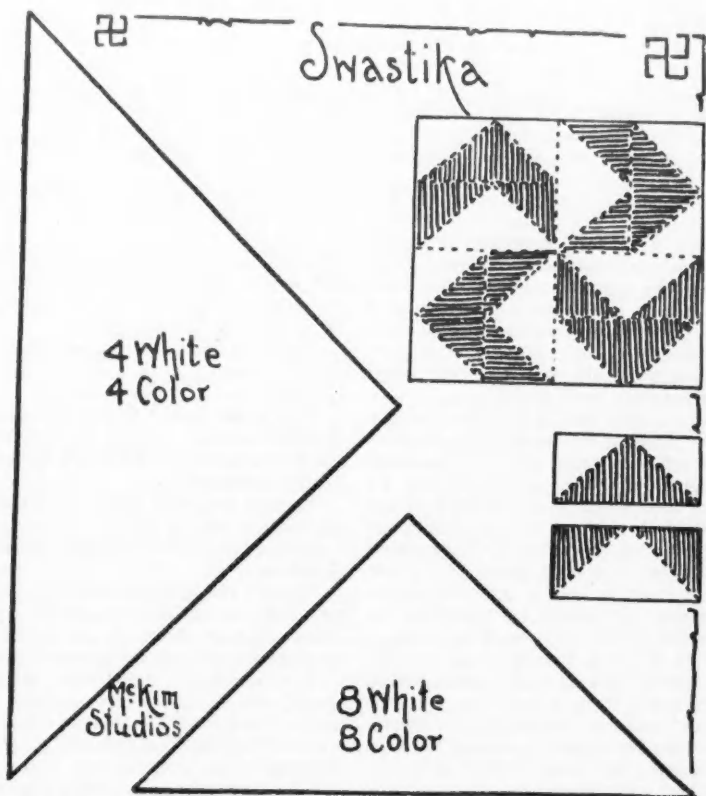
After the day's work she gives her hands a thorough washing with soap and water and after drying them, she rubs in olive oil or cold cream, massaging them from the tips to the wrist. Excess grease is then removed and an astringent lotion applied. When this is done, her nails cleaned and polished, she has hands that can go anywhere and be at ease. When asked if this was not a good deal of trouble for a busy woman, she agreed that it was, and added, "She who rules must first obey."

She claims that one of the best cleansers and whiteners for hands is a mixture of cornmeal and buttermilk—a simple and inexpensive composition that anyone can have.

**T**HE most graceful hands that I have ever seen were those of a little French-Canadian dressmaker. They were really quite imperfect from an anatomical point of view, for although they were slender, the joints were much too large. I discovered that it was her manner of using her hands that made them so attractive. She told me that as her work concentrated a good deal of attention on her hands she had made them objects of special care. Oddly enough, she got her ideas of grace in movement from watching the once-famous Lois Fuller give an exhibition of hand movement in

[Continued on page 49]

# The Chatelaine's Patchwork



## The Swastika

The Swastika block looks ever so much more complex than it really is. Our frontier mothers ingeniously converted this ancient symbol of good luck into a quilt pattern which is made simply from two triangles. The small sketch shows how to make a square which is one-fourth of the complete block.

Trace patterns on to cardboard and then use the cardboard triangles to draw around on to the cloth. These patterns do not allow for seams, so cut about a quarter of an inch larger and sew back to the pencil lines.

This makes a nine inch block.



## The Chatelaine's Christmas Handicrafts

Continued from page 21

number 217 at 25c. Stamped on fine, fast color white cambric, it is number 217W. When stamped on material, the order also includes the six colors of thread. The stamped number with floss is 70c. complete.

Wax transfer number 218 is for the three-piece vanity set and scarf. It is 25c. On white cambric, it is number 218W at 57c., including the six needed colors. Sizes are 10 by 10 and 10 by 16 inches. The matching scarf, 18 by 45 inches, 219W comes at 57c. All orders include instruction and color sheet for quickly embroidering the clever little posies in lazy-daisy, buttonhole and one stitch. Thread assortment in the six colors is included when you order the stamped sets.

THE Christmas card is especially for those who want to add a bit of color, and make their greetings to their friends more personal than ever. With our Japanese water color films, which are transparent and wash right over the black areas, you can't go wrong. Even a child can do the simple tinting, and the result is a lovely card.

It is printed in black on a quality Strathmore stock with heavy card matching exactly the texture of the deckle edged envelope. It is white and the size of the card and envelope is 4 5/8 by 6 1/4 inches. This is done in the decorative Old English style, and you can readily see how a bit of color would add to this design. It is number 60 and a set of 20 printed cards and envelopes to match costs only \$2.44. A set of the Japanese water colors, including seven colors, enough to tint many cards is only 31c.

For these gifts, write to the Chatelaine Handicraft Dept., MacLean Publishing Co., Toronto



Daintiness . . .  
Comfort . . .  
Health . . .

Youth particularly insists upon the new sanitary protection

YOUTH shows the way. In so intimate a feminine subject as sanitary protection, the verdict of youth is for Kotex, the New and Improved Sanitary Napkin. Why? Because nothing else provides the freedom and grace and daintiness that youth insists upon. Besides, youth puts high value on health, and Kotex protects health.

Young women have their own special reasons for preferring Kotex. One admires its marvellous softness. Another likes it because it deodorizes so effectively. A third because of its surgical purity. Others say that only Kotex gives them a perfect sense of security—peace of mind. Reasons can be multiplied. The fact remains that Kotex is the modern standard by which fastidious women judge all other forms of sanitary protection.

Another tribute to Kotex—praise of the highest kind—is that surgeons in leading hospitals are using Kotex material, the Cellucotton absorbent wadding, for surgical dressings. This material is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

Today with Kotex so moderately priced—a few cents a pad—all the trouble and danger attending old fashioned methods is unthinkable.

Buy Kotex at any drug, department or dry goods store. No embarrassment when buying.

MADE IN CANADA

**KOTEX**  
Sanitary Napkins

Mail coupon now for  
THREE samples of Kotex and  
valuable book on women's  
hygiene . . . FREE



Two Sizes  
Regular size 60c a dozen and  
Supersize 75c a dozen

**FREE - 3 KOTEX Samples**

Kotex Company of Canada, Limited,  
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

You may send 3 samples of Kotex and book,  
"Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name .....

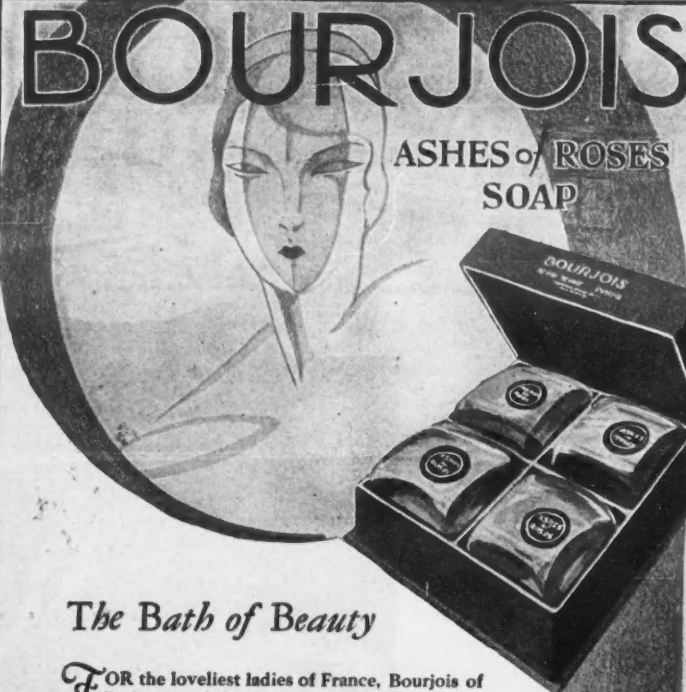
Address .....

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# BOURJOIS

## ASHES of ROSES SOAP



### The Bath of Beauty

FOR the loveliest ladies of France, Bourjois of Paris created this Savon de Luxe... Ashes of Roses... a soap with a satin-smooth lather that guards loveliness of skin with rarely precious oils... that thrills with its "Perfume of Happiness".

Such exquisite pleasure as you will find in its daily use... such beauty of skin and complexion as will be yours; are generous rewards for your faith in Ashes of Roses.


Seek it at the better shops. Buy it by the tablet or four tablets in a charming Leatherette Case.

### ASHES of ROSES SOAP

Perfume • Creams • Rouges • Lipsticks

Sole Canadian Distributors  
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL


## Hits the spot!



### Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis

ARE QUICKLY RELIEVED BY

## Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed & Turpentine



## A Professional's Candy Recipes

Continued from page 22

### Nut Caramels

Use same recipe as for vanilla or chocolate caramels, adding any kind of nuts desired, when boil is removed from fire.

### Honey Caramels (For Chocolate Coating)

- 1/2 Pound of granulated sugar
- 1 1/2 Tablespoonfuls of honey
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of white corn syrup
- 1/4 Pint of hot water

Stir to dissolve sugar, then boil to 230 degrees and add slowly, stirring continuously:

- 1/2 Pint (1/4 cupful) of cream
- 1/2 Ounce of butter

Boil to 244 degrees, remove from fire and add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring and 2 tablespoonfuls of cooking chocolate, shaved finely. Pour into lard-greased tin and cut up before too cold. Cover with dark sweet vanilla chocolate as directed in October's article.

### Pecan Nut Roll

This kind of candy has become very popular, and although rather elaborate, is easily made. For the first part use:

- 1 Pound of granulated sugar
- 1/2 Pound of white corn syrup
- 1/4 Pint of hot water
- Whites of 3 eggs

Cook the sugar and corn syrup to 252 degrees, then pour very slowly on to the eggs, which must be beaten until stiff, beating the whole continuously. Allow this batch to remain in kettle.

For the second part use:

- 1 Pound of granulated sugar
- 1/2 Pound of white corn syrup
- 1/4 Pint of water

Cook to 285 degrees, then pour this batch into the first batch. Stir constantly until it begins to thicken; add 1 ounce of butter, and 2 teaspoonfuls of vanilla flavoring. Pour into trays lined with ordinary white paper, and allow to set overnight. Take out trays, remove the paper and cut into pieces about 6 inches long and 2 inches wide.

For the third part use:

- 1 1/4 Pound of granulated sugar
- 1 Pound of white corn syrup

Cook to 240 degrees, then add a 1/2 pint of cream slowly; cook again to 244 degrees. Remove from fire and add 2 teaspoonfuls of vanilla flavoring. Now take the strips of nougat, and using 2 large forks, dip these strips into the hot caramel. Then with gloved hands, roll them in chopped pecans or walnuts which have been spread on a slab or dish. Let the rolls cool, and then slice them into strips about a 1/4-inch thick.

The quantities in this recipe may be halved if desired. Also, the remainder of the caramel batch may be run into a greased tin pan and finished for caramels. To keep caramel batch hot while dipping the strips, place the saucepan in another containing very hot water.




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## Lord Vibart's Valuable Time

Continued from page 5

TO GRIGGS, accustomed to the more modern house, it seemed cavernous. The great hall, running through the middle of the house, was cut off at the rear by the stairway, which wound its ponderous coil about a huge fireplace and chimney. At one side of it was a heavy oaken door that suggested a polite dungeon, but was no more than the barrier to a rear entry paved in black and white marble. There were rooms opening on either side of the central nave, four of them, and beyond, the twin wings showed an added supply of apartments. All the doorways were ten feet high, with folding panels of double doors, and the early Moodys seemed to have been addicted to mahogany as some less fortunate families to drink. They could not let it alone. The gallery that gave access to the rooms of the second floor was of this same over-carved material—even the handrail of the stairway on its urn-shaped pilasters swinging its thick serpent-like line upward, like a petrified boar-constrictor.

The place was, as Griggs had said, furnished, and unexpectedly to Jervis, not badly—if one cared for Empire furniture, which he rather did. The Napoleon chairs in one drawing-room were gilded and upholstered in black satin with cream-colored bees; those in another room were grey with green silk. There were tables with clusters of slender mahogany pillars for legs, each set in its capital and base of brass. There were cabinets for miniatures and luxurious toys, all empty; ponderous bronze and marble statuary, and a great many appalling oil-paintings. The dining room was of a size and grandeur that would make a roast turkey look like a reedbird.

"You could easily close off one or both wings, you see," said Mr. Griggs, to whom the dimensions of the house seemed utterly fantastic. He would as soon have thought of doing a little light housekeeping in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "I could get you some professional housecleaners, and put the place in working order."

"What I will be asked, you know," said the prospective tenant, drearily, "is, how many bathrooms, and so on. Are the servants' quarters adequate? My mother is a militant housekeeper. She wouldn't know which end of a stove to light, but she would insist upon it being the very best."

"We'll go upstairs first," said Griggs, and led the way.

There were plenty of baths, and enough bedrooms for a very large house-party, all of which Jervis wearily noted. He liked the place, for some whimsical reason of his own, but he was extremely bored with his cicerone. He was glad when they retraced their way to the gallery to find Vibart standing in the hall below them.

"What do you think of St. Paul's?" he asked, leaning over the balustrade with two lazy arms folded on its massive rail.

"Have you the answers to the questions Mugs will ask you? Is the roof tight? Is there a room with southern exposure for Monsieur Charles? A servants' dining room?"

Jervis almost straightened in admiration. "My dear fellow, for myself I was solely concerned with adequate storage space to hide away the objects of art. But I have no doubt that Mr. Griggs will now tell you that the answer to all these queries is yes. Am I right?"

"Certainly," said Griggs. "The house is all right."

Vibart planted his legs apart the better to look up at them. "Then what," he said slowly, "what about the ghost?"

"Oh, he's all right, too," said Griggs, with his one touch of humor.

Jervis, without lifting his body, turned a reproachful face to him. "Mr. Griggs," he began, "I am loath to believe that you have been anagogic."

If it was all going to be like that, Griggs had no time for it. "I suppose Jotham told you?" he said, to the uplooking Vibart.

"I was assailed by the impression that Jotham was worth a few moments of my valuable time," replied Vibart, and drew his feet together. "If you would have the goodness to descend to my level? I find it exhausting to converse with you in such an unnatural juxtaposition."

Jervis detached himself from the rail and took the agent gently but firmly by the arm. With him in custody, he descended the stairs and placing Griggs with a steady pressure in the centre of the hall joined his friend in facing him.

"Now, Mr. Griggs," said he. Nobody could improve upon the terseness of that remark. It was an eloquent expression of his determination to hear the whole story. But Mr. Griggs would have produced no classic on the Man in the Iron Mask.

"The ghost won't bother you. He isn't seen often," he said casually.

"Allow me to bring it to your attention," suavely remarked Vibart, "that, as I understand it, few people have had the opportunity of seeing him as frequently as we may. I have no intention of suggesting that he, an innocuous creature as you explain, could be in any way responsible for the long vacancy of this moody place, yet the thought does impinge that if he is seldom seen it may just be that the infrequency of the eye of the beholder is to blame."

"You're not afraid of ghosts, surely!" said Griggs.

"I don't know, I'm sure. I have never tried one," said Vibart. "I once saw a ju-ju at Jebba raise an authentic devil, but I didn't have to live with him."

"My dear, Vib—" began Jervis, when the other cut him short.

"You miss the point of my protest. If I say that I regard this ghost as perhaps the only attraction of Mr. Griggs' property here, I trust you will not regard me as a morbid monster. My eye is fixed upon Mr. Griggs as a reluctant raconteur, not as the bearer of evil tidings."

"You want to know about this ghost, is that it? Mother nervous?"

"My mother," said Jervis, "was accustomed, once upon a time, to seeing the ghost walk every Saturday night. She would face the sheeted hordes of Stygia without turning pale."

"Without delaying to lift the cloud of incomprehension that gathers about the Griggian brow," said Vibart cordially, "let us return to our ghost. *Revenons à nos revenants* is a pretty turn of fancy that comes to me. Proceed, sir."

"Well, hang it," said Griggs impatiently. "I'll tell you all I know if you will both stop—er—elocuting."

They exchanged a wordless look like a solemn pact of silence, and turned their pertinacious eyes once more upon him.

"This ghost is, I tell you, a harmless one. He gets around once in a while and goes away again. That's all."

"That's all!" burst forth Vibart in a tone slightly above his usual pitch. "You are speaking of the final avatar of mystery and you say—that's all!"

"Well," insisted poor Griggs, "that is all. I can't make up a lot of extra stuff like a newspaper reporter."

"What does he look like?" asked Vibart more gently.

"Well, he's none so tall, and he wears a three-cornered hat."

"What! A Colonial ghost?"

"I guess so. Sometimes he's been seen inside the house, oftener outside."

"For my part," said Jervis, "the outsider the better."

Vibart shifted from one foot to the other. "I perceive you do not share my enthusiasm for this spectre," he brought out slowly. His gaze gimletted the agent as he made a pause. "But one thing that you seem to overlook, my dear old sprout, I admit intrigues me to the top of my bent. You don't notice it?"

Jervis looked from him to the agent, who

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## Tucking the Garden in its Winter Bed

by LAURA ALLAN

THERE is a fallacy abroad that protection is given plants during the winter season for the purpose of keeping the frost out. On the contrary, we spread a mantle over our gardens in the endeavor to keep the frost in. It is not so much the severe cold of winter that injures our precious plants, as it is the alternate thawing and freezing of the early springtime. If we can retain the frost in the earth until the temperature is seasonably stable, the heaving of plants from the ground with the resultant damage to their root system and to early growth, will be avoided.

This granted, it is easy to see the reason for postponing the covering of the garden. We must wait until a severe frost has locked all vegetation in its icy grip. Then we hasten to apply the cover in order that when higher temperature returns as it always does, the vegetation is hidden from the warmth of the sun wooing it into renewed growth, with disastrous results when the temperature drops again.

What is the best protection for the garden? Snow is, of course, Nature's blanket, an ideal covering, light porous warm and admitting sufficient air. Could we depend upon an early fall of snow of the right depth that would remain until spring was established, gardeners would be spared much labor. In most parts of Canada resource must be had to artificial means. Leaves make perhaps the best substitute for the mantle of snow. To harvest leaves in sufficient quantity, and to keep the piles intact during the long period until permanent frost sets in, is a task that tries the gardener's patience. In city gardens there is small space for storing them, and the lawn must serve. The result is that spring discloses bare spots where the piles have lain. This is disfiguring to the early turf. The remedy is to rake the debris off with care and sow fresh seed. In a short time the bareness will give place to luxuriant grass and no trace of the damage will be apparent.

TO PREPARE the perennial border for its winter coat, all weeds are removed, and the stalks are cut about four inches from the ground, thereby ensuring enough stubble to catch and hold the leaves. A dressing of manure will be of great benefit, as the melting snow and spring rains will take the nourishment down to the roots. Attention is then given to those perennials which, owing to their bushy evergreen foliage, do not need much protection. The hollyhock, coreopsis, shasta daisy, Sweet William and other plants may die of suffocation if covered too heavily. Build a little roof of twigs over each of these to keep the covering from packing too closely around them. Then when the big frost comes throw the leaves lightly and thickly over the entire border, seeing that the outer edge is well protected, and weigh them down with the old plant stalks.

The nursery bed of young perennials needs covering somewhat earlier than the old-established border and especially needs protection during the uncertain temperature of spring. One must always anticipate a sudden fall of the mercury during the night. Even when the days are warm it is wise to cover at night with newspapers weighted at corners with a handful of damp earth. One night of exposure to cool winds may annul all the labor of the previous summer.

Bulbs of the gladiolus, dahlia, canna, montbretia, and other summer-flowering subjects, are dug before danger of frost and spread to dry. The foliage is cut off and the bulbs are placed in baskets or other porous containers and stored in a cool dry place where the temperature does not fall to the freezing point.

Hedges and shrubbery are protected for the most part by the quantity of leaves that drift in around them, and if manure is first dug in carefully to avoid injuring the roots, growth will start early in the spring.

Trees should not have leaves or manure

piled about their trunks in the autumn, as this encourages mice to hibernate and feast upon the bark. Many a fine tree is destroyed by this practice.

Vines of every variety which grow on house, wall, or trellis, should have roots protected by a generous pile of manure and leaves, to be removed by degrees in the early spring.

After the old canes are taken out, raspberry and other small fruits should have the protection of fresh manure placed not too near the canes, and dug in very early in spring.

As the strawberry is an evergreen plant, it does not need heavy covering.

ROSES require special attention in the autumn season. As regards hardiness, the roses usually cultivated in Canada may be divided into four groups:

**Hardest Group:** Rosa rugosa and hybrids Austrian briars, Provence or Cabbage roses, Damask roses, and Moss roses.

**Roses of the Second Degree of Hardiness:** Hybrid perpetuals, or Hybrid Remontant, climbing roses of the Multiflora group, and Dwarf Polyantha roses.

**Roses of the Third Degree of Hardiness:** Hybrid tea and Pernetiana roses.

**Roses of the Fourth Degree of Hardiness:** Tea roses.

Roses of the first group need little or no protection in most parts of Canada, says the Dominion horticulturist. The others must be protected except in very favored localities.

It is fatal to put roses to bed before the growth has an opportunity to ripen. Wait until severe frost threatens. Bush roses, Hybrid Perpetual and Hybrid Tea, are best protected by bringing dry earth from another part of the garden and piling it eight inches or more around the stems, thus protecting the lower part, and if the tops are killed back, the lower part of the stem is almost sure to remain alive. The base of the mound should be made broad, as a greater protection for the roots. If the bed is in a position exposed to the north, leaves may be piled among the mounds. In the spring, the leaves are first removed, then the earth, and judicious pruning, restores the bush to the condition necessary for a vigorous summer season. Another method is to bend the bushes down and hold with soil, placing a light covering of straw or evergreen boughs over the soil. This is usually effective in the colder regions. In the spring the soil should be removed and the bushes raised as soon as possible to prevent the development of disease. When this method fails try bending the bushes down and covering them with a box. Still further protection is afforded by bending down, putting a box without cover or bottom over, then filling this with dry leaves and putting a watertight cover on the box. If the leaves are wet when put in or if they become wet in the spring, the stems may mold. When boxes are used the cover should be raised at the first opportunity in the spring to allow a freer circulation of air, and permit the stems to dry and the bark to harden a little before removing the box altogether.

Tea roses are the more tender and they should be earthed up as prescribed for Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas, and in addition, for best results, covered with a box filled with dry leaves as described.

Climbing roses may be taken down quite early in autumn and laid on the ground for the growth to ripen. Later, the branches are tied together and put in a long, narrow box and treated according to the same methods as employed for dwarf roses. This is the best practice for a young climber during its first winter. But as a general rule, all that is necessary is to make sure that the bark is ripe and cover with dry leaves and also with evergreen boughs in districts where the winter is severe. The degree of protection needed, not only for roses but for all garden subjects, varies considerably in the different parts of Canada.



The precious pair had, indeed, hurriedly gone by the time Donovan watched his cavalcade trickle down the drive, Nob riding last. Comparatively stolid as were most of the advanced convalescents, they moved with all the eager impetuosity of a corsair's victims walking the plank. But as they passed the house, he noted that many a head came up and many a belt-line in so far as was possible went in. Nob leaned from his saddle to let the sound of a cackle slip between the edges of his lipless mouth.

"Boss, just lookit 'em. That means Miss Joan's in sight somewhere. Even these poached eggs stiffen up on the toast when they lamp her. She's got us stung when it comes to puttin' gimp in 'em."

The boss turned to look behind him and found that Nob had rightly guessed. Joan Donovan was indeed in sight, though the magnificent rally of Nob's horsemen had failed to impress her, as she was not looking in their direction. She stood on the steps of the house, a bag of golf-clubs at her side, and all the morning sunshine seemed to focus upon her. Her entire attention was given to a serious conversation she was holding with a tensely vibrating terrier who stood below her on the gravel looking up into her face.

Rippling hair, of the color and quality that so often go with a homely faceful of freckles and pink eyes, had been bestowed upon this young woman by Providence in a moment of unrestrained enthusiasm; excited by the dark blue eyes of her, the creamy skin, and the skinfully red mouth, it had crowned her with glorious red-gold, and let it go at that. There was enough beauty in her to fit out half-a-dozen women.

"Yeh," said Nob, as ambling forward, he caught sight of her, too. "I ain't given to poetical thoughts, Boss, but I bet the seraphim darn near spill out of heaven craning to lookit her."

Donovan laughed, though still he frowned. "Get after your party, Nob," he said, and went forward to join his daughter and to be endorsed by her familiar. "Hello," said he. Only the eyes of a near relative could have lingered on her face with his look of pre-occupation. "You are off, I take it."

Joan gave a little laugh. "Oh, isn't English the wildest language! Yes, the pro. is taking me on this morning. I've not been making my short ones stick. Will you keep this pest with you? I cannot teach him that this game is wholly divorced from his interests."

Donovan stooped and lifted the dog into the crook of his elbow.

"Of course he thinks the whole world revolves around the innocent heart of him," he said, rubbing the rough hair behind Argyle's ears in a way to endear him to any armless creature. "Back for luncheon?"

"I suppose so."

"I'd like a little chat with you," he said, with an effort at naturalness.

JOAN paused in the act of slipping the strap of her bag over her shoulder. She gave him one sharp darting look, and let the heel of the bag down to rest on the steps.

"About Phelps Marbury?" she asked.

"Well, yes," assented he.

"Let's get it over now," said Joan with a little grimace.

Donovan sat down on the top step, still roughing the dog's coat and gazing up at her.

"He's in love with you?"

"So he says."

"Nob says they all are," remarked her father. "And why not? I don't pretend to be a physician to the blind."

"Very nice!" she approved. "But, of course, in his case, it's a malady with serious complications."

Donovan's face became a trifle set. "Why?"

She did not answer for a moment, and Donovan gave Argyle's head an impatient and most discourteous rub. "Confound it, Joan, what all happened this morning? This chap's mother comes boiling over here and drags him off as if we had the measles. What did she say to you?"

"To me?" Joan laughed again. "I think she remarked that we were having an early

spring, though certainly she did her best to lower the temperature of the day."

"She asked to see you?"

"No. I didn't know she was here till I walked in on her. She said Phelps was needed at home on some business matters. It wasn't true, of course. He must have written her something about me that brought her over to snatch him from my dangerous proximity."

"Ah," said Donovan grimly. "That's what I thought. So she's the complication?"

"His social position and so on."

"He say so?"

"No, darlint, of course not. But anyone could see. Every time he thought of his mother and his set generally, it made his teeth ache."

Donovan's eyes had narrowed to mere slits. "I could fix his teeth so they'd never ache him again," he growled, in deplorable taste. "Dash the young jack, what right has he got to tell you he loves you if he's afraid of his mother?"

"Well, she has all the money, you know," said Joan. Her lips parted a little, and her eyes went wider as she said suddenly, "Look here, you big silly, you don't suppose I care two straws for him?"

Her father looked very hard at Argyle's nose which he held in his great kindly clasp.

"You don't?"

"Well, if you think you brought me up to fall in love with a poor imitation man like that! All the same, I don't enjoy Mother Marbury one bit. It's a peculiar situation for a desirable female, isn't it? We know enough socially registered men to fill a ball-room, but our acquaintance with the first families is none of it on the distaff side."

The dog wrenched his head free and gave an apposite snort.

"I'm sorry, Joan," said Donovan very slowly.

She leaned suddenly down to fling one arm around his neck and kiss him soundly.

"Darlint!" she said adoringly. "Why spoil this pretty day? What's all the pother? Let him go. Let them all go. I'll marry Nob and have a family of jockeys. Do laugh, Owen Donovan! What are you looking so glum about?"

"I'll give the business up gladly," he said, with an upward look at her lovely face.

"What good would that do? We would still be quite out of their picture. And you would go melancholy mad without something to do. Think no more about it."

THIS was good counsel, but difficult to follow. Donovan watched her swing away to her runabout car, his elbow pressing down on the dog. For Argyle convulsively expressed his wish to follow her, and his longing whistled in his nose. But the Colossus who held him inexorably, after a moment rose and strode off around a corner of the verandah to his own private domain. This comfortable seclusion was an ideal spot for a man kind enough to delay his morning cigar till his convalescents, to whom smoking was forbidden, were away from the danger of being made hysterical by the sight and smell of tobacco. To a dog it offered little more than a choice of places to sleep. Argyle, released, chose a cushioned chair, wound himself up, and collapsed for a nap. Not that he wanted to. He was grumpy and he didn't care who knew it.

Donovan let his great length down into a long Indian chair, and for all his ease of movement the bamboo creaked with the weight of him. He bit the end from his cigar in a manner that clearly showed he was still thinking of Phelps Marbury, but the scowl on his face was not for him alone.

It was a peculiar situation for a desirable female, he thought, not for the first time. But how was he to improve it? He was rich enough to be sure, as one counts rich a man who lives luxuriously on the interest from his income. He was going to be vastly richer, for having, as an act of charity, bought out an old time chum who had gone broke trying to run a dude ranch in Texas, he had subsequently discovered himself the possessor of an unsuspected oil field. It was now gushing money his way, money which even when divided with the reluctantly endowed

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### Lure of Advertising in Housewife's View

Speaking at Newcastle, Eng., July 22, on "A Housewife's View of the Lure of Advertising," Viscountess Dunedin said:

"When I consider the great power of the modern advertisements upon the life of women, and how they persuade us what to eat, to drink and to wear, what health resorts to select, and what hotels to stay at, I realize how amazing is the influence of advertisements on our daily life, and I cease to be amazed at the enormous sums spent and rightly spent, on advertising, and the great value which the heads of great enterprises place on the art as a wonderful agent for commercial success. Today publicity in all its varied forms is a necessity. In the rush and competition of modern life modest work would remain very modest indeed if it did not succeed in making itself known."

Referring to posters in beautiful places, Lady Dunedin said: "Unsuitable posters in such places defeat their own ends. Originality, a sense of beauty, and imagination are needed in advertising."

exhibited, so far as he could see, no intriguing features whatsoever.

"Mr. Griggs does not strike me as an imaginative man," went on Vibart. "I should incline to class him as a materialist, without any reflection upon his probably orthodox religious beliefs. Yet in telling this story, which must, of course, have met with incredulity, you will observe that he does not seek to impress us with the fact that he does not believe it."

"Ah," said Jervis.

"The reason for that is simpler than you might think," said Mr. Griggs, and added his first remark that seemed to go straight to their hearts. "I've seen the ghost myself."

With one accord they came two steps nearer to him, like a well-drilled pair of stage conspirators.

"He was outside when I saw him, one dullish dusk," said Griggs. "I saw his three-cornered hat, and stopped in the road to look at him."

Vibart felt a sudden positive affection for the man surge within him. As for Jervis, he repeated softly "One dullish dusk!" as if he dwelt upon the words of a master of English.

"How did you know he was a ghost?" asked Vibart intently, and could have embraced the stringy Griggs for his reply.

"Because I could see the bricks of the house right through his waistcoat."

TWO disgruntled men, this fine spring day, utterly ignoring the beauty of the circumambient weather, faced one another across a large bed of daffodils near the driveway, that in its own circuitous fashion led to the house of Owen Donovan.

There are different sorts of ill-temper. Donovan's was the kind one might expect in a great soldierly body, set up like a thriving tree. It was a fall-blooded, rather contemptuous anger, expressing itself in somewhat picturesque terms that made anything like a direct answer rather difficult. His last enquiry had been, "What kind of a lemon-jelly liver have you got hitched to that boiled-spaghetti spine of yours?"

The man called upon to answer this unnatural culinary insult was not so imaginatively gifted. He was half a head shorter than Donovan, thick where Donovan was lean as a bone, soft where Donovan was as hard as a pine plank. Wrath flushed his heavy face when Donovan's lank cheek had remained a cool brown.

"No, darn it," protested he. "You can't talk to me like that, Donovan. I utterly refuse to ride this morning. I'm as lame as a dog on three legs."

"Marbury," said Donovan, and suddenly pointed up the driveway toward a milling group of mounting men near the stables, "you climb up on that animal and bounce your hulk to the Glen and back."

Marbury's revolt broke out boyishly. He was not more than thirty, but the gesture with which he flung his cap down on the ground would have better suited a rebel some twenty years his junior.

"I'll be dashed if I will," he said. "I came here to get well, not to be chivvied and bullied to death."

From the stable-yard group, one individual had been strolling down toward them, and now joined them as Mr. Phelps Marbury's outline of his hopes rang in the quiet air. This man was also in riding-dress, which might have fitted a boy of twelve, for he was as small as Donovan was gigantic, about as big and juicy as a split of kindling wood. He had a wide mouth with no visible redness of lip, a mere slit in his face. His eyes were small, as hard and green as jade, but in the middle of his dessicated visage his nose turned comically upward, giving him the look of an elfin clown. He looked at Mr. Phelps Marbury's cravat which was just about at his eye-level and grimly spoke.

"Lemme tellya sumpun. Soma the guys who come here don't get well. No, sir." He said this darkly and with fearsome meaning.

A smile twitched Donovan's lips. "You're holding up the show, Marbury," he said. "You're nothing to me but the pulp of an ill-used carcass. You're not a millionaire to me. You brought me this degenerate mass of tissue and asked me to slam it back into

some sort of human shape. The question is, do you stick and take your medicine like a two-legged man? If you quit, quit now and get out."

The little ex-jockey had never taken his eye from Marbury's stock, but now he let his look stray to the middle button of his boss's waistcoat. "Let him off," he said quietly.

Donovan stared at this unexpected advice.

"He d'wanna go ridin'," said Nob, seriously. "You take him on instead fera coupla hours in the gym."

Marbury gave an involuntary howl like a puppy who has been dealt a cowardly kick in the ribs. With one hand pressed over his right kidney, he slowly stooped and with reaching fingers gathered in his cap. He slapped it morosely against his leg and frowned. Mr. Marbury was, in fact, not far from tears.

"I don't think I can sit down on a saddle again today," he pleaded.

"You can fall off," said Donovan, reasonably.

BUT his patient was not destined to follow this unhandsome regimen. A glittering limousine with two liveried men in front swung into the gateway just behind them and came to a sudden jarring halt. Without waiting for the footman to perform his rightful service, the occupant of the car jerked the door open and leaned forward.

"Phelps!" she cried sharply.

The three men had already turned to stare at her. She was a woman of about fifty-five, on whose ageing face time had graven no gentle record. Every line had come from a hard scheming determination to get on in the world. The wealth that obviously lay at her command was indeed only the sinews of her warfare against the portals of society.

"Why, Mater!" said Phelps Marbury blankly.

The lady's smile was thoroughly restrained, just as thoroughly unpleasant. "Is this Mr. Donovan?"

Owen Donovan bowed, without any smile at all.

"I'm very sorry that matters have made it imperative for me to take my son away. Business matters of the gravest importance," she said, fixing Phelps with an eye under which he moved with nervous irresolution. "I'll drive you up to the house while you pack, Phelps."

"Business?" quavered her son and heir. "Why, Mater, you know I'm no good at business. What's the matter? I don't want to go."

"Unfortunately, that has nothing to do with it. Be good enough to come along at once." As the quenced young man crept into the car beside her, she addressed the silent Donovan again. "I don't know what financial adjustment you care to make, Mr. Donovan," she said harshly. "But it would seem that there should be some rebate of my son's fee for the treatment, as he is unable to remain to finish it."

"Mr. Marbury's cheque, madam," said Owen Donovan, in a tone that gave Nob the creeps, "will be returned in full."

The limousine swung onward toward the house, leaving the boss and his little trainer standing with their heels in the daffodils. Both men were markedly silent. Once or twice Nob's beadlike eyes stole an upward glimpse into the other's face. Finally with a little cough he said,


"Well, Boss, I'll be getting on."

Donovan seemed to rouse himself from a fell reverie. "Yes," he said.

"I wooden let that dame get under my hide, Boss," ventured Nob with the privilege of a lifelong friend. "I know his leavin' ain't gonna wring a tear from me. You wooden' like to sorta trot it outa your system along of us?"

It was very apparent that without reference to its inner meaning this sudden riving of Phelps Marbury from their not unyielding midst, was fully understood between them.

"No. But I'll come up and give your party the once-over. It will give that precious pair time to get out from under my feet."



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considered hideous, but in their day they had taken the blue ribbon for beauty in one musical comedy after another.

Marriage with a well-connected young Englishman had put an end to this career, a pioneer among the matches between the dais and the stage for which London became famous. Bessie had not married a title, however. It was not until those several men, who one after another had been so briefly invested with the earldom, fell severally and gallantly in Flanders and Gallipoli, that her husband had become Weylin of Rutland. And then he had gone the way of all the others, leaving no son. There was a young man—Jervis Farquharson—Donovan would have forgotten him, had not the letter brought him back to mind; an adopted son, but no blood relation.

So vanished the Earls of Weylin and Chesboro', and so with death-duties and taxes and one and another of the compound bills of war had disappeared a comfortable fortune.

He was not to think that Bessie was coming home to America to be a burden on him, the letter gave him cheerfully to understand. She had some money left, of course. She was coming merely for a visit, though she would do her visiting from her own house. She would take a place of sorts somewhere near him and make the acquaintance of her niece. She dwelt pleasantly on the happiness it would be to see him again, and lightly on the perfectly patent point that it was going to cost him money. Donovan had not the slightest objection to that. It would be an odd thing if, now that he was rich, he began to refuse her, he, who had once stripped himself of his last nickel to further her career. He would be unfeignedly glad to see her, let her have the very axe of Jack Ketch himself to grind.

Yet when he did see her, for just a moment he did not know her. When the morning's second limousine turned in at his gate, and a plump woman descended at the steps in a flutter of soft drapery, he wondered if another alarmed female had come to snatch a combustible relative from the threat of Joan's flaming beauty.

He rose, frowning, threw away his cigar, with Argyle bouncing like a tossed ball to his heel, and for one instant he stared at her around the corner of the house. Then recognition lighted his face, and he hurried forward to sweep her up the final stair into his great arms.

"Bessie!"

"Well, Owen!" She kissed him on both cheeks.

"There's more of you to hug, Bess."

"Get along. You're no stripling yourself." Her light-comedy laugh rang out and elicited an answering sound from Argyle. Investigating her, he understood immediately that she liked dogs, which confirmed him in a hasty guess, based on a combined odor of suede leather, friendliness, and heliotrope, that she was a worthy object of his attention. He suggested an unhesitating adjournment to the sun-parlor.

"I've just this minute read your letter, Bess," said Donovan. "Come along and sit down. Can you put your car up and stay?"

"No, I can't," said she. "I have two wild lads with me who were all for exploration today, so I came sooner than I expected. This is a queer place you have here, O."

"I suppose it is. Comfortable, though."

"What is it, a sick-farm?"

"I guess so. Nowadays, the more I thrash a man, the better he feels, which you'll admit was not the case in the old days."

Lady Weylin looked around her without overt enthusiasm as she settled into a chair. "Are you glad to see me?"

"Well, Bess, you know it. You're as pretty as ever. Give that dog a push."

"Let be," said her ladyship, smiling down at the terrier who found her slippers delightfully entertaining. "He likes me. Is my niece about? Tell me about her, Owen. Is she pretty?"

"She's out," said Donovan. "And she's pretty."

"She would be! I suppose she can box and turn hand-springs?"

Owen Donovan frowned. "She suits me, Bess," he said shortly.

"Now don't put on your wig, my dear boy. I want to talk seriously."

He gave a little laugh. "I was serious, I assure you."

"Of course. But don't I know the sort of boy you'd bring up? And spoil her into the bargain, as a lone man does. Don't quarrel with me, O. I've never seen her! But it's about her that I want to talk. Do you not think I could be useful?"

Having launched this leading question, Lady Weylin sat quiescent, under Argyle's adoring gaze. A wide long silence spread itself about them, Donovan's brows drawing together as he stared ahead of him.

SO THIS was Bessie's campaign, was it? She needed money and she had guessed that the time had come when Joan needed social prestige. It was quite characteristic of her level-headedness, her indefinable hardness, that she had immediately seen how both their ends could be served. He found no fault with Bess for having a practical turn of mind. He knew she had acquired it in a school where many scholars wept over their lesson-books.

But Bessie could not know now aptly pat had come her suggestion. Donovan's brow relaxed as he gave a short sound of amusement, and his recently suppressed rage against the Phelps Marbury ilk gave just a sufficient edge to that chuckle to call forth an answering twitch from the high ear of Argyle.

Joan had made nothing of Marbury, but who could say how soon the man would appear—confound him in advance—of whom her heart would make much, and whose mother, sisters, cousins and aunts would look down upon Owen Donovan's daughter?

His sister, who had apparently been engrossed in rubbing the dog's jaw with the toe of her shoe, gave Donovan a little glance from under her justly famous lashes. But she was of that mature wisdom which does not hurry a man in the process of digesting either dinner or idea. She merely bestowed a demure wink upon Argyle, who was but partly conscious of his privilege.

Donovan's hand slowly groped around to his pocket and drew forth another cigar. "If you don't mind, I'll smoke," he said.

Lady Weylin did no more than murmur a permission.

Donovan struck a match. "Suppose you go—er—go on with what you were saying."

She gave up all pretense of absorption in Argyle, and settled back in her chair, giving Donovan the benefit of a direct and steady view of her wide-open eyes.

"I'll tell you the whole thing," she said, and he was fully assured she would. "I am staying in Montreal with my boy Jervis and a pal of his. My plan is to take a house somewhere hereabouts for the summer—the boys are looking at a place we passed this morning—and I should like awfully to have your girl for a visit."

Donovan gave a little nod. But he was shrewdly aware that there was more to come. He was, however, totally unprepared for her question, spoken rather dreamily after a pause.

"Owen, do you ever think of dying?"

"Never," said he, tranquilly.

"Well, I do. Only because I can't believe I shall ever do it. I've had such a queer funny life that it seems as if it had been going on forever and I can't see it stopping. Just think of that old time with father in the house on Varick Street—seems prehistoric! We passed the corner driving up from the steamer yesterday morning, and the Pyramids don't seem any farther back in the past to me than that row of houses. All those years in Paris lie between; then years and years in England; then my three rousing cheers in London being the peacock on the wall the swell in Rutland. Then the endless, endless war; then for two months being at the very top of the heap with Weylin. I wish you had known him, Owen. He was all I ever dreamed a man could be."

Donovan leaned over to pat her hand.



## Outdoors again— where boys belong

THE cold he caught yesterday was checked last night. No fear now of sticky medicine-glasses and long, dull days indoors. He wasn't even "dosed" at all, for Mother was afraid of disturbing his stomach, already a little upset by his cold. And yet, this morning, his pesky cough and the soreness in his chest are all gone.

### thanks to this Quick "Outside" Treatment

Now he can get the fresh air and exercise he needs. And all because, last night at bedtime, Mother rubbed his throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub.

First, there was a pleasant, warm glow and a comfortable tingling in his chest, as Vicks began to "draw out" all the tightness and soreness, like a gentle but effective poultice.

Then, as the salve got warm from his body, it gave off strong, clean-smelling vapors that he breathed right in. He could feel them all the way to his lungs, clearing his choked-up nose and throat, and making his breathing easy again.

He quickly fell asleep, but Vicks' double action went on for hours and, by morning, the worst of his cold was over.

### That other "Boy"—his Dad

Grown-up boys are also likely to be careless about their little colds. Thoughtful wives see to it that father, too, is rubbed with Vicks at bedtime, whenever a cold threatens. For of course, this quick double-action salve is just as good for adults as it is for youngsters.

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Most good jewellers sell Mars watches for men and women. Ask to see them or write for illustrated booklet to the Canadian distributors, The Levy Brothers Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.



## SHOPPING IN THE HOME

BEFORE they go to the store to buy, Mr. and Mrs. Canadian Buyer do their shopping together at home.

Shopping that way is a pleasure—no confusion, no noise, or other distractions but the sweet, peaceful seclusion of one's "ain fireside." It is there that the real decision is made as to what they can afford, what they need most and, finally, which they will buy. The actual purchase must wait on the answers to these questions. Once decided they know what they want and why.

*The Chatelaine is a fireside shopping guide for the leading influential families in Canada.*

former possessor, was rolling up a quite horrific total.

No, it wasn't lack of money that did it.

These Cadwaladers and Huytens could bring their seedy engines to him for overhauling, and could go away after seeing Joan with an entirely new kind of heart-trouble beyond Donovan's power to cure, but that did not place the girl on Mrs. Cadwalader's calling list. Far from it. They came in limousines and snatched their men folk from the temptation to mesalliance.

Donovan swore softly under his breath.

The men of these first families he knew with a pitying intimacy; naturally looking on them with the eye of an athlete, he did not find them impressive. But they were the men whose wives and daughters the world saw reason to envy, for the enjoyment of life's favors generally. Donovan was no snob, neither was he an indifferent fool. He wanted the best for Joan and all he had done had merely served to get her into a hateful position. He remembered one awful night when he had taken her to dinner at Pierre's, where her brilliant and unforgettable beauty had halted at their table a dozen masculines whose womenfolk had sauntered by with casual stares. It was an evening that Donovan and Joan never referred to in conversation.

This home he had given Joan was an anomalous place. She lived with him in their own private wing of what was rather like a grown-up boarding-school, dining at their own table in their own quarters, but with little better company than his secretary, and that he admitted was not social triumph.

Years ago, when his establishment—founded after he had lost the heavyweight championship to that invincible opponent, Thirty-year—had assumed its present imposing guise, he had felt not only satisfied but a bit proud. This was in the days when Joan's social position was determined by the number of ounces she gained in a week. Her pretty young mother had not lived to count many of them. But Joan had thriven in the place, under a regimen of upbringing that is not to be found in any books on the care of the infant.

Nob had put her upon a horse when her feet did not extend beyond the width of its back; she had boxed with Donovan when her glove was no bigger than a muffin, and fenced as soon as she could be bent at the knees.

In those days there was no such waiting list of applicants for Donovan's attention as now, and he had had time to devote to this small neophyte. She was as much at home on the rings and parallel bars of the gymnasium as the average child is on its kiddie-car. He had watched her grow from a soft round dumpling of a baby into a tall slender whippet, whose only yellow streak lay in her red-gold hair.

No foreboding of social complications had had a gloom over those days. Nob and he had been thoroughly satisfied with their work, giving but negligible acknowledgement to those masters who taught her to read and reckon.

When "Donovan's Place" became the acknowledged Mecca of all men whose belts needed a new hole punched farther from the buckle, Joan was old enough to keep house for him, and quite competent to carry on her life with less supervision. She played golf and tennis at a modest little club never troubled by the socially mummified, she rode and swam and danced, and wore out her ever-springing energy in all ways open to an "unfeathered two-legged thing".

Yet now, in her twentieth year, it was all wrong. Had she been homely, her place in the Donovan establishment might have continued suitable. But nobody could press down and confine her beauty to its native niche. And her native niche, a commercial caravanserai for those utterly undependable creatures, men as a class, was just about the last place where she should be. He had thought of it often before, but his annoying episode concerning young Marbury, the poor fish, had brought it up sharply this morning, to take all the flavor from his cigar.

Argyle looked up under one wrinkled brow as a figure in the room adjoining the

sun-parlor rose and came toward the French window. It was not worth his while to notice the intruder more expansively. For was not this merely Four-Eyed Slats, whose more formal name was signed to Donovan's letters as Henry G. Wotherspoon, sec. And sec, was apt enough. A dry young man with the sort of face that only made a background for a pair of very large, very round, very black-rimmed spectacles. He paused just inside the window and spoke Donovan's name.

"What's on your mind, Slats?" said the boss kindly, without moving. His unsolved problem would have to be put back on the shelf where it usually lay.

"Mail," said Mr. Wotherspoon, economically.

"Come out and break it to me gently," said Donovan. "Sit anywhere but on the dog."

Wotherspoon came out and sat down on a nearby chair with an appearance of taking up as little room as possible. The letters he put down on his pressed-together knees, all save one large, thick, white envelope like a wedding invitation, which he continued to hold in his hand.

"There is the usual run of applications," said he, "but here is a personal letter I opened by mistake. I thought it was a milliner's announcement or something. I'm sorry."

"Give it here," said Donovan. "Nothing to be sorry about, Henry."

Mr. Wotherspoon extended the letter. "It didn't look like a real letter with that big crest and paper like cardboard. But I saw it began, 'Dear Brother'."

"Well, how were you to tell? I've not had a letter from my sister in the two years you've been here. Anything else?"

"Dr. Moseby wants to send a special; man with a weak heart."

"No can do," said Donovan. "Write 'em all that we're full up. And tell Moseby to send his man to a vacation camp. Can't take specials here. If I didn't hammer them all alike, I have them crying into their pinafores." He unfolded the broad sheet of heavy cream paper with an uncolored but highly embossed widow's lozenge bearing a coat of arms. Henry would have been edified to know that the boss' sister had her own personal right to this heraldic display, which had been misinterpreted by him as the unfettered choice of a high-priced modiste desirous of Miss Donovan's patronage. As it was, he saw his principal become immediately and deeply engrossed in the letter, and in his noiseless fashion retired to express his regrets to some score of applicants that Donovan's was full-up, though he phrased it far more gracefully.

OWEN DONOVAN read the letter over with a look of surprise. After the second reading, he let it fall upon his knee and lapsed into a brown study. Occasionally he took his excellent cigar from his mouth and looked at it, as one who exchanges confidences with a companion.

He had not seen this sister of his for nearly thirty years, notwithstanding many plans for temporary reunions. It occurred to him that time does fly. It had at any rate flown away with the young prize-fighter who had stood on a pier in Montreal waving good by to a very pretty tearful little sister, and had left in their steads a middle-aged man-trainer, and a—not so middle-aged, of course!—lady of high degree. Bessie had been on her half-frightened way to Paris to cultivate a very promising soprano voice, taking with her all his as well as her own share of the estate of Donovan Senior, a far from despicable sum amassed in putting brick and mortar together all over the map of Canada. The soprano voice had failed to sing its way to the Metropolitan, but it had been good enough and to spare for light opera, taken, as the public was quite willing to do, in conjunction with a charmingly sweet face and a superlatively graceful figure.

Donovan, recalling the photographs that at intervals came to him in Canada, supposed that the curling bang under the high-perched hats and the concavity of an eighteen-inch waist would nowadays be

body named Jervis, and she wants money from your father. She supposes you can box and turn handsprings."

"Well!" said Joan, in a large breath, staring at him. Her very natural resentment in response to this infelicitous report prevented her wondering how he came to be so conversant with her aunt's fears and expectations. "Of course I won't go."

Henry G. Wotherspoon, sec., was not cheered by this defiance. "Your father wants you to," said he. "The social environment here is peculiarly inadequate."

"Oh!" said Miss Donovan. Her voice was suddenly softened. Oblivious to Henry's being perforce a contributor to this inadequacy, she thought only of her father's talk with her that very morning. Of course he, the dear old champion, would be glad to see her temporarily removed from that environment so scorned by the Phelps Marburys of the world, and sponsored instead by the Countess of Weylin and Chesboro'. She lapsed into a muse as she went slowly away.

There was a notable discrepancy between the report of Four-Eyed Slat and the ver-

sion of the plan which her father later gave her. She understood that his fondness for his sister and concurrence in her plans for Joan's social transfiguration would lend color to his suggestion, but he understood nothing of her extraordinary calm and long silence in receiving his news. It would have been far more natural had she welcomed or rejected the idea. To have her acquiesce in a sort of grim wordlessness was very bewildering.

"I shall have to go to town and get a proper outfit," she said finally. "And I'd rather not go to see her till I go for good. I'll stay in town, if you don't mind, a few days and go to her from there."

Donovan looked downcast. "I am beginning to wish Bessie had stayed away," he said. "What kind of a summer am I going to put in here while you are—"

"Turning handsprings in society?" she suggested dreamily.

He did not recognize this as a quotation and merely smiled. "Anyway, you'll have a good time, my girl—parties and beaux, to say nothing of a ghost!"

(To be Continued Next Month)

## Gifts to be Crocheted in Twine

Continued from page 21

each 12th stitch. For 15 rows 2 into every 20th stitch. You now have 216 stitches.

For 25 rows do not increase.

In next 12 rows decrease one stitch in every 30 which will give you 154.

Crochet 24 rows plain, decreasing 1 in every 80. You now have 132 stitches.

For the handle, pick up 1 stitch on crochet hook and make 60 chain. Miss 51 stitches and slip stitch 52nd stitch. Crochet backwards and forwards on chain for 10 rows, picking up 1 stitch on each side of bag for each row.

The cross stitching is in sage green, sky blue, cinnamon brown and old gold coloring.

Attached Purse

FOR purse attached crochet first 12 rows of instructions for bag, and duplicate.

Crochet both edges together with 3 double crochet and 2 chain between, leaving 1 inch open. Attach to bag by chain of 60 crocheted back twice. Sew a press stud on, to keep shut.

Square Powder Puff

THE little square powder puff is useful for a chain bag, as a compact very easily tears the mesh. It is made of white brilliant cotton or silk thread and is in treble crochet stitch.

Make a chain of 54, and crochet rows backwards and forwards allowing 3 chain for turning. Turn up 18 stitches, and join this, leaving 18 for the flap. Line with crêpe de chine and a press stud for fastening. Enclose a small puff. These can be made in any shade to match the bag or frock.

Decorative Knots

FOR knots. On 30th row make French knot on every 24th stitch.

Next row on every 22nd 24th and 26th stitch with 20 between.

Next row on 20, 22, 24, 26 and 28th, stitch with 16 between.

Next row on 22, 24, 26th.

Next row on 24th stitch. This gives you nine bunches of knots.

## Autumn of Love

by Dorothy Gostwick Roberts



My lover is like crisp September—  
Cheeks as warm as wood-fire ember,  
Eyes as blue as brush-fire smoke, and bright  
As bramble berry, feet as light  
As hay's sweet seed of thistle-down;  
His skin's like ripened nut so brown,  
His hair like ripened corn, and lips  
Red and bright as brier hips;  
His heart's as arrogant and gay  
As the flaunting scarlet spray.

My lover is like gold September—  
Frost and fern and fruit and ember,  
Flaming weed—but chill November  
Shrinks his love. His love for me  
Grows wizened like a garden pea,  
And brown leaf crackling in a tree.



## Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted.

They let a cold "run its course."

They wait for a headache to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is always an antidote. Aspirin offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. Rely on these tablets to relieve almost any pain, but remember that only a doctor can cope with the cause.

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# Resinol



"I'm glad he was, Bess. We have both known the best of life."

She smiled a little mistily at him. "No, you are one up, Owen. I've only got a make-believe child, though Jervis is as nice a lad as one could wish."

"What's he do?"

"Goodness," she said, as her eyes shone out again undimmed. "Don't you know? Isn't it shocking how little I've written you? He writes plays."

"Make any money?"

"Well—yes. Not so much. The fact is, O., we are pretty poor. A good deal poorer than we are pretty."

"Then you must be starving," laughed Donovan.

She smiled and sheered away from an immediate discussion of finances by going back to her plans.

"My idea about Joan is really two ideas," she said. "I want to give her a little fling in society, and don't believe I can't do it! If you could see the cards that have landed on me already, and even some invitations. But I am not in any hurry. I am going to take nothing but cream, thank you. It makes me laugh when I think of the city I left. There wasn't a soul on one street I could speak to except the policemen. And now with a new label pasted on me, I could snub the butlers, and that's as high as you can get."

Donovan bent over to look at his squarely planted feet. "Well, Bess," he asked calmly, "how much do you need?"

"Owen, what a question!"

"Well, how much have you got?"

"My darling boy, between the two of us, we tot up a measly seven or eight thousand."

"Dollars?"

"Pounds."

"Capital?"

"Income."

Donovan laughed as he lay back in his chair. "You are a good deal richer than you are homely, Bess."

"Oh, it sounds all right, but it works out in a cheque book all wrong."

"You have expenses at home?"

"Don't let's think about them," she shuddered. "You've no idea. Since the war! The duties and the taxes and the prices. There are Weylin's three big places—I shall have to let two of them go, but it racks my heart to say which. I want to keep one for Jervis because—because I always hope he'll marry some nice rich girl—"

"Ah," said Owen Donovan. His clear eyes met hers squarely. "I was waiting to hear what the other idea was about Joan! Is that it?"

"Well, Owen," she said defensively, "why not? Jervis is a splendid chap and no girl, rich or poor, could do better than marry him."

Donovan grinned at her. "My poor dear Bess," he said, "don't fancy you alarm me with your plots. Joan will marry whom she pleases and well I know it. You and I will have no more to do with it than that pup's biscuits. Go ahead and make all the matches you want. And light 'em. And burn your little pink paddies. We've got away from our point, which were your expenses. Where does Farquharson figure in them?"

"He isn't an expense," said Lady Weylin, half sulky, half laughing. "He insists on giving me three-quarters of all he has."

"I'm glad of that," said he. "I hope you don't want me to do quite so much. But I will do something toward relieving your absolute penury! You figure up what it will come to. I'm not a poor man, so don't be modest."

"You are a darling," said Lady Weylin. "Tell me, now, about Joan. I hope you haven't made her too much of a hoyden."

"Why don't you stay to luncheon and see?"

"No. I promised my boys to get back to them. Will she come to visit?"

"Of course she'll be delighted."

"Well, then. When can she be ready?"

"Ready?"

"She will need a lot of clothes, silly."

"And does a mere man know how long she'll be getting them?"

Lady Weylin shrugged and gathered the

great fur collar of her absurd chiffon wrap about her shoulders, preparatory to rising. "I would like it awfully if you'd come too, O."

"What!" he laughed. "You're not making a match for me now?"

"Don't be tiresome," said she. "I really don't see why I shouldn't hope Joan and Jervis will hit it off. You don't plan to marry her to one of your invalids, I hope? Will you come?"

"No, thank you, Bess. I must stay with my plant. But if you take a house hereabouts I shall be seeing you. Where's this place you spoke of?"

"It's the Moody Place, over on the next point." She rose, diffusing her exotic scent as she moved. "It may not do at all. Only I want a big place. I'm going to give big parties. I'll let you know."

Owen Donovan strolled to the window. "Henry," he called, "you know that Moody Place over at Little Occum?"

Wotherspoon, within the house, rose and came forward, his face masking the fact that he had heard every word of this confidential talk. He stood in the frame of the doorway looking with none too friendly an eye at this scheming woman. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Permit me, Bess. This is my secretary, Four-Eyed Slats. Mr. Wotherspoon, I present you to my sister, the Countess of Weylin and Chesboro'."

Henry gave a little gasp and bowed.

Her ladyship smiled.

"Isn't that Moody Place the house with a ghost?"

"So they say," admitted Slats.

Donovan turned back to his sister. "How about it, Bess?"

She was quite indifferent. "I've been in old English houses that had out the S.R.O. for ghosts, and I never saw so much as a vanished hand. I don't mind if the servants don't. A *soupeon* of ghost gives a house a flavor like a rub of garlic in a salad bowl. I must be going."

"I'll be seeing you soon again," said Donovan turning away with her. "Henry, just keep the dog here, will you?"

Mr. Wotherspoon made another little bow, and picked up the stiffly resisting terrier.

As the visitor floated away in her chiffons, with Donovan in tow, her stage-trained voice, unfortunately for all her lowered tone, carried clearly back to him. "It's high time I came," she said. "Is that a sample of Joan's social environment?"

Four-Eyed Slats turned Argyle's whiskered nose deliberately toward himself and after a pregnant pause made a most horrible face at the rigid animal. An insignificant man can be filled as full of resentment as any more important individual. Mr. Wotherspoon, for the rest of the morning sat at his desk, conscious that his very veins ran verjuice in lieu of human sanguinary fluid. Nobody knew better than he that Joan Donovan was fitted for realms as far above him socially as the morning-and-evening star in space, but a personal acknowledgment of this was very different to hearing it brutally remarked upon by a visiting countess.

By the time the luncheon hour had arrived, he had finished twenty acutely cold refusals of accommodation at Donovan's Place, and when Joan herself paused in the doorway to enquire where her father was, Four-Eyed Slats could even look sourly at her through his huge glasses.

"I haven't seen him—not since his sister left," said he, in a hard voice.

Joan looked at him in a surprise which included his tone as well as his news. "His sister? Oh, did you see her? What is she like? I thought she was in England."

"She very nearly was," responded Mr. Wotherspoon bitterly.

It was evident to Joan that Henry did not like her aunt. "What's the matter?" she asked flatly. "Did she snub you?"

He flushed a little. "No," he said briefly, and added in a more expansive reply. "You are going to visit her. She expects to find you quite spoiled and a hoyden. You haven't any clothes good enough to wear when you stay with her. She hopes you'll marry some-



This sturdy little chap was victorious over six hundred babies at the C.N.E.

## A First Prize Baby

Donald James Baldock, of Toronto

An interview by ANNE MERRILL

THERE is admittedly some magic in the make-up of an April baby. Therefore no one who honestly believes in fairies was surprised at the result of the sweepstakes in the baby-show at the Canadian National Exhibition when little Donald James Baldock of Toronto, strode out of the ring clutching the bright rosette of ribbons that was being eagerly reached for by nearly six hundred other pairs of chubby hands, from all parts of Canada. For Donald was born in the witching month of April, in the spring of 1928.

I say strode purposely, for the observers must have noticed with what an air this small boy paraded before the judges, and how very steady on his feet was the little victor—as though he were marching to music that he liked.

Remarking on this noticeable quality, to the child's mother during a very informal morning call after the exhibition was over, Mrs. Baldock smiled and said modestly, that lots of babies, she supposed, were like that.

But they aren't, as everyone knows! The average baby of sixteen and a half months just toddles. Indeed many of them can only truthfully be said to stagger. Few have as strong legs as this sturdy boy.

The boy's mother and I were discussing the great event, when in marched the little hero with a gay, red pail which he was swinging and beating with a small, crooked stick which his daddy had fashioned into a cane. He looked both friendly and fearless and smiled captivatingly.

A window was wide open toward Lake Ontario and the sun came dancing in, with its irresistible urge to the child to be off to the beach where his mother was in the habit of taking him every day. Although Donald James, Jr., must have felt hampered by the arrival of an untimely visitor who was a check on his happy plans, I must testify to the innate politeness of this little prize-winner, and to his self-control.

Once he deserted us momentarily, going off to climb upon a chair at the window, out of which he peered wistfully toward his beloved beach which he knew to be paved with lovely, warm sand meant for burrowing toes. However, he quickly made amends by sliding down off the perch and coming back contritely, with a gesture of unbeatable generosity, offered to his mother's visitor his cherished red pail, and with its hoard of precious acorns, too.

But the visitor, explaining as one who makes a bid for sympathy, that she had no little boy at home to give the sand-pail to, yet endeavored to match the boy in politeness, while declining the proffered gift.

Asked to what particular stroke of luck, or method, she attributed the baby's high achievement, Mrs. Baldock mentioned especially, an insistence on the regularity of his meals, and his hours of sleep. It had been a little difficult at first—the sleep part of it—with the Daylight Saving, but she had got him finally trained. Donald James now goes to bed every night at half-past seven whether the sun is shining or not!

"He has been a clinic baby," explained his mother, who has taken him, patiently



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## THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP

A Department which seeks out and investigates for the housekeeper new equipment of Canadian manufacture

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

IT IS not the pleasantest thing in the world to have all the stray animals in the neighborhood nosing at a particularly succulent morsel of meat left dangling over the edge of the garbage can—especially if one of the strays in question happens to be the reputedly well-brought-up pussy who lives next door. Yet, we can really hardly blame them. No slight veneer of polish is proof against the scavenger instincts aroused



A slight pressure of the thumb will easily release the cover

in the feline heart by the sight of a gaping garbage-can lid. No, while the temptation is there, sight and smell combine to frustrate the best-intentioned pussy. It is not the cat, but we who are at fault.

Up until a few weeks ago my garbage can was a favorite trysting-place for all the cats of the district. They came in their hundreds battalions of them it seemed to me—and they staged loud-voiced battles over the booty they brought to light. They were not well-brought-up cats, for much practice had made them adept in the gentle art of lid-lifting.

After some nights of broken slumbers, however, I decided that even at the risk of ruining my own Tabitha's hospitable reputation, I must find some means of stopping the midnight revels. So I sallied forth to the nearest hardware store and bought myself a new garbage can with a guaranteed "lock-tite" cover. The can which is shown on this page is of heavy material, "Duro" hot galvanized ware, and is further strengthened by deep, corrugations and three sturdy beads to give extra rigidity. An extra deep cover fits perfectly into place and snaps into a specially constructed lock ear. A slight pressure of the thumb will easily release the cover, but I defy the lightest-

pawed creature that prowls by night to penetrate the mechanism.

TWO popular articles for the kitchen may now be seen in the shops. The Wastette and Sanette for waste paper and garbage are an attractive, neat and sanitary pair. They stand fourteen and a half inches high and are made of polished steel throughout, enamelled in a variety of colors to tone in with the kitchen scheme. White, red, green, yellow and blue are popular shades. The logical place for the two of them in the kitchen is beneath the sink—conveniently to hand when preparing meals or washing dishes. In common with all modern garbage receivers, the Sanette is equipped with a little foot lever which, when pressed, lifts the cover and leaves both hands free for the task at hand.

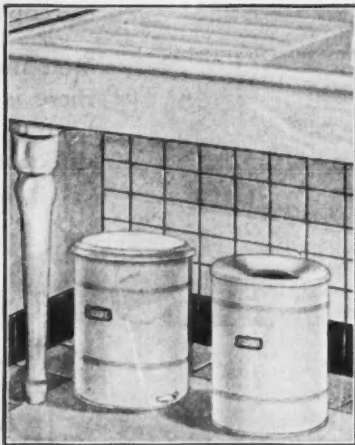
The Sanette is already a well-established product of Niagara Hy-Tools Limited, but has only lately been joined by its co-worker, the Wastette. The cover of the latter is removable, concave in design, with an opening five inches in diameter, large enough to receive all waste and small enough to prevent spilling. It is so shaped that the contents of the receiver are hidden from sight. Whether used alone or in conjunction with the Sanette, however, the Wastette is of general household utility. Not only is it practical for the kitchen, but it may be used to admirable advantage in the bedroom, the nursery or in the bathroom as a receptacle for soiled towels.

THE Andrews Wire Works of Canada have put out a new window-cleaning device which is warranted to clean windows quite in the professional manner. It is, as a matter of fact, actually a miniature



The Kleen-Sweep window cleaner works quickly and leaves no streaks.

window cleaner such as the hired man uses, both in shape and construction. It works quickly and leaves no streaks. The Kleen-Sweep has a green-enamelled wood handle with nickel-plated ferrule, a six-inch rubber blade in a strong metal clip to keep the blade rigid, all held within a strong wire frame. It is particularly useful for small window panes, French windows, and also is a handy adjunct to automobile cleaning operations.



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## The Woman Who Went to Africa

Continued from page 9

desired it. The fact that he had been whipped after each fight by his father and tipped in secret by his mother from her private hoard was known to the younger generation of Brownbrook. But for some curious loyalty known to Youth these facts were withheld from the older people.

BY THE end of the summer Julianna was definitely understood to be Clarence's girl. He had fought his usual solemn and scornful fight over it and the affair was henceforth regarded with respect. There seemed to be no sentiment about it as there was in most of the Brownbrook boy and girl affairs. Julianna's policy of matter-of-fact equality between the sexes held firmly. She obviously had no sentimental interest in Clarence himself, announcing calmly that his red hair was ugly, and that he was dumb, but that he was the only boy in Brownbrook who could do things and was not born there, and therefore he was hers. Clarence accepted her as calmly as she did him. She trotted all over the country-side with him on his botany hunts, carrying a tea kettle and frying pan for their unvarying lunches of tea, bacon and bread, like a faithful little squaw. She sat beside him patient and absorbed as he painted and drew, and she did arduous labor among the rectory vegetables. Before others they never talked, but when alone it was reported by eavesdroppers that they kept up a steady flow of argument.

When the news came to St. Stephen's one morning that Canon Short had been offered an important church in the West, and was leaving Brownbrook at once, every eye was turned upon Julianna.

"Did you know, Julianna?"

"Of course. I knew yesterday," she replied.

"Aren't you sorry?" cried Evelyn open-mouthed as usual.

"Sorry!" said Julianna. "I'm mad." She flung up her head and walked to her seat. When the first class was called Julianna stopped before Miss Pingill's desk. "I don't know a word of one of my lessons today, Miss Pingill," she said.

"Why not, Julianna?"

"I couldn't study last night."

Miss Pingill looked at her. She certainly was white and heavy-eyed. "Had you a headache?"

Julianna drew up one corner of her mouth. "Something ached. Probably my stomach," she replied briefly.

Miss Pingill let it go at that, with no recess. Miss Pingill was a devoted admirer of Canon Short.

Brownbrook assembled at the station to see the Shorts away on an afternoon train. The night before Mrs. Brown had given a farewell party for Clarence, from eight to twelve, with supper. Julianna had demanded a party dress, and Miss Anna had given a grim, detailed order to Miss Mills. Julianna arrived at the party in a clumsy, coarse white muslin with a broad stiff blue ribbon tied about her waist. But she was radiant. She carried an angular bunch of carnations and did not deny the rumor that Clarence had presented them. She silently danced every other dance with Clarence and ate supper with zest.

On the station platform she stood silently among the females of Brownbrook as they clustered about the Shorts. Masculine Brownbrook was conspicuous by its absence. Clarence glowered silently on the outskirts of the group. But as the procession moved toward the train, at last, he edged over to Julianna. Regardless of our greedy eyes he crammed a small box into her hand. I was close beside her. "Here," he said hoarsely, and hurried after his mother.

The train began to move out very slowly. Julianna hastily opened the little box. On pink jewellers' cotton lay a gold chain bracelet with a padlock and key. Julianna tossed back her head and held out both arms to Clarence, watching her from the

rear platform. And by that one passionate and lovely gesture Julianna divided the years.

We walked back from the station very silently, and on St. Stephen's wall Julianna sat down and solemnly put on her bracelet and locked it. Then she sat staring straight before her with her sombre blue gaze. We did not dare to intrude on her mood. We waited.

Mr. John Erskine was being wheeled slowly by in his invalid chair. The spectacle of the motionless row of gingham clad shoulders and pigtailed must have been amusing. Mr. Erskine had been wheeled to the station to bid good-by to Mrs. Short and Clarence; for Mr. Erskine had been interested in Clarence, and the boy had spent as much time amidst Mr. Erskine's pictures and modern art magazines, as Julianna had with Miss Anna's dogs and other pursuits.

Mr. Erskine motioned his old Scotch servant to pause beside the wall. "What are all you little girls sitting there for?" he remarked, conversationally. We were thrilled. Mr. Erskine was very rarely wheeled through the town and never had noticed little girls before.

Only Julianna stared straight before her and did not turn her head. "Julianna is putting on Clarence's bracelet," piped Evelyn at last. "He just gave it to her at the station."

"Let me see your bracelet, Julianna," said Mr. Erskine gently.

Julianna swung her shapely legs over the wall and stood before the wheeled chair. She held out her hand with the bracelet and raised her blue eyes. Under their black lashes they were deep with the immemorial hurt of the forsaken woman. Mr. Erskine did not look at the bracelet.

"What do you want most in the world now?" he said abruptly. We gasped.

"Books to read," said Julianna, quite as promptly. "Aren't there any books at the Johns' place?"

"Yes, but they're all old, and Aunt Anna only gets new magazines and papers."

"Anything else you want?"

Julianna drew herself up proudly. Then she glanced at the row of loyal watching faces on the wall.

"I want a place to—to-en-ter-tain in," said Julianna Johns.

"What's the matter with the Johns' place?"

"It's not mine. It's Aunt Anna's and she hasn't had any company except an old dinner twice a year since—well since the Flood I guess. She doesn't like—Us." Julianna indicated the group on the wall, including herself and all Youth with a sweeping gesture. Then her face crinkled into her adorable crooked smile. "It isn't her fault though. She was made like that," she added quickly.

Mr. Erskine cleared his throat.

"You may come to my house and read in my library any time you like," he said. "And on Saturday you may ask as many boys and girls to my house as you like for games—rain or shine. You must provide the entertainment, but let me know how many you've asked and my housekeeper, Mrs. Macpherson, will provide—er—cakes and ale."

"Oh," said Julianna. "Oh!"

She went close to him and put a hand on one of his bony helpless knees.

"W-won't you let me help—push?" said Julianna.

She took her place beside old Macdougald behind the chair.

### III.

IT WAS two years later, when Julianna was almost sixteen, that John Erskine died. During those two years Julianna dispensed an ecstatic hospitality at the Erskine house that rivalled Evelyn Brown's. "She's given Erskine a new lease of life," said the old doctor to my mother.

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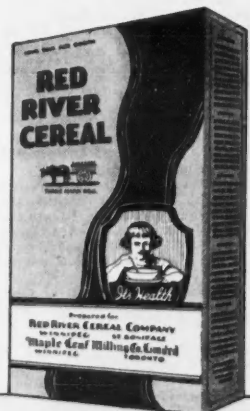
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and faithfully, to a clinic for advice and guidance, ever since he was a few weeks old. He was breast-fed, she stated, adding that the health nurse had advocated this procedure most strongly.

"And he's a fresh-air fiend," went on the young mother, as she warmed up to the subject of child care. "He always wants to be outside. I've let my housework go, many a morning, to go down to the beach with him, but I know it pays in the long run. I have to 'supervise' him all the time." One could easily see that those sturdy little brown legs could lead any mother a merry, perpetual dance.

Every day, Donald has had his morning sleep outside. Even the coldest days last winter—his first winter—the baby was wrapped in his fur robe, with only his face uncovered, and put to sleep outside. Mrs. Baldock believes this has helped greatly in building up her strong, happy baby.

**T**AKING for granted that every mother has dreams and plans for the future of her children, and that Mrs. Baldock might not be averse to discussing hers for the Sweepstakes baby, I asked her what she would like him to be.

"That depends on his own likes and dislikes, and on his aptitude for certain things," she replied, very wisely, "but I do want him to have a good education, and a good start in life."

She spoke of him as being unusually observant for his age, with a keen sense of hearing. Airplanes particularly fascinated him, and whenever he heard one overhead, he was quick to locate it and would watch its progress with absorbed interest.

The actual figures are interesting. Donald won the third first prize in his class at the last C.N.E. and the sweepstakes over the entire entries of about six hundred. His weight, at the moment of victory, was 26 pounds, 4 ounces. His chest measurement was 18½ inches, with an expansion of 1½ inches; his height, 30½ inches, and his age 16½ months at the time of judging.

I wish every reader of *The Chatelaine* could have seen this little fellow in the flesh, in his sun-tan suit, with the firm brown arms and legs and neck, that any society *belle moderne* might have envied. Even his warm brown hair showed sun-streaks and, in Buster fashion, was cut off at the back of his head.

When no one was paying any attention to him—as he thought—he raised his little voice and sang delightfully. Then, suddenly turning and discovering a copy of the September *Chatelaine* on his mother's lap, he stopped singing, seized the magazine with avidity, and made quick and unceremonious friends with the little boy of his own age who was picturesquely posed on the cover.

Donald James Baldock had recognized a kindred spirit.



### "I Made It Myself"

Continued from page 13

cover and tied in a bow in front. The approximate cost for the material with which to make this portfolio is \$1.33. Best quality parchment one half yard—60 cents. Two sheets of blotting paper at 10 cents per sheet—20 cents. One print, copy of old master's work about 15 cents. These may be bought at art stores, or cut out of some first class art magazine, or journal which contains some good reproductions. One and one-half yards of half-inch ribbon about 15 cents a yard—23 cents. White shellac—15 cents. If doing several portfolios it is cheaper to buy shellac at a hardware store by the pint.

#### Handkerchief Sachet

**T**HIS charming ribbon-trimmed sachet is just the thing any girl loves to place on her dresses, whether at home or on a visit. Two-thirds of a yard of dainty colored satin ribbon six inches wide is doubled and sewn together on the wrong side, forming a bag 12" long. On one side of this bag lightly attach a layer of cotton-wool one-inch thick and 6" x 12". Sprinkle this with sachet powder, and turn the bag inside out. One end of the sachet is open—turn it in and catch the ends together. Next, double the sachet again and catch two of its sides together, on the wrong side, thus forming an envelope 6" x 6". Shirr slightly five yards of silver or gold-edged taffeta ribbon. Commencing at one corner of the sachet, half an inch from the edge, sew four rows of shirred ribbon around the sachet and finish off each row separately. The rows of ribbon should be placed a little less than their width apart, so that they overlap slightly. Complete the sachet with a sprig of French ribbon flowers, placed in

the centre. The approximate price of the sachet is \$1.24. Two-thirds yards six-inch satin ribbon at 50 cents a yard—34 cents. Five yards of gilt-edged taffeta ribbon half-inch wide, at 5 cents a yard—25 cents. Sprig of French flowers 50 cents. Sachet filling—15 cents.

#### The French Doll

**F**OR your friend who is the possessor of one of those glass topped, taffeta flounced, French Table dressers, there is always the question of the correct ornaments to add to its dainty loveliness. There could be nothing more appropriate than a little French doll. Having chosen a china doll's bust, of dainty coloring and unblemished surface, attach it carefully to a wire skirt, with a fine picture wire. Next, cut the taffeta for the skirt, chosen with an eye to the colors used on the French dresser, twice the circumference of the bottom of the wire frame, and one and one-quarter inches longer than the measurement from the doll's waistline to the bottom of the frame. Join the ends of the taffeta to form a skirt. With a warm iron, turn in, on the wrong side, a quarter-inch hem at top and bottom of skirt. Make two rows of stitching for shirrings along the top of the skirt. Sew the marabou around the lower edge of the skirt. Place the skirt over the frame and shirr it tightly around the waist of the doll. Marabou may be added elsewhere if desired, or a very soft and charming effect may be had if the entire skirt is made of marabou. The approximate cost of this doll is \$1.17. Requiring, one-sixth yard taffeta at \$1.59 a yard—27 cents. One wire frame for skirt 15 cents. One china doll's head—25 cents. One yard marabou—50 cents.

brook without Miss Anna! Do you remember this—do you remember that? We asked each other. We realized now how little Miss Anna had ever talked. Her pet phrase whenever annoyed "Oh—go to—Africa!" passed into our vernacular. It had always given the effect of prodigious swearing and we were amused at its innocuous sound on our own lips.

The Johns' house was soon reported haunted. The town stories were corroborated presently by some gipsies who obtained a permit to camp in the open field beside it for three days and who departed hastily the next morning. It was thought they had burglarized the house, but investigation revealed only a broken window and footprints. It was believed Miss Anna had guarded her house well for though the gipsies were searched at the next town, nothing was found upon them or reported missing from the house.

Brownbrook relished their ghost story, and the fact that the haunted house remained intact and un plundered, though known to be fully furnished, became a source of pride.

THEN Julianna came back.

We knew much of her five years progress, though only through masculine reports given out by her three guardians. Dr. Jennings was a widower, Mr. Brown a silent person, and the rector, as we said, "unworldly." Large sums had passed from these Brownbrook gentlemen to the various schools, camps and colleges and chaperoned travel-trips, which had swallowed up our Julianna. But they were authorized and systematic demands, and returned itemized lists which satisfied the three guardians. The girls of St. Stephen's had some bitterness over the fact that Julianna never wrote us, and the realization that she had turned her concentrated and galvanic energies upon her new worlds to conquer. But we had always accepted Julianna and we did so now, explaining to ourselves, and our rather irritated mothers, that she could not possibly write to all of us and that she had always regarded us in a lump, never even singling out Evelyn and myself as special friends.

However, Evelyn and I went to the station to meet her with Mr. and Mrs. Brown, the doctor and the rector. Evelyn was engaged to Jimmy Wheelwright and I to the doctor's new assistant, so we took our fiancés along. We did not notice old Joe Huddlesworth and his wife in Miss Anna's ancient carryall drawn up in the shadow of the Brown's new motor car.

Julianna smiled at us, at once as soothing and as lovely as moonlight, and as exciting as an electric battery—exquisitely tailored in grey broadcloth, with a smart little scarlet hat and handbag, that recalled to us Miss Anna's fondness for red. Julianna hugged Evelyn and me impartially, and beamed upon us all with a warming sincerity.

"Now my dear," announced Mrs. Brown. "You are coming home with us of course. You got my letter?"

"And mine?" purred the rector's wife. "The rectory is always a home for the wanderer—the guest room all ready—"

"Thank you so much—dears" said Julianna brightly. "But I'm going right home, of course. Here's Joe and there's Nancy."

She shook hands with Old Joe and handed him her bags, waving gaily to the wrinkled face peering from the front seat of the carryall.

"But good heavens, Julianna!" we chorused. "You can't go to the old house. It's been shut up just as it was for nearly five years."

"Oh, I wrote Joe and Nancy the other day," said Julianna imperturbably. "They've dug it out a bit, haven't you, Joe? My room and the kitchen anyhow."

"Yes Miss Julianna we done our best, but it smells," replied Joe dubiously.

"I'm sure it would," said Julianna. She gave the impression of being well prepared for any horrors.

"Oh, Julianna," wailed Evelyn. "It's haunted—and it smells—"

"Haunted!" said Julianna contemptu-

ously. "Think I'm afraid of Aunt Anna? Go to Africa!"

There was a silence. Evelyn shivered.

"Your poor dear Aunt's ghost is indeed reported to walk there, my child," said Mrs. Brown reprovingly. "I do not believe in ghosts myself, but for several reasons I think you better come home with us for the present."

"Perhaps to read prayers—If she is determined—I'm sure the rector will go over any time," murmured Mrs. Annesley.

"You better wait and go over in the morning, Julianna," said Dr. Jennings, patting her arm and gazing at her with pride. She promptly kissed him and his old face was crimson with pleasure.

"Just wait till it's all scrubbed out and there won't be a spook left, you old dears," said Julianna, scrambling into the carryall where she perched like an incongruous red-crested bird and waved her handbag. "Martha—you and Evie come over to breakfast!" she called back to us as the old carriage rattled away up the street in the sunset light.

#### IV.

THE next morning we went over. Julianna was waiting for us. Breakfast was laid on the verandah and looked not unpretty with the blue kitchen china and cutlery that Nancy had unearthed. Julianna had picked a bunch of syringa and snowballs from the old bushes and the meal was delicious, with strong coffee, crisp bacon, Nancy's hot bread-rolls and honey from Joe's bees. Julianna ate heartily, but she was white, with dark circles under her blue eyes, and at times she fell curiously silent. She kept her face turned persistently away from the house.

"Did you sleep, Julianna?" I asked, and quick to catch the opportunity Evelyn cried out, "Julianna!—I'm sure you saw—something?"

Julianna smiled enigmatically. "And if I did, Evie?" she said. "Do you think we ought to be afraid of a poor old broken-hearted woman? And that's the only kind of a ghost in *this* house."

But when Evelyn was talking to old Nancy, Julianna whispered to me, "I'm thankful I didn't have to sleep here any sooner, Martha."

I have always wondered just what she meant.

However, she had effectually laid the ghost, for Brownbrook anyhow. For the next few days the Johns' house was literally turned inside out. We were forcibly reminded of Miss Anna as Julianna presided over the piles of rubbish brought from the house and consigned to flames in the lower garden. Julianna kept to herself during those days, but we were aware, through sundry sources, of the moth-eaten rolls of red and black flannel, cotton and grey tweed that fed the bonfire along with dog kennels and nondescript refuse. Miss Anna had apparently never burned anything since Julianna's trunks. The attic and cellar were reported filled with bales of old newspapers and magazines.

I found Julianna one day crying over an enormous box of old Christmas cards. "Just look at this!" she cried. "She never burned one. Poor Aunt Anna—she had so little!" I felt this remark rather sentimental as I recalled Julianna's days of hard work clearing out that dreadful old house. I was always matter-of-fact and Julianna irritated me when *she* wasn't matter-of-fact, too.

"Well, she certainly kept what she had!" I said. "It's a wonder the house didn't burn down of spontaneous combustion long ago with all this stuff in it."

Julianna started. Weary and hollow-eyed she stared at me. Then she gave a little chuckle. "Maybe it will yet," she said.

The house was cleaned and settled, silver and china brought from the Bank, a competent cook and two housemaids imported from the city, and Julianna apparently settled down and turned her attention to Brownbrook as of old. The old house was restored to a gracious order and beauty that Miss Anna's generation had never seen

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## It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

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WE always thought of her as an onlooker—a sort of social wall-flower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the centre of attraction in any gathering. That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was *joking*. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Every one laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed. . . .

She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that every one swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher." An onlooker no longer—she was popular!

### She Told Me About It Later

We were life-long friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"Well," she laughed, "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

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"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Any one could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. It's like playing a game!"

"You've always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise every one, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

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Voice and Speech Culture  
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Composition  
Drums and Traps  
Automatic Finger  
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5-String or Toner)

On the day John Erskine died he sent for Julianna. My mother and Mrs. Brown were indignant. "Poor little thing, to be sent for to witness a death-scene, all alone like that with Dr. Jennings!" said majestic and motherly Mrs. Brown. My mother agreed, but said little, and Evelyn and I were dispatched to wait for Julianna at the gate. She walked between us like one in a trance till we reached St. Stephen's. Then she suddenly bolted into the empty darkened church and crouched in a corner of a pew sobbing as if her heart would break. We lingered awed by the door, but finally ventured in to comfort her.

"He loved you, Julianna, and I'm sure you were a comfort to him," I said primly.

"He loved your Aunt Anna too, awfully—years ago," blurted Evelyn as usual. I clutched her desperately, but she plunged on. "I should think she'd feel badly too. Does she?"

"What?" said Julianna. "What?"

"Why, yes—didn't you know that?" cried Evelyn. "Why, everybody knows. They were engaged and it was broken off when he got paralysis—years and years and years ago."

She stopped and gave a little scream. From the gloom of St. Stephen's chancel a tall gaunt figure rose stiffly from its knees and came down the aisle toward us. It was Miss Anna. She stopped in the aisle beside us. Julianna was on her feet sobbing, shaking, pointing an accusing relentless finger at her aunt.

"You—you cruel woman," she cried. "It was you he loved—you—he tried to tell me at the end. He couldn't get the words he wanted. You never went near him—all these years—nor today. I believe you broke it off yourself because of his poor dear legs."

"He broke it off, Julianna—because of his legs," said Miss Anna in a hollow voice. "And I—and I—" she stopped, clutching the red cotton collar of her blouse as if it choked her. The woman and the child stared at each other. Then Julianna walked out of the pew and linked her arm in Miss Anna's.

"I've made an ass of myself, girls," said Julianna. "If you ever tell about it here, I'll kill you both. Come on home, Aunt Anna."

We watched them walk up the street together.

"Well," said Evelyn with a gasp. "Well."

But I was quite speechless. We shut the door of St. Stephen's with meticulous care.

JOHN ERSKINE'S will was read on the day before his funeral, according to his expressed desire. His large estate was left to Miss Anna, with a bequest to Brownbrook for the founding of a Library and Art Association. To every one's surprise Miss Anna and Julianna, clad in black, walked behind the casket. In Brownbrook's opinion Miss Anna was never the same woman again. But the life at the Johns' place continued till Julianna was eighteen. Miss Anna attended two dog shows in the interim, clothed as usual in her tweed suit and red flannel shirt waist. From the second trip she returned in a dazed condition with a new silver cup, and a heavy cold that speedily developed into double pneumonia in spite of Julianna's frenzied nursing.

Miss Anna's will was long and explicit. Everything was left to Julianna except a legacy to old Joe Huddlesworth. The new rector, a person quite different from Canon Short, Dr. Jennings, and Mr. Brown, were her executors and guardians. Julianna was to be sent at once to a fashionable boarding school in Boston and then to college. Her holidays were to be arranged for at summer camps—not for nothing had Miss Anna read modern periodicals and their advertising pages—and she was not to return to Brownbrook until she was twenty-three. The house was to be closed, sealed, and left intact with its contents until that time. The silver and the red and black dinner service were to be sent to the bank.

Before we realized it Julianna was entered for the winter term and was gone, and Miss Anna too was only a memory. Brown-



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Stephen's was mentioned first. We took this calmly. We were used to stained glass. But then we heard of the erecting of a very splendid town clock, with an hourly chime, over the Library and Art building. This was more exciting. There was to be a bronze plate which would read, "erected by Julianna Johns in memory of her beloved father."

But even yet we did not know his name, though Brownbrook would recall him whenever the clock struck. So Julianna kept her "blood vow."

"But where is Julianna?" we clamored. "Is she still in Africa?"

Bob Jennings looked at us all in amazement.

"Africa?" he said. "Why—she's on their fruit ranch in British Columbia. Father went out to visit her this summer. The old man had the time of his life. She's a great woman—Julianna. She's started a little

theatre out there. People drive from all over—it was written up in a magazine the other day. Dad says the house is a great place—regular man's house—all fine Indian stuff—baskets and rugs you know—but no cluttering up, as dad puts it. She's got twin babies—boys—that are corking kids. Born while dad was there, you see. Clarence's got a huge studio, and they run down to New York once in a while, but mostly he paints away and Julianna runs the ranch."

"Twins? Clarence?" we gasped.

Bob Jennings surveyed us.

"Why, didn't you all know she married Clarence Short?" he asked.

In the silence Evelyn Wheelwright's voice was heard. It sounded small and subdued.

"We thought she went to Africa," said Evelyn.



## The Promise of Beauty

Continued from page 30

connection with one of her classical dances. These movements the little dressmaker practised assiduously, and in time found that she was able to apply this new-found grace quite unconsciously. She said that she was quite convinced that this "applied" grace had much to do with her life's happiness. It seems that her Pierre had been only an occasional caller until one evening "he finds my hands look like little waving wings of birds." After that the joy of watching her hands and herself became so fascinating that there was the usual conclusion to a love story.

There is a book of finger exercises based on anatomical lines which have been worked out for music students, and which are valuable for anyone. It is really amazing the improvement that can be made in hands by persistent and regular effort. One of the best pianists I know has tiny hands and when first learning to play almost despaired of being able to span an octave, but by dint of steady practise and determination she "turned the trick." Massage is almost magical in its effect for gnarled or rough or wrinkled hands. Anyone can have smooth, well-groomed hands who will follow a regular regime for their care which need not take much time. One can buy at small cost boxes which contain everything necessary for the nails and with careful directions for use.

There is no doubt that the constant and almost unavoidable use of soap and water for hands will eventually wrinkle the skin unless something is done to counteract this drying process. Prevention is better than cure, it is possible to employ both. Wear gloves whenever possible for your work. It is hard for many of us to overcome the deep-seated prejudice born of the old saying, "A cat in gloves catches no mice." Rubber gloves—thin ones—are invaluable for hands that have to be much in water; canvas gloves protect the hands when cleaning and dusting and gardening. It is all a matter of practice, and it is rather stupid to cling to old prejudices when equally good results can be obtained by more modern and comfortable methods.

TO KEEP the skin soft and smooth, the hands and nails should be well-anointed with oil or cream every night. I have found

the best results from using olive or mineral oils. It should be well massaged into the hands and around the cuticle using the same movement as that of putting on a close-fitting pair of gloves. After this the cuticle should be shaped and loosened with an orange-wood stick dipped in cuticle remover. If this is persisted in, the cuticle will never develop hangnails or other unsightly blemishes. An important point to remember is that the cuticle should never be cut, but trained softly into place.

And don't forget your wrists which are also inclined to tell tales out of school. Include them in the nightly massage and exercise.

There are many magical preservatives and polishes on the market today for the hands and nails. It must be fascinating work to concoct the many liquids, creams, pastes and powders that will almost give new hands for old. One of the new bleaches for hands has a lovely effect and is non-drying. It can be used for the face as well as the hands with equally satisfactory results. Some of the too ardent devotees of the sun are finding the copper tone that they have acquired a little difficult to blend with the delicate colors of chiffon, satin and velvet which fashion dictates for evening wear. This bleach seems to be especially designed for them.

Hands today are not the characterless toy-like things portrayed by the artists of long ago. To be acceptable they must express character and look useful as well as appear well-groomed.

The idea that hands are the servants of the mind was very beautifully brought out by Montaigne the great French essayist of the eighteenth century, who said:

"Behold the hands!"

"How they require, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, pray, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, number, confess, repent, fear, express confusion, doubt, instruct, command, incite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, absolve, abuse, despise, defy, provoke, flatter, applaud, bless, submit, mock, reconcile, recommend, exalt, entertain, congratulate, complain, grieve, despair, wonder, exclaim, and what not besides, with a variation and multiplication which makes the tongue envious."



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FOR YOUR EYES

there, and it literally hummed with gaiety. Brownbrook presented the spectacle of a squirming child, pricked and tickled into painful ecstasy by Julianna's laughter. Also by the uneasy consciousness of Julianna's boredom. For Julianna was bored with Brownbrook and the younger generation knew it. The dusty neglected library, the unvisited Art gallery above it, where John Erskine's fine old pictures cracked and darkened in their dusty frames, the lovely tumbling river defaced more and more by the eagerly welcomed factories—these all roused her lightly-veiled scorn, while our new motor-cars and refrigerators and general up-to-dateness rather wearied her. But about our weddings and houses and babies, she was so enchantingly sweet that we forgave her, individually, some discomfort.

Presently she began to entertain at a series of little dinners and dances, and finally announced one that was to frankly outshine all others. We were secretly a little disturbed at this calm ostentation. A becoming cloak of modesty was a fashionable garment still, in Brownbrook, even if at times it wore exceedingly thin. Was Julianna getting demoralized—or could it be that she was mischievously holding a mirror up to Brownbrook? We did not discuss this last question, however.

It was about this time that we founded a library committee to re-cover the books, and an art committee to clean, re-hang and catalogue the pictures. We planned a mammoth bridge party to earn money for re-varnishing and re-gilding, and for new books. But one and all we—the chosen St. Stephen girls with their men—accepted the invitations for the dinner. We worried our men into the purchase of new dress clothes or at least the careful pressing of old ones; and we ordered our own new frocks with concentration.

V.

ON THE night of the dinner party we entered the Johns' house to find the soft gold flame of tall, white, altar-candles everywhere. Julianna was clothed in the simplest of white satin frocks, extremely low-cut. Her golden hair gleamed and she wore a marvellous Spanish shawl of blood-red crepe. It was May again, and the house was banked with white lilac and apple blossoms. The long dinner table was heaped with lilies-of-the-valley and white roses, and amidst all this white and gold, Julianna's shawl challenged the old red and black dinner service. The dinner was beyond anything ever served in Brownbrook and there was an orchestra from the city.

At last Julianna rose to her feet. The windows were all open and behind her the candles flared against the soft May night.

"Here's a toast to Brownbrook, dears!" she called. "And I'm going to leave you for good next week."

We drank the toast standing, then we sat down in dead silence, broken, of course, by the bride and groom, Evelyn and Jimmy Wheelwright.

"My goodness! Julianna, what's the matter with the Brownbrook boys?" boomed Jimmy.

"Oh, Julianna, where are you going?" bubbled Evelyn.

Julianna hesitated for a moment—then she laughed. "Oh—to Africa!" she said.

"Africa . . ."

The word swept through the room as if blown on a sibyl wind.

"What on earth for Julianna—a missionary?" cried Evelyn.

But I distinctly heard Miss Anna's voice in the weird candle-lighted dusk—"Oh—go to—Africa!"

As I glanced about I caught the eyes of several others who had evidently "heard" it, too. Did Julianna mean Africa—or—the other place?

"Oh—not missions—just—Africa."

"But why—why—why?"

Then Julianna, her mocking blue eyes roving from face to face, held forth on the beauties of Capetown, the glories of Johannesburg, of the African climate, of the charming cosmopolitans she had met who had chosen

Capetown as the city of cities in which to live. She discoursed of tiger hunting, Roosevelt, climate and Kaffirs, till her eloquence and flame swept us away. "In short, girls and boys," declared Julianna as she gathered up her red shawl, and waved her hand at the orchestra in the hall, "you must all—go to Africa!"

Julianna had two more bolts to shoot. It transpired the next day that she had asked almost every one that night about Clarence Short and not one of us knew anything about him. A few days later an item appeared in our daily paper. We were inordinately proud of our paper. It now informed us that "Mr. Clarence Short, who is living in British Columbia, is winning much success by his painting and illustrating. He is being exhibited in New York and in London as one of the famous circle of nine."

We gasped. And what was the circle of nine? But this was put out of our heads by Julianna's sudden request for hospitality over the week-end at the rectory. Mrs. Annesley was tremulously charmed and flattered, and we were all a little surprised, while Mrs. Brown bridled. Julianna explained she was now dismantling the house. The dinner service and silver and selected bits of the furniture were dispatched to a storage warehouse in the city this time. Julianna's own trunks went to the rectory.

On the Sunday evening after church Julianna stopped a moment at the Johns' place to see that all was safe and to try the lock of a side door. The rector and his wife waited for her, chatting with parishioners at the gate. They waited for some time. At last Julianna joined them serenely and announced all was well.

Some hours later the town awoke to find the Johns' place wrapped in flames. It was impossible to save it. Julianna watched it burn silently. As she stood in the grounds amidst us in the grey morning the old Chief of Fire and Police came up to her. He held an empty kerosene can in his hand. He eyed Julianna sourly.

"This is a bad business, Miss Julianna," he said.

Julianna smiled. "What was it, Chief? Spontaneous combustion?"

He snorted. "I never really cleared out that attic you know," continued Julianna sweetly. "It was full of old papers and magazines. Stacked! I was sending them away—some day."

"Hum. Hum. Hum." said the old Chief. He glared at her like a stern old warrior. His face was blackened and he was worn out. His men had fought valiantly with those smoking ruins.

"Don't you think, Chief, that it's a good thing sometimes when old houses where people have been unhappy just do burn down—a nice clean fire—a good clean fight—nobody hurt, of course? Hm? Don't you?"

"Had you any insurance, Miss Julianna?"

"Not a penny on anything," she answered.

He put his big hand on her arm. "You're a bad lot, Miss Julianna, but maybe you're right. Spontaneous combustion!" He smiled grimly.

Julianna nodded at me. "You know you said it first, Martha."

She chuckled impishly.

A week later she left Brownbrook—en route for Africa as we supposed. We fell to work on our clubs and committees.

FOR some years we heard nothing of Julianna. We talked about her often, and wondered; felt the old resentment, the old pricking sense of her laughter, the old enchantment of her crinkled smile. Mr. Brown died, the doctor had retired and gone to live with a married son in the west shortly after Julianna's dinner party. The rector was becoming, as Brownbrook proudly explained, "more and more mystical and unworldly."

Then the doctor's son came back to us on a business visit and we were electrified to learn that he was on commissions for Julianna. The installing of a fine stained-glass window to Miss Anna's memory in St.



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## Muffins

Continued from page 12

moment of anger and discouragement, he had insisted that the dog be sent to the pound. He kept on insisting about it, not because he really wanted to get rid of Muffins, but because something in his masculine make-up required him to be consistently stubborn about it.

He made mean, sarcastic remarks about the delicacies she probably wasted on the dog. After which, Alice, who had some stubbornness of her own, would pay special attention to Muffins.

In other ways, however, ways that Jimmy didn't know about, she tried to cut down their expenses. She did her own marketing now, instead of telephoning for what she needed. She walked to the markets with Muffins on a leash, and everybody admired the dog. That soothed Alice's spirits. Let Jimmy say what he liked, Muffins was an admirable, valuable dog.

One day she passed a kennel where they had dogs for sale. A large, fat, smiling man was sitting outside, his comfortable chair tilted back against the wall.

"Fine pup you've got .here, ma'am!" he said to her, tipping his hat. "What'll you take for him?"

"He's not for sale," said Alice, stopping, as she always did when someone admired Muffins.

"Why, I know him!" said the kennel man. "No wonder he's a good dog! He's one of my own. I sold him to that fellow Bransom."

For a moment Alice was afraid he would claim the dog. But he didn't.

"One of the best in town, he is!" the man went on. "Did you buy him from Bransom?"

"Not exactly," said Alice. "He owed my husband money. I took the dog when he went away."

She went on to discuss the care of Muffins with him. What should she feed him? How much? Were the prepared dog foods any good?

"Not so good," he told her. "Fair, but they could be better. He's a little too fat. You've been feeding him too much starch. I'll get you a chart—a kind of diet chart that shows how much of different kinds of food he needs, for his age and weight. Just a minute!"

He came out a little later with the chart, pointing at it with a thick forefinger. "If a man could combine all the things a dog needs," he said, "into a right tasty food, there'd be a fortune in it! Yes, there would!"

He smiled amiably, patting Muffins' head. "How much is he worth?" asked Alice.

"I'll give you fifty dollars for him, any time," said the kennel man. "You might get more from a dog buyer."

Alice reported to Jimmy that Muffins was worth fifty dollars. Do you know what Jimmy said?

"Fifty dollars! Huh! After you've stuffed him with a hundred dollars worth of food, he's worth fifty dollars!"

To which Alice, leaving the room, made no reply. What was the use? Even if she had lost Jimmy, she still had Muffins, and she was going to keep him.

Jimmy took out a pad and a pencil and began figuring. He was always figuring, these days. How was he going to keep up the payments on the house? How was he going to meet the note that would fall due at the bank? The more he calculated, the worse it got. It seemed to Jimmy that he was getting deeply into the same hole that Bransom had been in. No wonder the poor devil had run away! It was enough to make any man run away—there wasn't much else a man could do.

Whenever he saw Muffins, his anger rose. Having denominated Muffins as the *casus belli*, he consistently if illogically held out that Muffins was the thing to get rid of. He had transferred his dislike of Bransom to Muffins.

"That confounded dog!" he reflected. "Alice doesn't care a thing about me. All she thinks of is the dog. She'll cook food for him, but I get—sawdust!"

He no longer said, "Sawdust and you, darling, are better than perfect muffins and anybody else!"

He was still given to extravagant statements, but they were no longer complimentary.

Alice, for her part, came to understand why Polly had quarreled with her husband. Men were, after all, unreasonable beasts. Even Jimmy, whom she had adored, whom she had blindly considered unique and different, was like that.

"The time will come," she assured herself, dry-eyed, "when I'll have to leave him!"

She often passed the kennel, on her way to the markets. The large, good-natured kennel man was usually sitting outside in the sun, watching the world go by.

"Your dog is sure looking good, ma'am!" he told her one day. "His coat couldn't be better if it was seal-skin, and his mouth and teeth are just as clean as can be. You're feeding him just right. Following the chart, eh?"

"Yes," nodded Alice. "Only I've combined all the things on the chart—cooked them together. I thought I'd try to get a combination that was just right. He likes it, too, never gets tired of it. And it does seem to agree with him. He's so lively I can hardly hold him!"

Muffins pranced at the end of his leash. The kennel man stood up. "Say," he said, "do you mind bringing me a batch of the stuff you've cooked up for him? I'd like to try it out."

In his eye there was the eager light that one sees in the eyes of prospectors, promoters and stock salesmen.

"Oh, it probably isn't anything!" laughed Alice. "I just did it because it's cheaper—saves money, time and gas. They all count up!" she added.

"Bring me a batch, anyway," said the man.

THE next day she took him a large can of the savory food that she prepared for Muffins. There were many things in it—meat, bone, cereals, and vegetables. Muffins thought she was a marvellous cook, whatever Jimmy may have thought.

About a week later Jimmy came home in a different mood. He wasn't grouchy, out of humor, sarcastic. Instead, he looked very tired. He realized that he was at the end of his rope. His calculations simply wouldn't come out right, no matter how often he went over them.

Alice felt sorry for him.

"What is it, Jimmy?" she asked. He shrugged. He was too weary to fight, too tired even to bring up Muffins to argue about.

They hadn't been talking over their finances lately, as they used to do. Jimmy had retired into a shell, hugging his financial worries with him. Alice knew that things were in a bad way, but she didn't know how hopeless he was.

"We're going to lose the house," said Jimmy, not meeting her eyes. "After putting in that concrete wall, too. We'll get nothing out of that. The payments are too much to meet on my salary. I struck them for a raise, but times are hard. I won't get it. And that bank note—it's coming due and I can't meet it. They might extend it, but I don't suppose I could even pay the interest. It's just no go!"

Alice looked around the house. She could not quite realize that they might lose it. It seemed so wholly theirs.

"That's the game," said Jimmy, wearily. "Bransom's reverted to the company, now ours. Now they'll sell 'em again to some poor devil who imagines he can pay for 'em!" He frowned darkly. "If I had my hands on Bransom, I'd choke that money out of him!"

That he hated Bransom, and not Muffins, just now, was a good sign, but Alice didn't recognize it. The impending catastrophe was too great.

She felt that she had failed. Some other girl, a better cook, a wiser housekeeper, would have made a success of this marriage, which had started so promisingly. She had failed. It wasn't Jimmy; it was herself. There was nothing she could say. Even Muffins, keeping Muffins, had been a foolish, stubborn idea. She shouldn't have done that.

She should have sold the dog to the kennel man and put the money in their savings account. Little as it was, it would have helped. She had let Jimmy carry his burden alone, and she had treated him abominably. Why, she couldn't even cook the things he liked! She couldn't make muffins.

She forgot that Jimmy had treated her rather badly. There was a reason for what he had done. He had been worried sick, and she hadn't even shared his worry.

Alice went into the bedroom, lay down on the bed, and wept—for her own failure. Jimmy took out his pad and his pencil and began to figure.

There was no use. It was hopeless. He had been over those columns a thousand times. There wasn't a chance.

Muffins walked over to him, sat down and looked up into his face. Muffins worshipped him, and had never been able to understand Jimmy's attitude toward him. Even when he thrust him unceremoniously out of his way, Muffins continued to worship him. He would always do that.

Jimmy looked guiltily around. Alice had gone into the bedroom and closed the door.

Hastily and rather awkwardly with a very guilty look on his face, Jimmy reached down and patted the dog.

"Good old Muffins!" he whispered. "It isn't your fault, old man. You're all right. Yes, you're all right."

Ah, the man liked him, after all, thought Muffins, expressing his happiness by wagging his tail and barking.

"Sh!" said Jimmy. "Sh!" He went on patting him.

THE doorbell rang. Jimmy got up and answered it, with Muffins at his heels. A large, good-natured man stood there. He didn't look like a bill collector, but every stranger was a bill collector to Jimmy.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Hello, Muffins!" said the man, reaching down to greet the dog. "Is your wife home? My name's Simpson, from the kennel."

Alice came out, wearing a little too much powder under her red eyes. She had dabbed it on in the dark. She tried to smile.

"Yes, Mr. Simpson?"

"How-de-do, ma'am," said Mr. Simpson. "I was just saying to your husband, you've got a real nice place here. I like to see young folks getting along, with a place of their own and all. I do."

Alice nodded, vaguely.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Simpson, coming to the point after his long preamble. "I want to put this stuff on the market. I can sell a lot of it. It beats anything ever I tried. So, if you'll put your recipe into the business, why, I'll be glad to go halves with you. Better'n that, even, I'll give you five hundred dollars advance on your recipe, to start with. You've hit on something that's just fine for dogs. We can make some money out of it, besides—"

"Five hundred dollars!" cried Alice. "You'll give me that?"

"Five hundred for the recipe," said Simpson, slowly, "and a share in the business. We can sell lots of it. Yes, we can!"

Alice laughed hysterically. "Five hundred dollars!" she murmured.

"Yes, ma'am, I'll make out a cheque. We can get the partnership papers fixed up tomorrow, all legal. Another feller might try to get it for less, but I'm a fair man, ma'am. Yes, I am. Fair to dogs, and fair to men. Also ladies!"

Continued on page 58



## PATRICIAN OLIVE OIL CLEANSING CREAM

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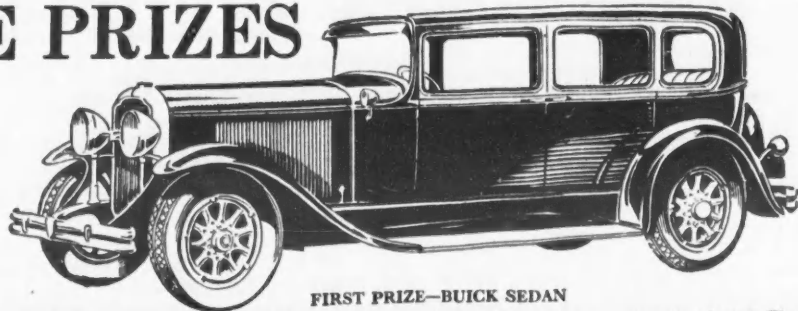
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This McLaughlin-Buick 4-door Sedan, of value \$2,175.00 with cash bonus noted elsewhere is First Prize in this, Goblin's Greatest Contest. The prizes are now awaiting you. Do not miss this advertisement. Enter this most interesting contest at once. Read rules carefully. You will not be required later to buy or sell anything. Everything is as stated. Begin NOW! In a few weeks this distinguished car may be YOURS. You alone must decide.

### PRIZE LIST

**First Prize**—Total value up to \$4,175.00—McLaughlin-Buick Four-Door Sedan, Model 57, plus \$2,000 cash bonus, at the rate of twenty times the subscription money remitted. This bonus limited to a maximum of \$2,000. A contestant must send in not less than \$5.00 worth of subscriptions to qualify for this prize.

**First Prize** (if contestant does not qualify as above)—Pontiac Four-Door Sedan, valued at \$1,205.00. The minimum subscription to qualify for this prize is \$3.00. If a contestant sends in \$5.00, he qualifies for the McLaughlin-Buick Sedan.

**First Prize** (if the contestant does not qualify as above)—Chevrolet Four-Door Sedan valued at \$954.00. This is the first prize if the winner sends in only \$2.00 subscription.

**Second Prize**—Total value \$2,454.00—Chevrolet Sedan, valued at \$954.00, plus \$1,500.00 cash bonus extra, at the rate of fifteen times the subscription money remitted. This bonus is limited to a maximum of \$1,500.00.

**Third Prize**—Total value \$1,485.00—Fada Radio, Model 70, valued at \$485.00, plus \$1,000 cash bonus extra, at the rate of ten times the subscription money remitted. This bonus is limited to a maximum of \$1,000.00.

**Fourth Prize**—Total value, \$1,375.00—Columbia Console Model Phonograph valued at \$375.00, plus \$1,000.00 cash bonus extra, at the rate of ten times the subscription money remitted. This bonus is limited to a maximum of \$1,000.00.

**Fifth Prize**—Total value \$835.00—Fada Radio, Model 35, valued at \$335.00, plus \$500.00 cash bonus extra, at the rate of five times the subscription money remitted. This bonus is limited to a maximum of \$500.00.

**Sixth Prize**—Total value \$735.00—Fada Radio, Model 25, valued at \$235.00, plus \$500.00 cash bonus extra at rate of five times the subscription money remitted. This bonus to be limited to a maximum of \$500.00.

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**SECOND PRIZE**—Chevrolet 4-door Sedan, value \$954.00, together with cash bonus noted elsewhere.

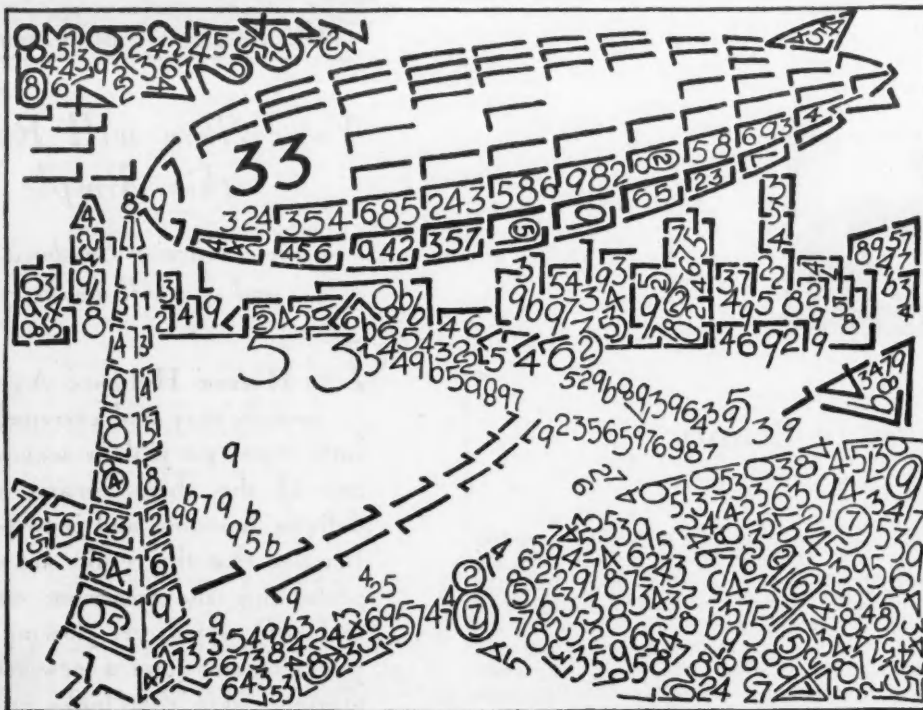
### Correct Answer Unknown

To prevent the Contest Department, the artist or anyone else from knowing the correct answer to this puzzle, certain figures were erased by the Contest Judges, Messrs. E. A. Williams, Toronto Star Weekly and H. M. Sandison, Regina Leader-Post.

Neither of these gentlemen know what figures the others erased, but after the Contest closes, they will announce what these figures were and when these figures are subtracted from the total of the figures used by the artist, this will give the correct answer to the figures in the above puzzle.

There are no tricks to this Contest. It is merely a matter of skill in finding all the numbers shown and then adding correctly. We wish it clearly understood that there are no hidden figures. Every number can be plainly seen. The degree of your care and skill will determine the prize which you will win.

The ONLY requirements for entry to contest are those listed here. You will note their extreme simplicity and a careful reading now will avoid any possible confusion later.



### Secure Correct or Nearest Correct Total of Numbers Above to Win Buick Car

The problem is to add together all of the numbers shown above. Each figure is clearly indicated, and they run from two to nine; the sixes have a curved stem; the nines a straight stem; all are single numbers, there are no combinations; add them as if each figure stood one above the other in a single column. Every figure in the picture is complete. If in doubt about any of the figures, send in the chart with a figure marked, to the contest department, which will gladly tell you what it is.

### \$180.00 SPECIAL PRIZES FOR SPEED

Forty-five Special Prizes totalling \$180.00 are offered for the FIRST correct or nearest correct solution received before November 30th. There are fifteen of these Special Prizes for each of three districts: District No. 1, includes the Maritime Provinces and Quebec; District No. 2, Ontario and Manitoba; District No. 3, the Provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia and any other districts not included in Districts 1 and 2, from which contestants may send in replies.

The Contestant winning a Special Prize will not be barred from winning one of the regular prizes. Special Prize winners will be announced along with the regular winners at close of Contest.

	District No. 1	District No. 2	District No. 3
First Prize.....	\$15.00	\$15.00	\$15.00
Second Prize.....	8.00	8.00	8.00
Third Prize.....	5.00	5.00	5.00
Next Two Prizes, each	4.00	4.00	4.00
Next Four Prizes, each	3.00	3.00	3.00
Next Six Prizes, each..	2.00	2.00	2.00
Total Value.....	\$60.00	\$60.00	\$60.00

### SOLUTION BLANK TO BE USED BY CONTESTANTS

This Blank must be used when sending subscriptions and solutions.

MY ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM IS.....  
Gentlemen: Kindly enroll my name as a contestant in your puzzle contest. I am enclosing herewith the sum of \$..... which kindly place to my credit, both as entrance fee to the contest and as a paid-up subscription to Goblin for the following party or parties.

If you are already a subscriber to Goblin and you send in a paid-in-advance subscription for yourself, write the word "renewal" in place designated.

1. Name..... Amount \$..... Renewal.....

St. Address..... Town & Prov.....

2. Name..... Amount \$..... Renewal.....

St. Address..... Town & Prov.....

Attach further names and addresses on plain paper.

Is this your first solution to the puzzle?..... How much money have you sent in to date?..... If this solution wins a prize, send it to

Name.....

St. Address..... Town & Prov.....

(Name and address must be printed)

Please answer all questions on this form and mail same to—

The Contest Department, Goblin Magazine, 265 Vire St. West, Montreal, P.Q.

Note—If your subscription was sent in by another contestant, you must put his or her name below:

Name..... St. Address.....

City or Town..... Prov.....

### GENERAL RULES

(1) Contest is open to everyone except (a) Employees of Goblin Magazine and their immediate family; (b) Prize Winners in former Goblin contests who won more than \$100.

(2) To enter contest it is necessary to enclose at least \$2 for an 8-months' subscription to Goblin Magazine. See Prize List found elsewhere in this advertisement and note how the value of your prize is increased by sending in a full year's subscription to Goblin and subscriptions from your friends.

(3) A contestant can solicit friends for subscriptions and for such subscription he or she will be entitled to submit solutions to the puzzle; also those who subscribe through a contestant may submit solutions to the puzzle. Get your friends to help you get subscriptions.

(4) All solutions must be accompanied by a cash subscription, otherwise they will not be accepted. All solutions are recorded and cannot be changed once they are received at the contest office.

(5) It is not necessary for a contestant to send in the entire amount of subscription money at one time. Accurate records are kept, and every time a contestant makes a remittance, the amount will be added to the previous amount which a contestant has to his credit.

(6) Contestants can send in a different answer to the puzzle each time they make a remittance, but not more than one prize and bonus will be paid to one family living at one home address.

(7) EXTRA PUZZLE FORMS MAY BE OBTAINED FREE BY WRITING TO THE CONTEST DEPARTMENT, AND WILL ALSO BE FOUND IN THE SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER NUMBERS OF GOBLIN MAGAZINE.

(8) All money orders, cheques, or postal notes must be made payable to Goblin Magazine; acknowledgements will be made immediately upon receipt of solutions.

(9) If the correct answer is not sent in by any contestant, the prizes will be awarded for the nearest correct solution.

(10) In the event of a tie, a second puzzle will be mailed. This puzzle will be a problem requiring accuracy in addition and subtraction. Only those tying will be permitted to solve the second puzzle.

(11) Solutions to the contest must be in the Goblin office not later than 6 p.m., December 7th, 1929. Solutions mailed and having the postmark of not later than December 7th, 1929, and received by us not later than December 14th, 1929, will be accepted. The correct answer will be announced in the January issue of The Goblin Magazine, published about January 1st. Contestants are advised to send in their answers as soon as possible. Special bonuses, which will be noted elsewhere in this advertisement, are offered for early solutions.

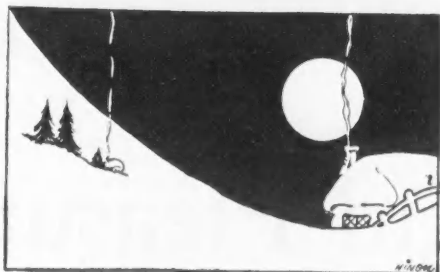
(12) In entering the contest, contestants agree to abide by the rules of the contest and to accept the decision of the judges as final. The Goblin Magazine reserves the right to amend or add to the rules of this contest, if necessary, for the protection of the interests of both the contestants and Goblin Magazine. The right is also reserved to refund subscriptions and to disqualify any contestants whom the judges, the contestants' representatives, deem undesirable.

### GOBLIN—The People's Choice

The New Goblin is a vigorous, alert monthly appealing to all keen-minded Canadians. In each issue its pages scintillate with smart, sprightly fiction and fact articles ranging widely from sport to international topics. Brilliantly illustrated by profuse drawings and news photographs Goblin now truly reflects the life and thought of the Dominion.

Through this Great Contest you will secure this outstanding magazine at the regular subscription price, and at the same time, if you are accurate, win one of the major prizes absolutely without cost.

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## Pioneer Nursing in Canada

Continued from page 7

to flow in. Depression and famine drove men and women out of Europe. The Irish immigration is itself an epic. Canadians who had organized for patriotic effort in the late war knew the possibilities of public service and turned their efforts to dealing with the immigration problems. The immigrants arrived in disease-infested ships and became in turn prey to ship's fever, cholera and typhus. And the epidemics spread through the country like a forest fire. In the train of the plagues came destitution for widows and orphaned children and the incapacitated. The problems of the day forced the foundation of hospitals. Evolution did the rest.

In St. Catharines in 1865 a general hospital was founded. Seven years later the United States founded the first of its nurses' training schools, of which Bellevue was the mother house of nursing in America. These schools set Dr. Theophilus Mack of St. Catharines thinking and acting. The following year he sent the matron of the hospital, Miss Money, to England in search of a nucleus for a nursing service. In 1874 she returned with a little band of trained women and found that St. Catharines had a nurses' home, a separate building, ready for them. It was the first in the Dominion—one of the first in the world. Thereupon the Mack Training School was founded. It was a brave and ambitious thing to do. Of those who entered the school Dr. Mack demanded four things—purity of motive, good character, Christian conduct and a plain English education. It was a forward step in a day when nurses were hired as if they were charwomen, and almost another decade was to pass before Toronto followed the example of St. Catharines.

In 1886, two years after Miss Snively's regime was founded, Kingston established a training school which was to have another claim to distinction. Queen's was the first university on the continent to open its doors to nurses when a class from the school graduated in its convocation hall. It was an incident that marked a long step forward in nursing history. It was a significant event, this union of university prestige with scientific nursing, a great advance from the days of Sairey Gamp and Eliza.

In 1889, Montreal General, a very old hospital, opened a training school. It was not its first effort. Fourteen years previously Montreal had appealed directly to Florence Nightingale, who sent them a little group of English nurses. In spite of a valiant effort to adjust themselves to the impossible conditions, hampered by obstacles and resentments, they had to abandon the job and return to London. At length it was a Canadian born nurse, Nora Livingstone, of Sault Ste. Marie, who braved the stormy seas of administration, founded the school and ruled for many long years with a firm and disciplined hand, the internal and external affairs of the Montreal General.

WHEN Miss Snively came to the Toronto General Hospital, the first railway across the west was still in the making. Pioneers were tramping into the prairies on foot ahead of the steel. When she had been at her post for two years the future Lord Strathcona drove the last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was an event with a direct bearing on Canadian nursing history, not merely because Lord Strathcona

and Lord Mount Stephen were to establish and endow the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal with their well-earned millions, but because along the railway lines cities were growing up over night, and demanding hospitals and nursing services. Winnipeg was the first to feel the effect of expansion and the Winnipeg General became the mother house of the Canadian west. The west was young and ambitious and started out at the point where the older east had arrived by slow and evolutionary processes. The Canadian west grew up with training schools. Victoria soon had its notable Jubilee Hospital and the Vancouver General was fore-ordained to make fresh hospital history.

### The Victorian Order of Nurses

THEN came the next step in the evolution of Canadian nursing. The ceaseless expansion of civilization was beyond the pace of hospital development. The women of the country realized that nursing did not begin and end at the bedside and that many, many thousands were beyond the reach of hospital service. So, as a memorial to the Queen, Canada founded the Victorian Order of Nurses, the first great nursing service divorced from hospital routine and support.

The moving spirit in the establishment of the Victorian Order was Lady Aberdeen, and her example in associating herself with this movement in district nursing has been followed by the wives of all the Governors-General since that day. Today Lady Willingdon is an enthusiastic executive officer. Each vice-regal lady has chosen some special feature of the Order as her particular care and collects funds and directs efforts along that way.

Victorian Nurses adopted a smart, simple, blue uniform that was their passport and protection in all sorts and conditions of places. In the cities, and in the town and country places where they went to nurse, their greatest responsibility was the mother and child. The Order has a record of about one death in every thousand cases, and has saved many hundreds of mothers from death at childbirth, not only through their attention at the time of birth, but in their prenatal care and training. Canada has an average of five thousand children made orphans annually by the deaths of women in childbirth, yet for thirty years the blue frocked nurses have been battling with the problem, and saving the mothers' death from preventable causes.

When the Order was established in 1897 as a national memorial to the Queen, it was the first public health organization in the country. It comprised four nurses whose services were not to be wholly charitable, but who were to be available for those who could and would pay for nursing services if they were available. Today there are more than three hundred of these women, in some seventy branches, making about six hundred thousand visits annually. Lady Aberdeen, its vice-regal founder is still living and so are those two splendid Canadian pioneer women, Mrs. W. Dennis, of Halifax, and Mrs. W. M. Rose, of Vancouver, who did the spade work, and devoted years of their time and untold energy toward the success of the movement. Both of them are still actively engaged in V.O.N. work.

[Continued on page 55]



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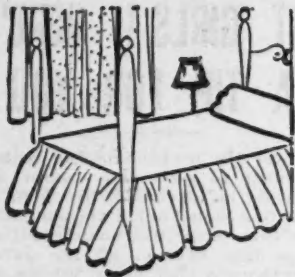


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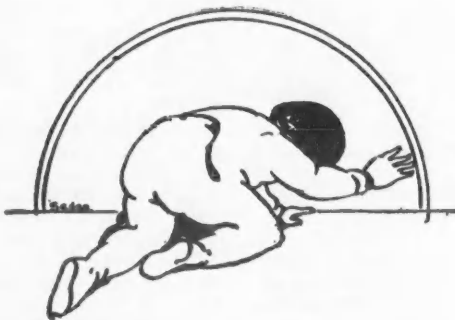
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## What of Your Child?

Continued from page 29

force them to repeat what you have read, but let them do so if they wish and listen carefully. They will then be more likely to tell you what they see and hear through the day as they grow older.

TRAINING in the following of directions and commands is invaluable to the child when he reaches school age, and to the teacher also. We all know children who never get instructions right and who have to be told everything at least twice over. When in the habit of not heeding or remembering what is said, they should be made to repeat each command until they learn to comprehend it when first uttered.

When school age is reached the emotional state in which the child leaves home is important, since it determines the course of the day, be it good or bad. Hurry is one of the worst foes to peace of mind, so rising time should be early enough to permit of a leisurely toilet and breakfast. The boy or girl who is nagged to school on time is in no fit state to start the day's work.

Parents should look for the acts which can be praised. This requires effort and so we find little praise and much blame. If we could turn the tables and make it much praise and little blame, perhaps the old world would be a happier place. Lead the child to want to do what is right and encourage his efforts to succeed. Discouragement is a hindrance, for we all do our best work when we feel we are succeeding, and children are no exception. Specific praise for work well done is much better than a general commendation such as "you're a good boy" which we hear so often.

A genuine interest at home in the school standing is essential but while appreciation should be shown for good work, comparisons must be avoided. Not every child comes into the world with the same mental equipment, and it is detrimental to both the brilliant pupil and the dull one when they are pitted against each other. This is

particularly true where the younger child is brighter and overtakes or surpasses the elder. It is not fair to expect greater achievement than the individual's honest effort will win. Some children are slow to learn and must be permitted to advance at their own rate, and they should not be twitted with their slowness, or resentment will result as it did in the case of the boy who said,

"But if I grow to be a man  
And have a little son  
That seems to be so stupid  
I'll know it ain't much fun  
For him; 'n so I'll love him  
An' buy him every toy,  
'N I'll never, never say to him:  
'You're such a stupid boy.'"

Praise—and rewards, if any—should be given on the basis of improvement. The children should be urged to excel their own record, not rival that of others. On this basis the poorest can gain some measure of success. Differing abilities should always be considered in expectations and here the psychologist and psychiatrist have been of great assistance by showing just what can be expected in individual cases.

Then, too, parents should not encourage complaints about the teacher even though they may be justified. They should consider that they have heard only one side and, if of sufficient importance, take it to the teacher and talk it over calmly with her. Nearly always, the conferences will benefit both teacher and parent, and the child will have been helped to keep faith in his instructor.

If the parent lays the foundations of character on a firm basis, shows the child that he is genuinely interested in all his activities, appreciates and praises efforts to succeed, and teaches him to take pleasure in the success of others, as well as in his own, he has made it easier for the school to do its part in educating his child for his life work.

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Have you any particular problem with your children that you would like to discuss in confidence, with an authority? Does it seem impossible to break Mary of her habit of dawdling? Or will Peter insist on telling little lies?

Mrs. Johnson, who conducts this monthly department, "What of your child?" is a noted authority on child psychology. Letters asking for advice, addressed to this department will receive her attention. Enclose stamped envelope for reply.



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BUT while Canada was busy naming nursing services, hospitals, towns, schools and streets after the aged queen in her royal retreat at Windsor, the Boers in South Africa were simmering in the revolt that led to war and broke her heart. Canada was feeling very virile and confident and loyal. She began to cultivate the imperial vision. For the first time Canadian troops were enlisted for service abroad and sailed to the war on the other side of the world. Florence Nightingale still lived and remembered the Crimea. British nurses accompanied the troops and Canada promptly organized a military nursing unit. The nurse in charge of Canada's first war nursing group was Georgina Pope, of Charlottetown, another pioneer, who is still very vigorously alive to tell her tale. She was a sister of Sir Joseph Pope, a graduate of Bellevue and had held important administrative posts in American hospitals before returning to Canada. It was Miss Pope who designed the smart military uniforms and who succeeded in having Canadian military nurses put on the dignified basis of the rank of officers. Canada was the only country in the world to honor her nurses so. Even the United States did not transfer their military nurses to officers' rank until after the close of the Great War.

Miss Pope did pioneer service again when the military nursing service at Halifax was finally transferred from British to Canadian control and Canada was under the necessity of establishing an army nursing service. Miss Pope was the first nurse appointed to the permanent military nursing service. At the outbreak of the Great War, Miss Pope again returned to active service, and held in turn several important posts in military hospitals in England and France before her health gave way.

THROUGHOUT all these changes and innovations, Miss Snively was still at her post in the Toronto General, building up a great training school unexcelled anywhere in the hospital world. She had come to be recognized as one of the leading nursing spirits of the world, as was proved by her appointment to the executive of the infant International Council of Nurses, as an individual member, when only three countries were officially represented, Great Britain, United States and Germany.

She was deeply conscious of the need of fixed training school standards, now that there were something like seventy training schools in Canada, and in 1908 she was the prime mover in the Canadian Superintendents' Association. She had for many years been a member of a similar American association but she realized the importance of an independent Canadian society. Close on the heels of this step came an invitation from the International Council of Nurses to Canada to join as a national unit. The new association was promptly reorganized to give it sufficient scope to bring it within the requirements of the International Council. In 1909, just twenty years ago, twenty-five Canadian nurses, some of them from the Pacific coast, made the journey to London, with Miss Snively at their head, to be

formally received into the International Council.

Having seen her countrywomen established in the International Council in 1909, Miss Snively returned home to Canada, having also completed twenty-five years of service at the Toronto General. There was a notable public reception for her at which a new generation of public men and women paid tribute to her pioneer service, in gifts as well as in words. On the same evening it was announced that she was to retire from the post. She had then reached the age of sixty-two.

MEANTIME new forces were at work, and there was fresh pioneer work to be done. One of the new generation of pioneers was Ethel Johns who graduated from the Winnipeg General Hospital. She is probably the most brilliant nurse that Manitoba has produced. After some experience in Winnipeg she went to Columbia for post graduate studies but with the outbreak of war she returned to her own land and became superintendent of the Winnipeg Children's Hospital. Her next move was still farther west, to the Vancouver General, where she was appointed superintendent, with the added responsibility of assisting to found a department of nursing and health in the University of British Columbia. She became assistant professor of nursing and health and as the duties grew too heavy in her dual rôle, she resigned from the hospital and devoted herself to the university. This was the first university course in nursing established in the British Empire, the first time that nursing had been regarded as an academic study leading to a university degree. Applicants for the course had to spend two months as probationers in the hospital before being accepted for the five year course. The first two years were spent in academic studies at the university, the third and fourth years in the usual ward training at the hospital. The fifth year was elective, the nurse selecting either public health nursing, or hospital administration and nurse education.

Unfortunately for Canada about four years ago the Rockefeller Foundation enticed Miss Johns away to serve on their European staff and she has been lost to the Dominion for the present.

#### Red Cross Nursing

IN THE last class to graduate at Toronto General under the regime of Miss Snively was an alertly minded girl named Jean Browne. Her first pioneer task was to establish school nursing in Regina, then only the third or fourth city in the Dominion to attempt that progressive service. For six years Miss Browne worked tirelessly and enthusiastically at her job, and being under the eye of the provincial government she impressed it so well that she was finally offered the opportunity of establishing a school hygiene department in the provincial department of health. Nursing had won its way through to the heart of government.

In her new post she visited every corner of the province and established a school health consciousness. She was a real pioneer in spirit and achievement. At the end of four years or more, she was awarded the first Canadian Red Cross scholarship which entitled her to go to London as one of the first class founded by the International League of Red Cross Societies for the advanced study of public health. She was one of nineteen representatives from eighteen countries. Last summer she returned to the school as a lecturer and gave eight lectures on the principles of teaching applied to health education.

On her return from her scholarship course, Miss Browne was appointed to a third pioneer post when she became first National Director of Junior Red Cross in Canada.

The story of post war Red Cross nursing and health education is a romance in itself, a heritage of war. Here and there were little groups of children hanging together when their war work was done. Out of that nucleus Miss Browne has built up an organization of a hundred and fifty-seven thousand and children all supervised by trained nurses but carrying on by their own individual voluntary efforts the greatest health crusade in the history of the world, as part of that army of eleven million children the world over who are consecrated to health.

So far has Canadian nursing progressed from Eliza.

IN THIS swiftly moving age of achievement, few records excel that of the nursing profession, all a woman's enterprise. It has woven itself into the very fabric of national life. The modern nurse is an integral part of twentieth century civilization. She has taken the old makeshift hospital and stretched it out of all recognition. She has subdivided and sectionalized it, multiplied and augmented it, opened its doors to all sorts of subsidiary workers because she knows that books and flowers, and handicrafts all help her in her mission to heal. We have our general hospitals, maternity hospitals, orthopedic hospitals, children's hospitals, infectious diseases hospitals, public health and school nursing, industrial nursing, public health centres, clinics, permanent and travelling. Some one has said that the time is coming when one will be as much ashamed to admit an illness as to admit a term in jail. Canadian nursing services are doing their best to rob the public of excuses for yielding to preventable diseases. A great physician predicts that in fifty years, "infectious and contagious diseases will be of historic interest only." That is not a more improbable prediction than a forecast of today's nursing situation would have been half a century ago.

The evolution of Canadian nursing is too vast a subject to lend itself easily to compression into a miniature history. It is a subject well worthy the devotion of some one of these Canadian nurses, who could spend years of research on the romance of the cap and apron. Now is the time to do it, when the pioneers are here to speak for themselves.

## When the Men Give Thanks

Continued from page 20

two hours in a slow oven, being basted occasionally with the cider and dripping in the bottom of the pan. Just before it is ready to take out, sprinkle with bread-crumbs. Old recipes call for these in the original paste, but they encourage scorching if added early in the baking.

Let the ham cool uncovered. It is always at its best eaten cold.

#### Baked Beans

IF you do not possess an earthenware beanpot, now is a good time to acquire one. I have two—one, a great rough-surfaced old brown-black jar without

handles; the other a glazed "jug" effect with a handle. Of the two, I think my diners usually feel that they are being treated to a more genuine article, when the big jar is placed steaming at one end of the table. For these Thanksgiving occasions, I usually have it served on a round breadboard covered with green oilcloth, while over the board and surrounding the jar, I arrange anything in the way of colorful fruit and vegetables which gives the "harvest home" effect. It is a gay and original affair, and calls forth considerable enthusiasm from the guests.

The recipe for the beans themselves, is as follows:

- 1 Quart of beans
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Pound of salt pork
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of molasses
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of vinegar
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonful of mustard
- Generous black pepper

Pick over beans and wash them. Soak over-night. Cook until skins burst when a few are taken out on a spoon and the skins burst when blown upon. Place beans in earthenware bean jar. Bury the pork in the beans. Mix the seasonings and pour over.



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Nov.

"The ladder's hung on the side of the next door garage," said Vincent in a low tone. "We'll have to borrow it. Follow me."

"Where's your flashlight?" I said, trying to detain him. "How do you expect me to follow you through this jungle?"

"Too dangerous. A policeman patrols this street. And the old man sleeps with one eye and both ears wide open. Just stick close to me. I know the lay of the land perfectly."

Vincent moved off briskly. On the thick grass his footsteps made only a faint swishing. He melted into the darkness.

I tried to melt after him and walked plump into a hedge trimmed with daggers. My muffled exclamations brought Vincent back on the run.

"What do you think you're doing?" he hissed. "Can the row!"

I backed out of the hedge, groaning whenever a spine let go; also whenever one didn't. We went on. As a precaution, I hung on to Vincent's coat tail.

It proved to be a wise precaution, for when Vincent, slightly off his bearings, walked into a stone wall, he made a splendid buffer for me.

"Oo! oo! oo!" Vincent moaned, evidently trying to smother his agony. I gathered that his teeth and his right knee had suffered in the collision.

"Buck up, Vincent," I encouraged him. "A fellow has to be ready to suffer something for the fair one." I spent the intermission hunting for a bit of hedge that was irritating a rib.

The wall led to a gate, which fortunately was unlocked. This admitted us to a flower garden enclosed on three sides by a low wire fence. Beyond the fence, in the next garden, we could discern the bulk of a garage, along the side of which, if Vincent weren't twisted in his topography, hung an extension ladder.

Before lifting my end of the ladder, I paused to pull a spine out of my elbow. Our progress across the garden was slow and attended with no slight damage to innumerable flowers and shrubs that did their best to get in front of us. We halted only once. That was when Vincent plunged into an empty aquarium and dropped his end of the ladder.

"You seem determined to let Norma know you're coming," I remarked, helping him out. Vincent's reply was short but shocking.

The really ticklish business was erecting the ladder against the girl's window without noise. We finally accomplished it in spite of Vincent's persistent efforts to get in my way.

"Spring along up and get your lady love," I said, discovering another needle in my leg. "I'm in a hurry to go off somewhere and get the rest of that hedge out of me."

Vincent started up the ladder cautiously hand over hand. The window opened with a little squeal the moment he tapped on it. The ladder shook as Vincent and the girl descended.

"Oh, my bag! I forgot it!" Norma exclaimed softly.

"I'll get it," said Vincent, and began a second careful ascent.

The girl stepped close to me, peering into my face. She was fairly tall and slender. A breath of tantalizing scent went with her. Even in the darkness I caught a sparkle of eyes, but what their color I could not tell. It seemed to me she was smiling.

"Are you Bev. Denton, Vincent's friend?" she asked in a low voice.

"I'm Bev. Denton," I admitted.

She gave a little laugh. "Vincent has often spoken of you."

I wondered whether he had ever mentioned a little matter involving two thousand dollars of mine. Hardly likely! It was too bad she was committed to marrying a dud like Vincent.

AN INTERRUPTION came, sudden and dramatic. As Vincent was stepping over the window sill, lights sprang up in the room he was entering. A muscular, pyjama-clad arm reached out and assisted Vincent through the window with force. Indeed, I don't remember ever seeing a man pass through a window faster than Vincent did on that occasion.

At the same moment the lower part of the

house filled with light. A side door flew open. The girl gave a cry of dismay.

"Come on," I whispered sharply. "Run!"

I grabbed at her arm but caught her waist. This proved so much more satisfactory that I didn't bother changing.

"But, Vincent!" she objected, as we ran among the trees. "What will become of Vincent?"

Judging by the muscular arm that had swung Vincent so competently through the window, I could paint a pretty accurate picture of what would become of Vincent—but I only said: "Don't worry about Vincent. A resourceful fellow like him ought to be equal to any situation."

"Do you really think so?" she questioned doubtfully. But she no longer held back.

We struck the wrought-iron fence at some distance from the gate, which I had purposely avoided. The pursuit, I reasoned, would naturally count on our making for it.

"Over you go," I said, and swung her off her feet. She wasn't any heavier than I had expected. Almost at once I was beside her.

For the first time I looked back. A short, stockily-built man was legging it down the steps of the verandah, now brilliantly lighted. To unseen helpers he was shouting such encouraging instructions as: "Watch that front gate! You, Edward, scour the bushes and trees! She must be hiding somewhere!"

Keeping in the gloom of the trees and hurrying the girl toward the car, I chuckled. It was clear her father had no suspicion that a second man had helped engineer the elopement. Perhaps he would scare the information out of Vincent later on. Very little scaring would be necessary, it seemed to me.

When the engine of Vincent's car burst into life, a salvo of shouts rose behind us. Looking back, I laughed. The car picked up speed, we swung into a cross street, and all sound of excitement died away in the distance.

Norma laid a hand on my arm. "Where," she asked, "are you taking me?"

If she had tried for a week, she couldn't have devised a more awkward question. Until that instant nearly every movement had been instinctive. In danger of being trapped, I had naturally tried to escape. Since I could not leave the girl to the mercies of an infuriated father, I had taken her along with me. But where were we going now?

"Do you want to go back home?" I asked, stalling for time. I slowed to a mere crawl.

She turned toward me, and I caught a momentary glimpse of her face in the rays of a street lamp. Vincent had picked a beauty, I was forced to admit.

"No," she said decisively. "I don't."

While we idled along silent, empty streets, I thought hard. "I have it," I said finally. "I'll take you to my Aunt Eleanor's up on the Hill. She'll look after you until Vincent can rejoin you."

It was a most unholy hour—my watch registered 2.10 a.m.—to rouse one's maternal aunt. But Aunt Eleanor met the situation in a dressing gown, with an understanding smile, accepted my explanations without comment, and apparently won the girl's confidence without difficulty.

"I'll get in touch with Vincent," I told Norma before I left, "and let you know what's happened, as soon as I can."

Behind her hand, she yawned. "I'm so sleepy I can scarcely keep my eyes open," she apologized.

It struck me she was curiously unconcerned about Vincent's fate. Somehow the thought pleased me immensely.

PERSONALLY I worried so much about Vincent that I fell asleep the moment I laid my head on the pillow and didn't awake until ten-thirty. Having shaved and breakfasted, I called up Norma's home from a pay telephone.

"Hello," I said, "may I speak to Mr. Vincent Hueston?"

"Just a moment, please."

I was ready to swear that a hand was clapped over the mouthpiece while the servant spoke to someone nearby.

"Hello," came a gruffer, unmistakably hostile voice. "Who's speaking?"

If that voice didn't belong to the man who

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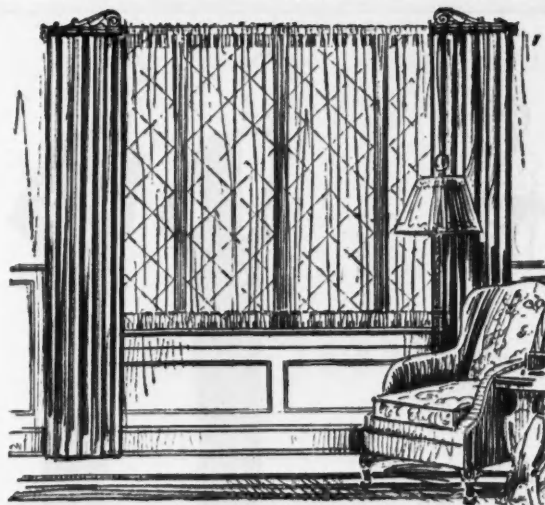
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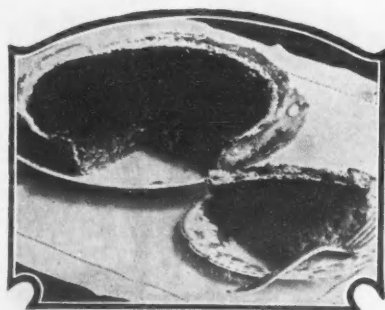
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#### COCONUT PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 can Baker's Southern Style Coconut (or 1/4-lb. pkg. Baker's Shred Coconut)
- 1 pint milk
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 4 eggs
- 1/2 teaspoon each of ground mace, cinnamon and allspice
- 1 pint mashed, stewed pumpkin
- 1 cup sugar

Put the pumpkin in a bowl, add softened butter, milk and ground spices; mix well and stir in sugar and chopped coconut. Beat the eggs until light and add to mixture. Pour into two baked pastry shells and bake in a moderate oven — 350° F. — thirty minutes. When cold sprinkle with powdered sugar.

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Cover, bake in a slow oven six to eight hours. Uncover last hour to brown. Add water as needed during the cooking.

#### Salt Rising Bread

(Martha Mulock Williams)

Salt-rising bread is a delicacy particularly connected with fall festivity and the serving of game. Its half-sour, half-savory taste is usually popular with men. It may not, in your estimation, be worth the trouble of making at home, in which case it may be quite possible to secure it from a store or your local farmer's market. If you find this fails, I shall be glad to send anyone requiring it, the address of a farm housewife I know, who makes it every week, and who would very likely mail it on order. It keeps for at least a week, and if well-wrapped, even longer. Shipping should not damage it.

Scald a tablespoonful of sifted cornmeal, and a heaping teaspoonful of salt with a pint of boiling water. Let stand for ten minutes, then stir in, taking care to mix smooth, enough dried and sifted flour to make a thick batter. Damp flour will not rise. The batter should be almost thick enough to hold the mixing spoon upright, but not quite thick enough. Set the mixture in warm water, just as hot as you can bear your hand in it. Keep up the heat steadily, but never too hot—scalding ruins everything. Keep lightly covered, and away from draughts. Look in after an hour—if water has risen on top, stir in more flour. Watch closely; in six hours the yeast should be foamy light. Have ready three quarts of dry sifted flour, make a hole in the centre of it, pour in the yeast, add a trifle more salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a half a cupful of lard. Work all together to a smooth dough, rinsing out the vessel that has held the yeast, with warm hot water to finish the mixing. Divide into loaves, put in greased pans, grease lightly over the top, and set to rise in gentle heat. When risen, bake with steady quick heat. Take from pans while hot, and cool between folds of clean cloth spread upon a rack, or else turn the loaves edgewise upon a clean board, and cover with cheese-cloth.

#### Pumpkin Pie

Cooking, scraping and sieving pumpkin meat is rather a lengthy process, and so as nothing particular is gained in flavor by using fresh pumpkin, I have come to use the canned pulp almost exclusively for pies. It is excellent in texture and seems to lose nothing of its savor in the preserving process. A cup of pulp to one pie makes an ample filling. Flavor one cup pulp with:

- 1/2 Cupful of brown sugar
- Pinch of ginger
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Egg
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of milk

#### Cider Punch

To a quart of cider add half a dozen cloves and a stick of cinnamon, with the grated rind of one-half a lemon. Bring to the boil and cool. Serve very cold.

#### Doughnuts

There is, of course, not much variation in recipes for doughnuts. The following one, recommended by the Central Technical School, Toronto, is excellent:

- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1/2 Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1/2 Cupful of milk
- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of cinnamon or 1/2 nutmeg, as preferred

The frying of doughnuts so that they are neither pale nor too brown, seems a particular trick to me. To leave them in the fat until they are just a golden brown, and then just that cook's "second more," seems to produce the most delectable results.

Do not sugar until they are rather cool. This prevents the sugar from melting and sticking.

**A**NOTHER menu which is perhaps more pretentious but equally popular, is a venison dinner. The preparation of venison is almost entirely "beforehand"; the actual cooking does not take much more attention than an ordinary roast of beef. The complete dinner is as follows:

- Venison Steak or Saddle of Venison
- Baked Sweet Potatoes
- Grape Punch
- Red Currant Jelly
- Cranberry Sherbet
- Romaine or Endive Salad
- Roquefort Dressing
- Salted and Savory Biscuit
- Fruit
- Coffee

#### To Prepare Venison

Rub venison well with salt, sugar, and a teaspoonful each of black pepper and allspice. Let stand a day or two, and add a medium-sized sliced onion. Roast. While cooking, lard well with fresh lard, add water as necessary, as venison is very dry and juiceless. Add a pint of tart cider toward the last. Make gravy, adding a little thickening if necessary. Add a little salt and two tablespoonfuls of any dark jelly, like guava or currant.

#### Grape Punch

To a quart of purple grape juice, add one quart of spiced cider, as described for "Cider Punch," and one quart of sparkling water or ginger ale. Maraschino cherries or sliced oranges may be added for variation and flavor.

#### Cranberry Sherbet

Mix three cupfuls of cranberry juice with one cupful of water, sweetened heavily, and add the juice of half a lemon. Let stand for an hour and freeze. The unbeaten white of an egg may also be added to make body, if desired. Serve with the game course.

#### Roquefort Dressing

To ordinary French dressing add sufficient mashed Roquefort cheese to give a thick consistency. Serve on iced romaine or endive on separate salad dishes.

#### The Table Setting

A novel idea for the setting of a "stag" dinner or supper table, is to arrange the seating so that there is no real "head" of the table, since the mistress of the house is not to be present at the foot. Two branching candelabra or a pair of candlesticks at either end, accompanied by a bowl of richly-colored fruit is an impressive and appropriate arrangement. At centre, a decanter or anything to represent the festive jug, holds cider or grape punch.

## Three's a Crowd

Continued from page 6

north-eastward across the city in Vincent's brand new sport roadster—financed in part, I shrewdly guessed, with a fat commission on that two thousand I had fed the defunct tractor company—not a star winked from the sky, not a square millimetre of moon peeked from the clouds. A desolate east wind swept the almost deserted streets, and there was a spit of rain in the air.

We turned into a crescent of substantial residences set well back in generous grounds

behind a screen of tall maples. Vincent slowed down.

"There's the place," he said, pointing toward a dark, half-hidden structure on the right. "We'll park just around the curve."

"Now," I whispered, when we had crept back on foot and vaulted the low iron fence, "make it snappy. This acting as best man at an after-midnight elopement doesn't appeal to me—even with a retaining fee of twenty-five bones."

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had broadcast orders from the front verandah after the mismanaged elopement, I was a Hottentot.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Vincent Hueston," I said politely.

The voice barked: "What makes you think he's here?"

"Well," I said, "the last I saw of him he was being jerked through an upper window in your house. In view of the hearty welcome he got, it isn't unreasonable to assume he hasn't been able to tear himself away yet."

It sounded as if a bunch of firecrackers had been let off at the other end of the wire.

"He's here," bellowed the voice, "and here he's going to remain until my daughter returns."

"Although I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," I said cordially, "I'd like to shake your hand. You and I evidently feel the same way about Vincent. Please don't weaken on that."

Another burst of firecrackers and he hung up.

Using Vincent's car which stood at the kerb where I had left it, I sped up to Aunt Eleanor's. Seen in broad daylight, Norma was even lovelier than I had thought. It positively hurt me to drag my eyes away from her. So I let them have their own way.

"What has happened to Vincent?" she asked calmly.

"Your father has persuaded him to be his guest for a while."

Her grey eyes opened wider. "Do you mean father has made a prisoner of him?"

"Something like that," I nodded.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, her hands moving restlessly.

"That's not the question. What do you want me to do?"

She looked at the floor. A struggle seemed to be going on in her mind.

"It's this way," she burst out suddenly: "I don't want to marry Vincent. I agreed to elope with him because it seemed to offer the only means of getting away from father. I was desperate."

I thought that was the most sensible remark I had ever heard a girl make. I mean the part about not wanting to marry Vincent.

"You don't have to marry Vincent."

"But he'll hold me to my promise."

"As long as your father has him, Vincent won't be in a position to hold anybody to anything. And your father says he's going to hang on to him till you return."

Norma gave me a puzzled look. "I thought you were Vincent's friend," she said.

"No," I replied, "I am almost two thousand dollars short of being his friend. There are other reasons, too."

"Then you will help me?" she said.

"Yes," I agreed, "and as Vincent's expensive car is standing at the door and a beautiful sun is shining, let us go for a run into the country while we discuss ways and means."

While Norma was getting her hat, Aunt Eleanor came in.

"Don't you dare to take that poor girl back to her father, Bev," she warned me. "She's told me a little about her life. He's kept her so tight under his thumb she hardly knows what freedom or pleasure means."

"You know me better than that, Aunt

The Chatelaine, November, 1929

Eleanor," I reassured her. "Leave things to me."

Rolling out Dufferin Street at a comfortable speed, I said to Norma: "Have you thought of what you are going to do?"

"I don't know what to do," she said, frowning a little. "Father can't keep Vincent forever. In a day or two he'll likely be after me to marry him. And goodness knows what father'll do."

"It's a time for drastic measures," I said. "Can't you think of something?" she asked, and she turned imploring eyes upon me.

"I have a plan," I admitted.

"Oh, good! What is it?" hopefully

"You may not like it," I warned.

"Yes, I will—if it will just dispose of Vincent and free me from father."

"I'll guarantee it to do both."

She lifted shining eyes to mine. "Tell me," she urged.

"You'll have to get married," I began.

Her face fell. "But I don't know anybody who wants me—except Vincent."

"I know someone," I told her.

"Who?" she cried incredulously.

"Beverly Denton," I said, and held my breath.

She turned and gazed at me for a long time.

"You are joking," she reproached me.

"No, I am not joking," I denied.

"But do—you love me?"

"Yes," I said, "I love you. I must have loved you before ever I met you. It was fate that sent me with Vincent. Can't you see fate working through it all. It was fate that made your father reach out and collar Vincent, and remove him from the scene."

Norma laughed again, a bubbling, happy laugh. She leaned against me companionably.

"I believe you're right, Bev," she said.

I looked forward and backward to make sure that the road was clear. Then I drew to the roadside and stopped the car. I don't believe in one-arm driving.

WE BOUGHT the license with Vincent's

twenty-five dollars, and were married that afternoon. Later Aunt Eleanor provided a magnificent wedding breakfast, at which only the three of us were present.

Later still, Norma and I left for Niagara Falls in Vincent's car for a two-day honeymoon. I figured it would be that long at least before Norma's father tired of his company. And it seemed too bad that a splendid new roadster like Vincent's—and bought in part with my money—should lie unused for that length of time.

I have never recovered the balance of that two thousand dollars. In fact, I have never tried to. The account between Vincent and me has been more than squared, I feel. I said as much in the telegram I sent my father-in-law from the Falls.

Last week I read the announcement of Vincent's engagement to a Montreal girl. But as I remarked at the time to Norma, Vincent has been engaged so often that it's doubtful whether this one will take.

Anyway we sent him a card of very cordial congratulation

## M u f f i n s

Continued from page 58

He wrote a cheque, while Alice laughed and Jimmy looked on in a daze.

MR. SIMPSON talked on for a while after that, and Jimmy began to see what had happened from what he said. When at last, they were alone together, except for Muffins, Jimmy stood up and looked at Alice. She looked down at Muffins. Muffins looked up at them, first one, then the other.

Something swept them together, some force outside and also within them. Alice sobbed in Jimmy's arms, smiling as she sobbed. And there is nothing a girl likes so much as smiling sobs.

Jimmy didn't say anything for a moment. He just held her, stroking her hair.

At last he said, gathering the barking Muffins also into his arms. "As a dog hater I'm a fake, as a husband I'm a dog, and as a business man—you're it!"

Jimmy was given to extravagant statements, like that.

"Oh, Jimmy, I've got you back again!" cried Alice.

Muffins remains a *casus belli*, but the war isn't taken seriously any more. Jimmy wants to overfeed him, and Alice insists on keeping him fashionably slender.

"Dog Muffins," the world's best dog food, may be purchased from your dealer.

## Trifles That Pursue Perfection

Continued from page 29

more than half way to meet weathered oak shoes. Greys also show a beige tone.

### Handbags

It is still considered smart to match handbags and shoes, so black, brown, and blue bags are in the vanguard, supplemented with greens and red. The pouch bag, modified in size and rather flattened, is the bag that will be carried by the smartest women and the "sabretache" is good both for day and evening. These bags possess very little ornament beyond a clasp which is fearfully and wonderfully wrought and sometimes almost disappears into the frame. Moiré, velvet and satin and bits of wonderful brocade, have joined tweeds in the procession that accounts for the overwhelming vogue of the fabric bag. Bags of this type may make a suite with hat and scarf.

### Scarves

The scarf again is to be reckoned with as a major mode. A new idea is to mate it with the coat lining. This will probably be very interesting when fur coats come along. Tweed scarves are a novelty, and are often linked up with the new hats made of tweed ribbon. They also appear in colors to match tweed suits and coats, but in different patterns. Scarves of fancy jersey are used in the same way to match hat bands and sweaters—very easy to concoct yourself. Such scarves are usually narrow, and are smartest when tied like a four-in-hand or a stock. Scarves of Shetland wool tied in the same fashion or in a big bow, also join the category of smart sports fashions. Silk scarves printed and embroidered show fascinating new circular motifs.

Evening scarves, sometimes like embryo shawls, are made of exquisite fabrics, and grow more prevalent.

### Neckwear

The vogue of the picturesque is emphasized by the return of lingerie at the neck. It may be very trim, just a touch of organdie veiling and lace, like grandmother's tabs and collars. It may flow in jabots of flesh pink or eggshell or be scalloped in piqué petals, but collar, cuffs and vestees, all point to decidedly feminine modes. Vestees of satin that are almost like sleeveless blouses are very practical to wear with velvet jacket frocks.

### Blouses

All this leads quite naturally to the question of blouses. The blouse has staged a revival you know. It is so important in the fashion world that the great French designers show blouses as a separate item of the wardrobe. It is worn not only with

a suit but with a separate skirt. The tuck-in blouse is the smartest, and a very simple way of attaining the raised waistline, which in highest fashion circles is an accomplished fact. The culotte blouse—a blouse cut in one with knickers—is gaining ground among sports fashions. The blouse of satin or crepe de Chine is equally at home with tweeds and velvets and a very favorite aid to the fashionable black and white costume. A jersey "tuck in" is a new idea, and often the jersey is interwoven with metal threads.

### Belts

With all this talk of blouses and higher waists, belts could hardly fail to make an appearance. The belt that helps the over-blouse and the wool one-piece toward a nipped-in appearance, is usually a narrow one of leather. Many of the new evening dresses are belted but nearly always with the same material.

### Flowers

Starting with a famous evening dress by Louiseboulanger; which used white gardenias for one shoulder strap, flowers have made an appearance in unexpected places—on the hip, round the décolletage or on the hem of a cardigan sports jacket. They are definitely *à la mode*, but only treated in individual manner.

### Jewellery

Almost regarded as an integral part of the costume, the new jewellery grows more intricate in design, and more massed in effect. It is smarter to wear one, wide, well designed bracelet, than a row of little ones. It is smarter to wear the inevitable pearls in four strands than in one. Chokers grow larger. Fine beads are worn strand upon strand. The semi-precious stones—lapis, aquamarines, peridots, turquoise, jade, coral, rose-quartz, crystal, amber are exceedingly smart. Some are set with diamonds and onyx. Pendants are returning to favor, just as ear-rings, as must be expected with the vogue of longer hair, are becoming passé.

### Gloves

Last of our "trifles-that-make-perfection," gloves are more important fashionably, than ever they were when to be well gloved was a sign of breeding. Slip-on gloves and gauntlets are worn over the sleeves of dresses and those of the longer type wrinkle at the wrist.

Once more they are part of the accepted mode for the evening. Pastel tones are preferable to white, suede to kid. They wrinkle half along the forearm and have two buttons. Black gloves have been seen in Paris, but to carry them off requires personality and chic.



## The Home Bureau

Continued from page 23

recommend this treatment for chairs of which only the seats and backs are leather. The only successful method of changing the character of this type of chair is to make tie-covers of linen bound with color, or entirely chintz, for the seats and backs. An appliqué of one of the motifs from your chintz, (perhaps the bird) on natural colored linen, bound with purple would be effective. Then, if you are not particularly anxious to preserve the walnut finish of your chairs, I should paint them green. This is not such a

drastic step as it seems, for if the chairs are covered in imitation leather, they are very likely not walnut at all, and do not lose caste by being painted. If I were you, I should cut down the jardinière stand to half or even a third its height, and paint it green as well, or perhaps the gay red of the flowers in your chintz. If you are going to really turn den furniture into something for a sunroom, this is about the only course you can pursue. Cover the footstool with the chintz and paint it one of the two colors suggested likewise.



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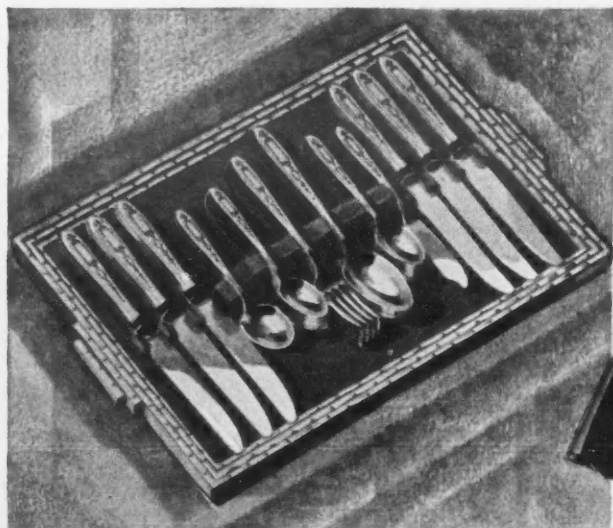
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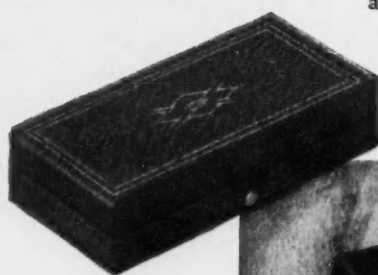
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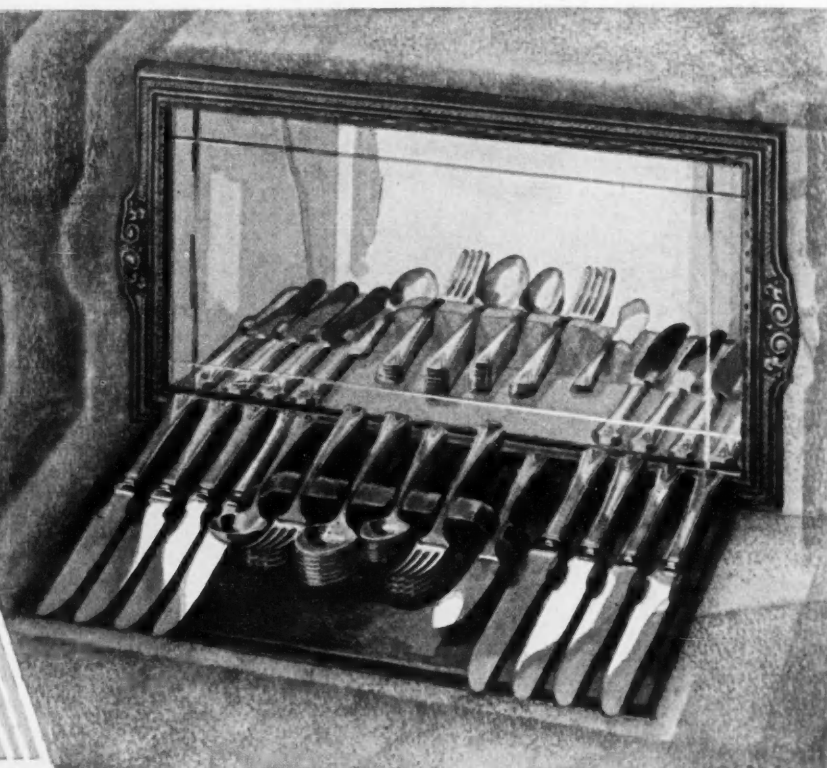
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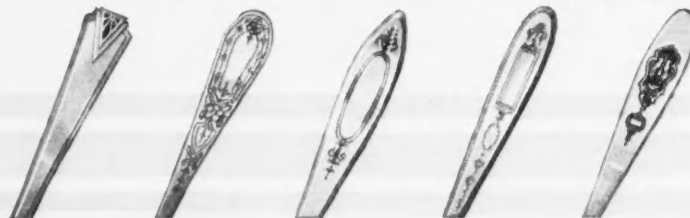
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paint or stain the golden oak pieces black. A note of bright color would help the whole room, and you might get that by repainting your wicker table and the rocker now blue, a bright orange. Or if you think that too bright, paint the rocker black like the other pieces, and have the table orange alone. Curtains of henna linen or shadow cloth would give you more warmth, as well as a cushion or two of the same material for the seats of the wooden chairs. I'd make a number of cushions of different plain colors for the couch—black, tan, blue, orange and green, matching as nearly as possible those colors in the shadow cloth with which it is covered. If I were you, I should paint the linoleum already on the floor, about the same tan as the burlap—it must be very depressing now. Then you can cover it with a plain rug of about the same color or one with a tan background and touches of color in keeping, so that the lack of wooden flooring will not call too much attention to itself.

*The Small Bedroom  
With a North Window*

**I**N READING your answers to other perplexed home-makers, I have received so many helpful hints and your answers have been so kind, that I am joining the ranks and bringing my problem to you. May I?

It is this—the room is a small one with a north window. The walls are cream, the bed is painted apple green and has a slip cover and cushions of that shadowy heavy cretonne with soft rose and little dabs of lavender flower motif, a little green chair and a cedar chest. A bookcase, rug and curtains are the things I need your advice about. What color shall I paint the bookcase? It is a little low one.

I had thought of black, but feel a little dubious about it. I have a little lamp of modernistic design, green base, which is to be placed on this case as there is not room for a table. The curtains I am using at present are cream frilly ones. Will they do? I have read of gold gauze in some of your letters. Would they be better? We never have any direct sunlight in this room, and I am striving for a sunny effect.

Last question of all, what colors shall I have in my rug? It will be a small one.

I believe I should lacquer the table lavender, and dip the frilly cream curtains the same shade. As for the rug why not hook one? It won't take long, and you can get the exact shades you want. Try for a rose ground with green and lavender worked in the pattern. If you buy it, you can perhaps get the same colors.

*Rugs and Drapes  
For a Living Room*

**I** TOO, am a subscriber of *Chatelaine*, and like it very, very much. I never miss reading "The Home Bureau," and have received many helpful suggestions from it.

Since you have helped so many others, I do hope that you will find time to help me with my problem.

It is the problem of rugs and drapes for my living room. The room is 12 x 17 feet and faces south. The walls are done in a sort of parchment color plaster, while the ceiling is a greyed white, but looks creamy on account of the walls. The floor is done in light hardwood. There is a large fireplace done in creamy plaster. The woodwork is finished in mahogany. I have a dark brown three-piece Chesterfield suite, and the reversible cushions have mixed colors of red and orange, predominating with touches of yellow and blue. So far I have one standing lamp whose background is the same color as the parchment plaster, and the flowers are in red and orange with touches of blue and green.

There are two doorways, leading out of the room, one slightly larger than the other.

Could you tell me what drapes would be most suitable to put in the doorways, and what is the latest style in hanging them? Would they have to be flowered, because the walls are plain? What colors?

Is it smarter to have one rug in the centre

of the floor, or several scattered ones? What colors would these have to be?

There are double doors in the living room which open out on a Spanish balcony. These doors are half-glassed, and serve as the windows of the room, there being no others. What would be the best way to curtain these? I would like to have the same overdrapes on the windows that go in the doorways, if it be "correct" to do so, provided that they were so arranged, that the doors could be opened at any time.

The room has a southern exposure and overlooks a beautiful park. I would be very glad if you could suggest a furniture arrangement for the room, too. I do hope that I am not asking too much.

We haven't bought everything yet. (I have always lived in furnished apartments.) I think, however, that we have the main items. The things I have to get now are the "fillers in."

Here is what we have:

Three-piece Chesterfield suite  
Wing arm chair  
Large radio  
Large bookcase  
Gateleg table  
Four Windsor chairs  
One standing lamp (I want another one)

Everything is walnut, which matches the color of the Chesterfield suite. I still want pictures, cushions, a magazine rack or two, one or two small end tables, etc.

**W**HEN one meets as complete an undertaking as your enquiry represents, it always seems to me that I must point out first of all that the advice I am about to give is not based on any theory of "correctness" or "the latest style" or "smartness" but so far as it is given anyone who has studied interior decoration to understand these things, on the wise disposal of the material at hand aided by such additions as one can afford. And that choice is based solely on what is already provided. Therefore I should say that as your walls are very neutral, your furniture very sombre and both of a plain color, that your best choice for draperies would be a rich chintz or cretonne. Plain material would be equally "correct" but not so suitable in this case. Choose something with autumn coloring, reds, orange, russet and perhaps some opulent relief in purple or green. As for the rugs, it is equally good taste to have one large plain rug, or a number of small orientals. If you choose the former, get a Scotch or a domestic broadloom in a golden tan; if the latter, try to choose motifs containing a good deal of rich, deep brown, red and orange. There are very beautiful, large domestic rugs in the Axminster type of weave, almost entirely one tone with an effective central or corner design. You might be interested in these, but I should certainly not advise an oriental pattern in a large domestic rug. Sometimes a very effective adaptation of a Chinese pattern may be found in Canadian-made rugs, but I believe that your room would be better with something either as plain as possible in a light all-over color, or in a number of genuine small orientals, placed parallel with the walls, and not "helter-skelter."

For the half-glass windows, I believe gold gauze would be best, with the overhangings of the chintz rodged on one of the very effective new spear rods, preferably of wrought iron and not painted or decorated. You can probably push the curtains far enough back over the door-frames to admit of opening the doors at any time. This type of rod would also suit the doorway.

It is fortunate that your room has a southern exposure, because you have so little window-space. For this reason, too, the chintz in warm colors is needed, in some fairly large all-over design, with cushions continuing the same warmth of tone.

I am forwarding you a proposed arrangement for your furniture.

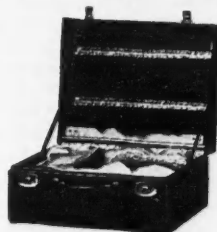


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**WOODWARD'S**  
**"Gripe Water"**

**KEEPS BABY WELL** 12

You can very inexpensively cover the sun-room floor with a quaint braided rug, or make a hooked mat for it in friendly color and design. A grass rug is suitable only for summertime, but there are some very charming types and colors to be had at the big shops if you care to write for descriptions of them. For a year-round, room, however, I should choose the first I have suggested. If you want to dispense with a rug entirely in that room, battleship linoleum in tile pattern makes a charming sunroom floor.

As to the other floor and walls of both rooms, I cannot advise you very successfully until I know how they are at present treated, whether or not you wish to go to the expense of re-papering, and what rugs you now have. I shall be glad to do so when I have this information, however. As for the lamp, a parchment shade with rather vivid colors in the general scheme should do. I like the idea of green cushions for chairs, and chintz ones "extra" for the couch.

### Treating Interior Walls

AS AN interested reader of your magazine, I shall be glad if you can tell me the best method of treating interior walls of an old house, bearing in mind that cheapness is the main consideration as the house is an old one. The walls are composed of six-inch shiplap over which has been stretched cheesecloth which has been used as a foundation for papering. This has not been a success, however, as the paper does not lie flat, but hangs in bulges and is very unsightly.

SHIPLAP being nothing more nor less than a board wall, and the cheesecloth which has been stretched over it as a precaution against the paper tearing when the boards warp being a very frail support for paper, I should dispense with both. You can very reasonably put in beaver board panelled with stained wood, or large sheets of gyproc, over which paper can be successfully applied.

### An Old-Fashioned Sitting Room

I HAVE read with interest your articles in *The Chatelaine*, and at last have summoned enough courage to ask advice on my own problem—the sitting-room.

I live on a farm, and the house is large and old-fashioned. The sitting-room walls are of wood in an ugly brown shade for 3½ feet up, and of brown burlap the rest of the way, the rather high ceiling a deep cream.

The floor is covered with an inlaid linoleum patterned in dark green. In this room, there are four doors, three windows, rather high, and a fireplace.

As yet I have not much furniture. I have a couch and stuffed chair, covered with a rather pretty shadow cloth in subdued tones of blue, green, gold and tan, of which I am enclosing a sample. There are also a small square table and rocker painted black; an old-fashioned bookcase and desk combined, and a china cabinet of golden oak, one other rocker and small wicker table painted blue. I am afraid this does not sound very attractive!

Can burlap be kokomined? Or is there some other treatment more effective? As I do not care for shiny varnish on a large wall surface, could the woodwork be painted or oil-stained?

The room is not very bright, so could stand a little color, although I do not care for too bright a color scheme, but more for subdued effects.

What sort of curtains and rug do you suggest? I thought your description of the dining room in the July number of *The Chatelaine* with the "simple, ruddy atmosphere" most attractive.

YOU have not such a bad basis to start from as you might think. The woodwork can easily be freed of its unsightly paint and stained a dark oak color—the same shade as the dark sepia tone in your shadow cloth. You can paint the brown burlap if you wish, either blue or tan. I believe you would be happier with tan—also of the shade in your shadow cloth.

Then, if I were in your place, I should



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## Five Ways of Using Stale Bread



THE problem of what to do with stale bread is perhaps more vexing in the hot summer months than at any other time of year. If, however, you are careful to preserve all left-over slices in a cool, well-ventilated receptacle, there are numerous appetizing dishes in which they may be utilized.

Care must be taken to keep the bread from molding. It must never be kept in a covered pail or jar, but in a wire basket or bread-box with airholes. A good plan is to keep separate the soft inside parts of the loaf these may be used for croutons, toast points, in dressing for meat and fish dishes, puddings, omelettes, scalloped dishes, or croquettes.

By softening them first, one may use the crusts in stuffing for poultry, fish, spare-ribs, veal, or game. Chiefly, however, this portion of the loaf is best made use of as crumbs. Breadcrumbs, browned in the oven, are much better than cracker crumbs for covering anything which has been dipped in egg.

### Brewis

Brewis offers an excellent means of saving stale bread—and adding a new and savory dish to the menu at the same time. To make it, use only the smallest odds and ends of the bread, crumbling the larger portions into inch pieces. Melt 2 tablespoonfuls of butter in a spider and put in 3 cupfuls of stale bread; then pour over it 2½ cupfuls of milk and allow it to simmer, stirring occasionally to keep the bread from sticking to the pan. Seasoned with a dash of salt and white pepper, and served piping hot, this makes an excellent number on the evening menu.

### Brown-Bread Sauté

Brown-bread sauté is another dish in which stale bread may be used. Boston brown bread is best, with the crusts cut away. Fry bacon until it is curling-crisp, then drop the bread in the bacon fat and fry on both sides. Served with a slice of bacon on each brown round, this is an attractive and wholesome lunch.

### Griddlecakes

Griddlecakes may be greatly improved by the addition of 1½ cupfuls of stale bread-crumbs. An equal measure of scalded milk is poured over the crumbs, with 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Then 2 well-beaten eggs are added, and ½ cupful of flour, ½ teaspoonful of salt, and 3½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

### Bread Roulettes

Soaking a cupful of stale breadcrumbs in ½ cupful of milk mixed with an egg and a dash of salt, makes delicious bread roulettes. The mixture is sprinkled with flour, rolled into tiny balls, and fried in hot fat.

### Croquettes

One of the most edible dishes to be made from breadcrumbs is croquettes. Two cupfuls of crumbs are boiled 2 minutes in 1 cupful of hot milk; then the grated rind of 1 lemon, ½ cupful of currants, and ½ teaspoonful of cinnamon are added. The yolks of 2 eggs are beaten in, and the whole is allowed to cool, after which it is formed into croquettes and fried in hot fat.

These dishes, together with the many kinds of toasts and fried breads, offer several ways of using economically the inevitable accumulation of stale bread. They are not only inexpensive but are also very palatable, and when they are properly prepared they are so appetizing that the family never suspects it is aiding to keep the bread-box empty!

"MY DEAR, THE DINNER WAS A HUGE SUCCESS

and  
I cooked  
all of it  
myself"



YOU should have heard the delighted comments of my guests! I was almost—but not quite—too elated to enjoy the dinner myself.

"What did I serve?"

"Tricky little hors d'oeuvres—canapes of anchovy paste with a drop or two of Lea and Perrins'; I made them early in the day.

"Oven-fried veal cutlets for the main course—my secret of success with them is the few drops of Lea and Perrins' in the coating.

"A simple green salad with a dressing they all exclaimed over—I didn't tell them it was just my usual mayonnaise, with crumbled Roquefort cheese and the merest suspicion of Lea and Perrins' that makes the real difference—

"One of those delicious Ice Box Puddings that you make comfortably the day before—my best coffee—thin strips of grapefruit peel that I candied myself—



"It was all so easy to manage, no last-minute rush or complicated dishes; it left me fresh as a daisy to enjoy my own party and to entertain my guests. I am finding more and more that easily prepared dishes may be given such distinction by subtle flavouring, and for all my savoury foods now I depend on Lea and Perrins'—a few drops of this famous sauce gives just the balance of wonderful seasoning that one could never achieve oneself, with a troublesome array of herbs and spices. It's like having a marvellous

chef at one's elbow, to contribute the knowing secrets we ordinary mortals would never know."

"But what of the repetition of flavour in those several course—do you mind my bringing that up?"

"No indeed—I'm glad you did. You see, the point about Lea and Perrins' is that it does not only lend its own distinctive touch—but it brings out the actual flavours of the foods it seasons too; you use so little that all the flavours blend, nothing dominates. Like French cooking, you know; but made so easy, when all the difficult part is done by Lea and Perrins'."

—the sauce for subtle seasoning.

### Oven-Fried Veal Cutlets

Divide cutlets (cut ½-inch thick), into pieces of right size for serving; roll up irregular trimmings neatly, fastening with a small skewer. For coating, have ready very finely rolled cracker or dry bread crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper—and an egg, slightly beaten, diluted with a tablespoonful of water and seasoned with ½ teaspoon Lea and Perrins'. Dip the cutlets first in the seasoned crumbs, to give a dry surface, then in the egg and again in crumbs. Arrange on a trivet in shallow roasting pan, with butter and baking dripping or other suitable fat; cover and put into hot oven to sear well, then reduce to moderate heat and cook until tender—30 to 40 minutes altogether. The secret of success lies in the seasoned coating and the oven method of cooking is an easy and convenient one. Serve red currant jelly with the cutlets.

# LEA & PERRINS SAUCE



# BUYING APPLES FOR ALL PURPOSES

by  
Margaret E.  
Read



Alexanders, St. Lawrence and Wealthy—three popular varieties.

**A**PPLES are one of our most popular Canadian fruits; so popular, in fact, that large quantities of our best varieties are exported. The height of the apple season is during the month of November, when there is a greater assortment of varieties and prices are at their cheapest.

In buying apples, one's choice of variety will naturally be governed by the use for which they are intended. Some apples are best for eating, some good only for cooking, and others known as general purpose varieties.

The late summer and early fall varieties, such as Yellow Harvest, Astrachan, Duchess and Montreal Peach, are all good general apples, but none of them keep well, nor ship well. So that their market is confined largely to the local consumption and their season is exceedingly short. Astrachans are frequently used with other fruits for jellying and also because of the attractive color and flavor which they impart.

The Wealthy is found on the market from September until the end of November, and is very popular while it lasts, but these apples do not keep well beyond their season. The flavor is quickly lost. The Alexanders are large, highly-colored apples, obtainable from September until the end of November and used only for cooking. The St. Lawrence, which is on the market during October and November, is an exceptionally fine eating apple and makes a fairly good cooking apple. Unfortunately they do not keep well. Tolman Sweets are very popular in certain localities during October and November. They are an excellent all-round apple. Greenings, which are on the market from October

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Read has followed the calendar for the first half of the month in her suggested menus. Thus fish is shown in the first one, for a Friday, and a Thanksgiving menu in the eleventh one.

All the dishes are familiar, with the exception, perhaps, of Philadelphia Pepper Pot. The recipe is as follows:

- |                                |                               |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1/4 Cupful of sliced onion     | 1/2 Pound of honeycomb tripe, |
| 1/4 Cupful of chopped celery   | cut in cubes                  |
| 1/4 Cupful of chopped green    | 1 1/2 Cupfuls of potato cubes |
| peppers                        | 1/2 Teaspoonful of ground     |
| 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter     | peppercorns                   |
| 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour      | 3/4 Tablespoonful of salt     |
| 5 Cupfuls of hot chicken broth | 1/2 Cupful of cream           |

Cook the vegetables in 3 tablespoonfuls of butter 15 minutes, add flour and stir until well mixed, then add the remaining ingredients except the cream. Cover, and cook slowly 1 hour. Just before serving add the cream and remaining butter. Serve very hot.

until March are among the best all-round apples. Many people consider them our best cooking apple, and during January they are also good for eating. The McIntosh is, undoubtedly, one of the most popular apples in Canada to-day. It is grown in practically all of our apple districts from British Columbia to Nova Scotia, and is a lovely, dark red color, tending to a light crimson on the shady side and often possesses a heavy blue bloom. They are an excellent dessert and eating apple, in season from October until the latter part of March. The Fameuse or Snow Apple, which grows largely in Quebec and Ontario, is a medium size apple, deep red in color and of excellent quality. It is one of the highest priced apples on the market. Its season, however, is rather short, as it is not good until

after the first frost and it lasts only until the end of January. After that it withers and loses its flavor quickly. The Gravenstein is a very popular apple from Nova Scotia and British Columbia. It is a large apple, attractive in color, and is marketed during November and December. After that it becomes soft and withered. The Wolf River apple, one of the largest apples grown, is obtainable from September until the end of November. Although it is considered only a cooking apple it makes an excellent dessert when baked. The Baldwin, a late winter variety, is a very good cooking apple but seldom used for eating. The Ben Davis is another cooking apple of good size and color. It keeps especially well, lasting until the latter part of March. The Delicious is a large, highly-colored eating apple, a very popular winter variety lasting until March and April. The apple has five prominent knobs at the blossom end which gives a distinct characteristic appearance. The Russet is a medium sized apple which is very hard during November and December, but is particularly good for eating from January until March. The Jonathan is a western apple of excellent quality. It keeps well and may be obtained through the late winter. The King is a very popular early winter variety which lasts well throughout the winter, and is an excellent general purpose apple. Northern Spies are probably the best all-round apples on the market; and as they have such excellent keeping qualities their season is the longest, lasting from November until well into June. The appearance of the Wagener belies its quality, for it is very

[Continued on page 66]

## Meals of the Month

BREAKFAST		
Sliced Oranges	Bacon	Jam
Rolls	Coffee	Cocoa
Stewed Prunes with Sliced Lemon		
Cream of Barley	Fish Balls	
Rolls	Coffee	Jelly
		Cocoa
Half Grapefruit		
Wheatena	Honey	
Hot Biscuits	Coffee	Cocoa
Raw Apples		
Roman Meal		
Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast		
Tea	Coffee	Cocoa
Fresh Grapes		
Sunerva Cereal	Syrup	
Pancakes	Coffee	Cocoa
Bananas		
Jirah Breakfast Food		
Pinnan Haddie Milk Sauce		
Toast	Conservé	
Tea	Coffee	Cocoa
Orange Juice		
Cream of Wheat		
Fried Liver	Jam	
Muffins	Coffee	Cocoa
Tea		

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER		
Scalloped Egg Noodles	Stewed Pears	
Cocoanut Macaroons	Tea or Coffee	
Corned Beef and Cabbage		
Raw Fruit	Tea or Cocoa	
Chicken Patties		
Lettuce Sandwiches	Cake	
Tea or Cocoa		
Stuffed Green Peppers		
Stewed Apricots	Cookies	
Tea or Cocoa		
Clam Chowder		
Apple Sauce	Gingerbread	
Tea or Cocoa		
Casserole of Rice and Left-Over		
Meat with Tomato Sauce		
Lemon Jelly with Whipped Cream	Tea or Cocoa	
Baked Sweet Potatoes		
Stuffed Celery Salad	Strawberry Preserves	Hermits
Tea or Cocoa		

DINNER		
Boiled Codfish, Hollandaise Sauce	Mashed Potatoes	Fried Egg Plant
Apple Pie	Coffee	
Hamburg Roll		
Franconia Potatoes, Creamed Carrots	Cottage Pudding	
Chocolate Marshmallow Sauce	Coffee	
Roast Goose, Apple Jelly		
Baked Sweet Potatoes	Brussels Sprouts	Orange Shortcake
Coffee		
Wing Steak		
Boiled Potatoes, Creamed Onions	Poor Man's Pudding	Caramel Sauce
Coffee		
Dressed Pork Tenderloin		
Au Gratin Potatoes	Buttered Beets	Spanish Cream
Coffee		
Veal Chops		
French Fried Potatoes	Vegetable Marrow	Apricot Tarts
Coffee		
Roast Chicken with Dressing		
Creamed Potatoes, Diced Turnips	Brown Betty	Coffee

BREAKFAST		
Stewed Figs	Red River Cereal	Sausages
Toast	Marmalade	Cocoa
Tea	Coffee	
Baked Apples		
Cornmeal Porridge	Grilled Kidneys on Toast	
Tea	Coffee	Cocoa
Raw Pears		
Steel Cut Oats	Coffee Ring	Marmalade
Tea	Coffee	Cocoa
Grapefruit		
Cream of Barley	Fried Mush with Syrup	
Tea	Coffee	Cocoa
Stewed Cinnamon Prunes		
Roman Meal	Broiled Ham	
Popovers	Coffee	Jelly
Tea		Cocoa
Oranges		
Sunerva Cereal	Small Steak	
Muffins	Coffee	Honey
Tea		Cocoa
Bananas		
Rolls	Oats with Bran	Creamed Fish on Toast
Tea	Coffee	Cocoa
Grapes		
Red River Cereal	Lamb Chops	
Rolls	Marmalade	Cocoa
Tea	Coffee	

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER		
Philadelphia Pepper Pot	Hot Biscuits	Honey
Tea or Cocoa		
Baked Beans		
Sliced Canned Pineapple	Rocks	
Tea or Cocoa		
Cheese Souffle		
Toast	Fruit Salad	Nut Cookies
Tea or Cocoa		
Fried Oysters and Bacon		
Stewed Figs with Cream	Tea or Cocoa	
Lamb Chops, Fried Tomatoes		
Bran Muffins	Jam	
Tea or Cocoa		
Cream of Celery Soup		
with Croutons	Baked Apples	Cookies
Tea or Cocoa		
Fried Liver with Spanish Sauce		
Preserved Blueberries	Drop Cakes	
Tea or Cocoa		
Stewed Mushrooms in Cream		
on Toast	Jelly	
Tea or Cocoa	Cream Cheese	Crackers

DINNER		
Fried Fillets of Sole, Sauce Tartare	Parsley Potato Balls	Creamed Cauliflower
Ginger Pudding	Coffee	
Fresh Roast of Pork, Apple Sauce		
Franconia Potatoes	Jerusalem Artichokes	Chocolate Junket
Coffee		
Cold Roast Pork		
Spiced Crabapple Jelly	Baked Potatoes, Creamed Parsnips	Steamed Fig Pudding
Coffee		
Roast Turkey with Dressing		
Cranberry Jelly	Glazed Sweet Potatoes	Brussels Sprouts
Pumpkin Pie	Coffee	
Cold Sliced Turkey		
Lyonnaise Potatoes	Buttered Cabbage	Banana Fluff
Coffee		
Lamb Stew		
Riced Potatoes	Baked Stuffed Tomatoes	Caramel Bread Pudding
Coffee		
Venison Steak, Currant Jelly		
Potatoes on the Half Shell	Creamed Oyster Plant	Glorified Rice
Coffee		
Baked Dove		
Scalloped Potatoes	Hubbard Squash	Mock Cherry Pie
Coffee		



## The Challenge of Freedom

Continued from page 10



in the train, the other day," she went on, "about women's clubs and societies, and they blandly agreed that there were too many of them. I think that they were mistaken, for each organization is filling a purpose; each is part of a great movement by which human beings are learning to live together and to work together. They are developing qualities of loyalty and of fellowship. They learn by experience that without these qualities, nothing can be achieved which is of constructive value. They learn the value of co-operation, of honor, of playing the game; they learn to subordinate the individual for the good of the whole. These are the qualities they discover most needed if the world is to advance, and these are the qualities which should be learned in youth, so that their achievement will not entail too hard and long-drawn-out a struggle.

"If the organizations do nothing else but develop these qualities, they are worth while, and the organizations of the younger women are doubly worth while, for they foster early the growth of *service in fellowship*, which is bound to be a constructive, because a harmonious thing, and is the foundation of the realization of those duties attendant upon the gift of freedom.

"I am particularly interested in the organizations of the younger women, today," continued Mrs. Parby, "because, in a measure, at least, they are taking up the challenge which civilization offers to the present generation of girls. Yes, many of them are, in honesty and in all sincerity, taking up that challenge."

I asked her: "What is that challenge?"

"A challenge to prove themselves worthy of their freedom; to use their freedom with courage, and with a sense of responsibility; to prove themselves worthy of all those rights won for them by the struggle of brave women of an older generation. The right to a greater freedom in determining their course in life, and their sphere of service; the right to a higher education; the right to enter practically all fields of labor and business and the professional world; the right to take part in the political life of the country, and many other minor rights attendant upon their improved status as human beings, and now accepted quite as a matter of course."

"But in what sense are they taking up that challenge?"

"In showing by their service (and it is too long a story to tell, the service of these organizations) that they know that the value of rights, as L. P. Jacks has put it, 'is strictly contingent upon their subsequent development into duties.' In realizing and admitting that 'unless this development takes place, the rights won, are nothing more nor less than a social menace'; that 'duties are developed rights, and rights are but the growing point of duties.'

"The activities of these organizations show a realization that these young individuals must use their freedom with a sense of responsibility toward society, making the

most of their opportunity to build society on a higher plane, rather than to let it sink back into that state of being from which it was lifted through the courageous struggle of an older generation.

"The young woman of today has a personal freedom undreamed of, even in the last generation. It is her duty to prove herself morally and intellectually capable of using that freedom to the greatest advantage. The change in her status is particularly noticeable in the sphere of education. The college woman used to be called a 'blue stocking.' Now she is a 'co-ed!' It is symbolic of the difference between the old view and the new, that the university woman of the last generation was considered something of a freak; she is looked upon now as a normal member of society.

"This new freedom is not only social and economic but political, and I fear that girls of today are too prone to take their political equality with men a bit too casually, considering the bitter struggle waged in their behalf by other women. I should like to see modern organizations of young women, making a sincere study of the movement in different countries of the world, which resulted in the present status of women. It would help them immeasurably to realize fully the great value of the freedom which is theirs, and would bring them, too, to a keener sense of their duty to serve, if they would keep faith with the pioneer women who fought for women's rights!"

Since that talk in Alberta I have been giving a good deal of thought myself to this subject of humanity's challenge to the woman who has found freedom. It seems to me that behind it all is the big idea that, in all things great or small, in the world at large, or in each individual home, true liberty depends upon harmony—that harmony is the great constructive force, and discord destroys. Isn't it then the duty, the job that stares women in the face, individually, or in their organizations, to work with the socially-minded men of the age toward a greater harmony in the world's affairs? We all know that the great world problem today is how to further a convincing, educational programme for peace. How can we women do our share in this movement in thought?

It seems a complex and difficult job—doesn't it? Yes—until we pause to consider this; the woman of today and tomorrow must look upon life with a clearer vision, and that vision can be made keen and far-seeing, in only one way—by virtue of the "spirit which giveth light."

Yes—freedom is the "growing point of duty"—of service. If our young women of today have the will to serve to take up humanity's challenge they must be free, not only socially, economically and politically, but in another sense. They must be free from fear, from hate, from all discord, and so free to live up to a high ideal of service. Only so may women, in the glory of their freedom serve in harmony together the cause of world harmony; the great cause of peace.

Facts About Tea series—No. 9.

## Tea—and Warren Hastings

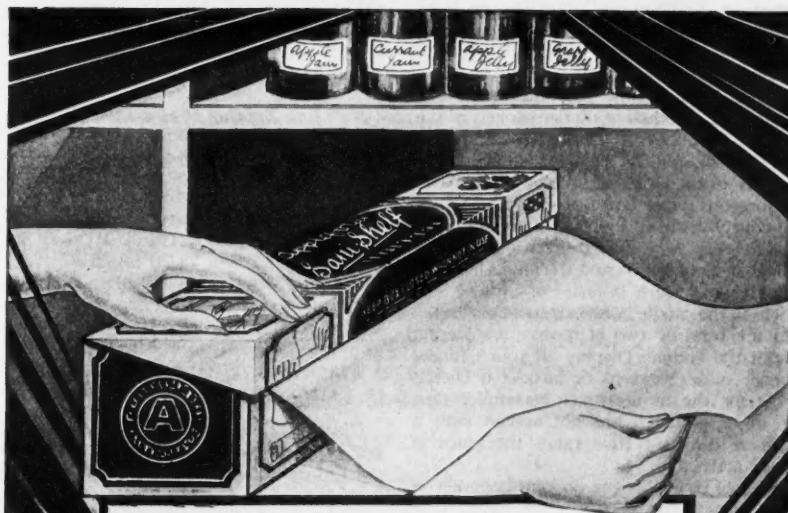
About 1780 Warren Hastings, the famous Indian Viceroy, was instrumental in introducing some varieties of China tea plants into India, but owing to the Burmese war and other difficulties in the path of the British Government, tea-growing was not on a sound footing in that country until the middle of the 19th century.

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## Buying Apples for Every Purpose

*Continued from page 64*



attractive in appearance, but is not a particularly good eating apple. It is, however, a very good winter cooking apple, in season from January until March.

Apples vary in size according to the variety, and so it is impossible to say that one size is better than another. Many people are of the opinion that the larger apples are superior, but such is not always the case. They have an advantage when used for cooking, as they are more easily prepared than smaller ones.

The color of apples adds much to their "marketability," but one should not depend too much upon color, for, although bright or deep red apples are generally associated with quality and are attractive in appearance, we have equally good varieties which can boast no red at all.

Maturity is one of the most important things to consider when purchasing apples. When under-ripe they are suitable only for cooking, and when over-ripe, needless to say, they are a very poor investment. They should be fully mature but not over-ripe, for the flavor is largely dependent upon this.

Apples should be firm fleshed, free from blemishes, worm-holes or scabs, and of regular shape. Any softness or shriveling is indicative of over-maturity. Avoid apples which are bruised or which show the slightest signs of decay. A defect which is apt to escape notice is known as bitter pit. This is a name given to small dark brown spots in the flesh, and may frequently be detected by small, sunken, discolored spots on the surface.

Apples are graded from the most expensive down, as follows: Extra Fancy, Fancy, Choice, No. 1, 2, 3 and Domestic. The first three are carefully picked, graded and packed, but not so much care is expended on the others. Where one has good storage facilities it pays to buy apples by the barrel, but with our crowded city housing, there is seldom space or suitable temperature, and in this case boxes are advisable. Apples wrapped in tissue paper are usually more expensive than the unwrapped ones, but the additional cost pays for itself in the better keeping quality of the fruit. The paper absorbs the moisture which is liable to gather and cause decay.

Apples should be stored in a well-ventilated room, with comparatively dry air and at a low temperature. The cooler apples are kept without freezing the better.

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MARIE  
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GUARD

# Chinese Dishes for Canadian Tables

*When next you entertain, why not give a complete dinner  
in the Chinese manner?*

By ELIZABETH W. SMITH

**D**ON'T you enjoy dining at a Chinese restaurant occasionally? Isn't the rice nice and dry—and that sauce that comes with the eggs Foo Yung! Perhaps you have tried to duplicate the chop suey at home and just couldn't understand why it tasted so "home-made." Surely you have wanted to know how to make those cunning Chinese cakes.

It would be rather interesting to "go" Chinese the next time you entertain. You could have a complete dinner cooked in the Chinese manner. A centrepiece of real or artificial water lilies in a low bowl, would lend an exotic, Oriental touch to your table.

Gorgeous paper lanterns could be affixed to your overhead lighting fixtures. The shades may be removed from your table, bridge or floor lamps and the paper lanterns substituted. Burn bunches of Chinese joss sticks in the candle holders instead of candles. Have a bowl or two of incense smoldering about the house. Display all your Chinese things—vases, screens or lacquered chests.

As for the dinner itself, remember that bread or potatoes are not served with a Chinese dinner. Rice takes the place of these articles.

Tea, of course, is the popular beverage of the Orient. Most good grocery stores stock Chinese tea. Jasmine tea is delicious. The brand known as Oolong is excellent also. Your true Chinese takes his tea without sugar, cream or lemon. He drinks it from the cup or bowl in which it has been brewed. This is an interesting way to serve tea if you call on a clever friend to read the fortunes of your guests in their tea leaves.

Bean shoots or sprouts are an indispensable element in Chinese cookery. These may be purchased at practically any grocery store. Chinese noodles, all ready for serving, may be purchased in convenient cans. Most of the recipes given here, employ a Chinese or chop suey sauce. There are several good brands on the market.

The following recipes have been garnered from the cooks of several well-known Chinese restaurants.

## Chinese Rice

Use an iron pot, if available. Wash rice thoroughly in five or six changes of water. Careful washing removes the sticky sub-

stance which prevents the rice from cooking dry.

To 1 cupful of rice, add 1½ cupfuls of boiling water. Cover tightly and boil for 30 minutes. Do not stir or disturb while cooking. When done, remove pot from fire and cover rice with a folded towel. Set on the back of the stove or in a low oven until ready to serve. Salt must not be added until rice is served.

## Bak Toy Gun (Chinese Soup)

To 3 pints of boiling water, add 2 tablespoonfuls of chop suey sauce. Season to taste with salt and add the following washed and diced vegetables: ½ pound mushrooms, ¼ pound bean shoots, 1 stalk of celery and 3 small onions. Boil for 20 minutes.

Beat up 3 eggs with 3 tablespoonfuls of water. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling soup, stirring soup as the egg drops. The egg will form into fanciful shapes. Serve at once.

## Ten Sune Gune (Bitter-sweet Fish)

Clean a 2 pound fish and place whole in a pot. Cover fish with boiling water, cover pot tightly and cook over a low flame for 1 hour.

Make a sauce by rubbing 1 tablespoonful of flour smooth in a little cold water. Add to 1½ cupfuls of water. Stir in 1 tablespoonful of salt, 1½ tablespoonfuls of sugar and 2½ tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil, stirring constantly until mixture thickens.

Place drained fish on a hot platter, cover with the sauce and serve with boiled rice.

## Hop Ho Gai Din (Fried Chicken with Nuts)

Cut the breast of a young chicken into strips and fry until brown in 2 tablespoonfuls of olive oil.

Mix together 1 cupful of shelled and broken walnuts, ½ pound of small, cut-up mushrooms, 1 teaspoonful of onion juice, 2 teaspoonfuls of chop suey sauce and 1 stalk of celery cut up fine.

Turn in with the chicken and let all simmer for 30 minutes. When done, thicken sauce with flour and serve garnished with whole walnuts. Almonds may be substituted if liked.

## Plain Chop Suey

Cut 1½ pounds of pork into strips and fry for 3 minutes. Add 1½ pounds of shredded veal and fry 5 minutes longer.

Mix the following: 2 finely chopped onions 1 stalk of cut celery, ½ teaspoonful of salt. Turn into pan with meat, add 3 tablespoonfuls of chop suey sauce and cook for 10 minutes, stirring often so that the mixture does not burn. Add 1 pound of bean shoots and cook 5 minutes longer. Thicken sauce with flour and serve with rice and tea.

## Duck Chop Suey

Remove skin from a 3 pound duck and cut meat into strips. Discard bones and skin. Render out enough duck fat to make 1 tablespoonful. Place fat in pan, heat and fry duck meat. Add 1½ tablespoonfuls of chop suey sauce, a dash of cayenne pepper and ½ tablespoonful of salt. Cover and let simmer 30 minutes.

Cut up 1 cupful of mushrooms and 1 stalk of celery. Mix with 1 cup of small peeled onions and put in the pan with the cooked duck. Cook mixture 10 minutes longer. Add 1 pound of bean shoots and cook 5 minutes longer. Serve with rice.

## Chicken Chow Main

Mix together ¼ pound of chopped, cooked pork and 1 pound of cooked chicken cut into bits. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of chop suey sauce and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Heat. Add 1 stalk of celery, 1 onion and ½ pound of mushrooms all cut up fine. Cook until vegetables are done. Thicken gravy with flour.

Place a thick layer of fried noodles in a bowl. Place the meat, vegetables and gravy on top of the noodles. Cover top with a layer of chicken breast meat cut into long strips. Lastly, crumble the yolks of 3 hard-boiled eggs over the top.

Serve very hot.

## Foo Ynu, Dan (Eggs)

Fry ¼ pound of finely chopped ham until brown. Add half of a finely minced onion, 6 tablespoonfuls of finely shredded celery and 1 teaspoonful of chop suey sauce. Fry for 5 minutes.

Beat 4 eggs in a large bowl until foamy. Add ham and vegetables to eggs. Mix well. Fry in large cakes in hot fat. Serve at once with sauce and boiled rice.

## Sauce

Cut up ½ cupful of pork fat and fry until crisp. Remove strips of pork. Rub 1 tablespoonful of flour smooth in cold water. Add to boiling fat and stir until thick. Add 1 tablespoonful chop suey sauce, ¼ teaspoonful of pepper and 1 teaspoonful of sugar. Let come to a boil and serve.

## Gum Lu (Golden Cakes)

Sift together, 1½ cupfuls of flour, rice flour, if possible, and a pinch of salt. Into this stir 3 tablespoonfuls of melted and clarified chicken or goose fat. Add ¼ cupful of finely ground nuts. Then stir in the beaten yolks of 2 eggs and mix well. Stir in 1 cupful of honey. If mixture is too thin, add more flour. Stir thoroughly for at least 15 minutes.

Pour into small cake pans which have been well greased and bake in a slow oven for 2 hours.



# FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

## THE JACKET SUIT AND SCARF COLLAR

## DIAGONAL LINES AND CIRCULAR FRONT



**Ensemble No. 5039**  
Bias bands trim this one-piece frock and jacket of checked woollen giving flattering diagonal lines on the blouse of the dress. The skirt is pleated at the sides, and the short coat is bordered with a bias band. Sizes 14 to 42.  
Price, 75 cents.

**Jacket No. 5040; Blouse No. 5041; Skirt No. 5043**  
This woollen basket-weave suit has a skirt with a circular front and a coat with a scarf. The tuck-in blouse is of silk crêpe. Sizes 14 to 42; skirt, 26 to 38  
Prices: coat and blouse, 50 cents each; skirt, 25 cents.

**Frock No. 5042**  
This runabout frock of wool crêpe is cut to give the new, higher, fitted hip-line and has an inserted circular front. The upper section features seaming. The collar, vestee, and cuffs are of linen, and the sleeves are set in. Sizes 14 to 40.  
Price, 50 cents.

## VERSIONS OF THE WOOL RUNABOUT FROCK AND SUIT



# DICTATES OF THE MODE

## THE FULL-LENGTH COAT AND THREE-PIECE SUIT



Suit No. 5021  
This suit of velours has a full-length coat with a shawl collar of fur and a little shoulder cape edged with fur. The cape is optional. The skirt, shown at the right on this page, has circular sides and front and back panels. Sizes 14 to 44.  
Price, 75 cents.



Frock No. 5022  
The skirt section of this one-piece frock of wool georgette crêpe is box-pleated at the sides and back below the snug hip-line of the blouse section. The bolero ties at the left side, and the sleeves have turned-back cuffs; 14 to 40.  
Price, 75 cents.

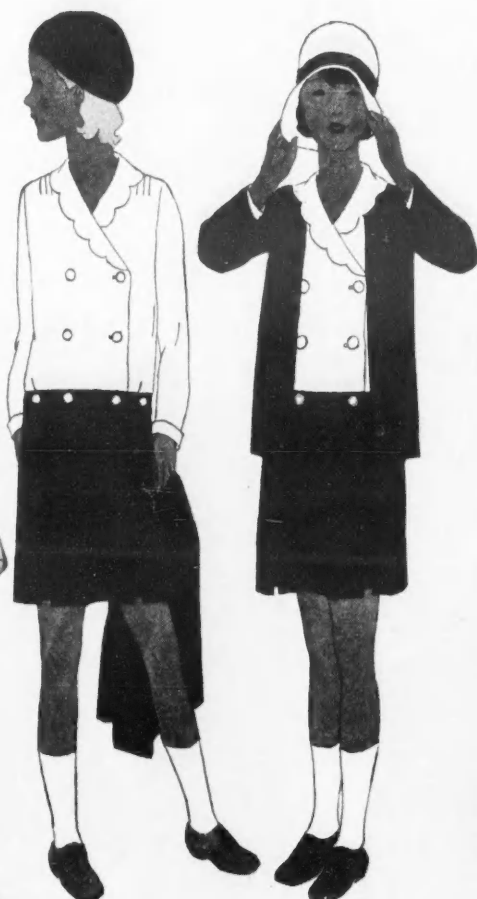
## DETACHABLE BOLERO AND SNUG HIP-LINE



Blouse No. 5023  
Suit Skirt No. 5021  
A lamé overblouse is worn with the skirt of the velours suit at the left. The skirt has a yoke top. The overblouse is softly draped at the hips. Sizes 14 to 42; suit, 14 to 44.  
Prices: overblouse, 50 cents; suit, 75 cents.

## THE BOLERO AND THE CAPE ADD SHOULDER INTEREST

# THE HOLIDAY MODE for LITTLE GIRLS



Ensemble No. 2977

(Upper right) A coat and skirt of jersey and a linen blouse compose this ensemble. A graduated fold forms the collar of the finger-tip length jacket. Sizes 6 to 14.

Price, 50 cents.

Ensemble No. 2977

(Upper left) This view shows the ensemble without the jacket. The skirt has inverted pleats and buttons to the blouse, which is double-breasted. Sizes 6 to 14.

Price, 50 cents.

Frock No. 2980

(Upper left) This charming frock of crêpe de Chine is the smaller half of a big-and-little sister fashion, the larger appearing next to it. The flounce on the skirt is optional; 2 to 8.

Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 2981

(Upper right) Graceful lines are achieved on this frock of georgette crêpe by a shirred bertha and flounce. A younger version of this model appears at upper left; 10 to 14.

Price, 50 cents.

Coat No. 2979

(Right) Velours proves a warm and serviceable fabric for this coat with epaulet shoulders. The collar is straight, and there are gathers at the neck in back. Sizes 4 to 14 years.

Price, 25 cents.

Frock No. 2978

(Extreme right) Two tones of gingham are combined in this frock with shaped collar and sleeve trimming. The pointed hem band and the sleeves are optional. Sizes 2 to 8 years.

Price, 25 cents.



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Tortoise Shell  
French Ivory  
Ebony

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Bluebird Wedding Rings from \$12.00 up.

# BLUEBIRD

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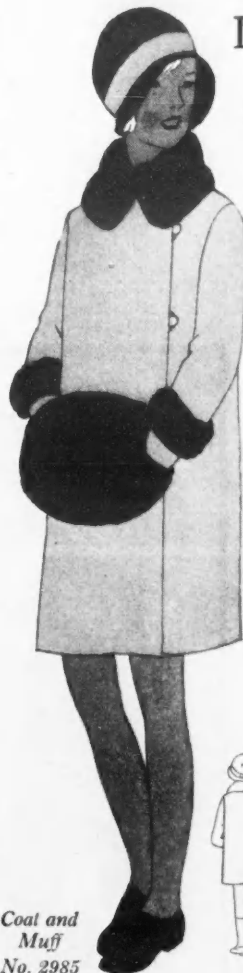
The quality of the diamond is guaranteed by both maker and jeweller and, for your further protection, every ring is registered and price attached at the factory.

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Toronto 2.

## IN- AND OUT-OF-DOOR MODES for THE YOUNGER SET



Coat and  
Muff  
No. 2985

A small ball muff of fur is an effective addition to this full-length coat of velours with collar and cuffs of a short-haired fur. Designed for sizes 2 to 14.

Price, 50 cents.



Suit No. 2983

Junior's two-piece suit of linen has a scalloped side closing on the blouse, a shaped collar, and straight trousers that button to the blouse. Designed for sizes 2 to 6.

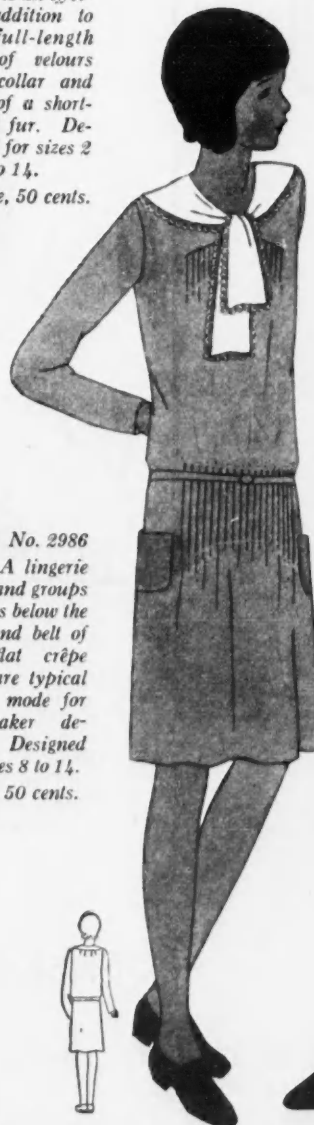
Price, 25 cents.



Frock No. 2984

This linen frock has a shaped collar and an inverted pleat at the left side front, below the scalloped and buttoned closing. Bloomers included. Designed for sizes 2 to 8.

Price, 25 cents.



Frock No. 2986

(Left) A lingerie collar and groups of tucks below the neck and belt of this flat crepe frock are typical of the mode for dressmaker details. Designed for sizes 8 to 14.

Price, 50 cents.



Coat No. 2982

(Right) Tweed is a practical medium for this coat with raglan sleeves and a belt in front. The fur facing is in one with the shawl collar. Designed for sizes 6 to 14.

Price, 50 cents.

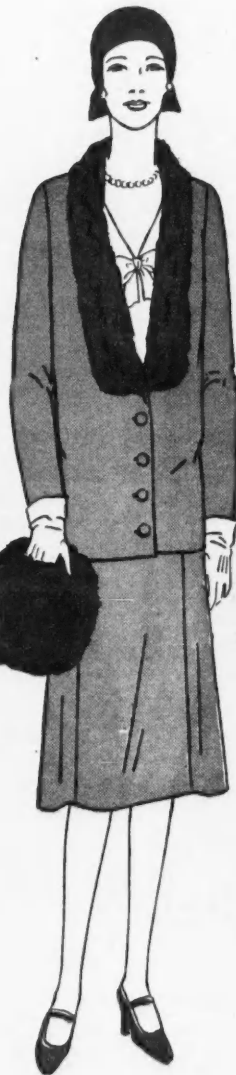
These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 56, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

# NEW NECKLINES ARE A SMART ACCENT

## IN EARLY WINTER WEAR



**Frock No. 5012**  
The circular back of this one-piece frock meets the straight front at the sides, and it is shirred at the centre and on the hips. Sizes 14 to 42. Price, 50 cents.



**Frock No. 5011**  
The flaring skirt of this soft woollen one-piece frock has a pleated front and back panel, and the trimming of the blouse is of flat fur. Sizes 14 to 44. Price, 75 cents.



**Blouse No. 5015**  
This crêpe satin overblouse may be worn as a tuck-in, and the jabot and sleeves may be omitted and a cape with epaulet shoulders substituted; 14 to 42. Price, 50 cents.

**Suit No. 5010**  
Velours is used for this suit, which has a single-breasted coat with a tuxedo collar and a skirt with circular sides and a yoke top. Sizes 14 to 42. Price, 75 cents.

**Blouse No. 5009**  
This silk crêpe blouse is worn with the velours suit at the left. It has a shaped front joining, and it may also be worn as an overblouse. Sizes 14 to 42. Price, 50 cents.



## FROCKS AND SUITS OF DISTINCTIVE STYLE



## FLARES AND PLEATS WIN EQUAL HONORS



**Frock No. 5036**  
A circular flounce lengthens this frock of silk crêpe, and a circular upper tier opens at the front. The blouse has the smart higher waist-line. Sizes 14 to 42.  
Price, 50 cents.

**Coat No. 5030**  
This chic princess coat of broadcloth has inserted godets at the side-front and side-back seams. The collar and sleeve trimmings are of fur. Sizes 14 to 44.  
Price, 75 cents.

**Frock No. 5028**  
Inserted pleated sections at the centre front and sides are a feature of this light-weight woollen frock. The long set-in sleeves are optional. Sizes 14 to 44.  
Price, 50 cents.

### THE LOW FLARE IS CHIC

**Frock No. 5054**  
(Left) This one-piece frock of light-weight woollen features the higher waist-line. The skirt with double backward-turning pleats in front joins a yoke; 14 to 42.  
Price, 50 cents.



**Frock No. 5027**  
(Right) Novelty jersey is used for this frock, which has a skirt with pleats at the left side joined to the upper section in an irregular line; 14 to 42.  
Price, 50 cents.

## BELTS AND YOKES ARE FAVORED



## The "FLEURETTE"

### A New Bedroom Suite by Knechtel



—appeals at once to home lovers who seek bedroom furniture of charm and refinement and expressive of repose and restful dignity.

The "motif" of this artistic Suite is Hepplewhite, characteristic of early French Art, yet embodying such influences of modern ideas that add to its graceful lines without detracting the charm of the master designer.

Chief of its charms are its beautiful proportions—the slender, tapering legs—the delicate ornamentations—and the truly beautiful figured walnut veneer, or crotch mahogany veneer.

Note the symmetry with which this is hand-laid by the Knechtel Furniture Craftsmen.

Other excellencies of detail are the Full Dust Proof construction. Structural Parts are solid walnut or solid mahogany. All large surfaces are made of built-up plywood, using richly figured butt walnut or crotch mahogany. Hardware—pulls, etc., are neat and in keeping with the design.

And finally, the soft, luxurious satin finish consummates the charm of this splendid Suite. Its beauty speaks for itself, while Made-by-Knechtel ensures its intrinsic value.

Ask your dealer about it.

For over 60 years the House of Knechtel has been building fine furniture, and today this firm stands as the largest manufacturer of furniture in Canada.

**KNECHTEL**  
*Quality Furniture*  
Good both Inside and Out

We suggest you tear this page out and take it to your Furniture Dealer or write us for further particulars of the Belvedere or other Knechtel Suites.

THE KNECHTEL FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED, HANOVER, ONTARIO  
"Makers of Quality Furniture Since 1864"



# Let Us Introduce—

IF YOU had been in the inner sanctum of *The Chatelaine's* editorial offices a few weeks ago, you would have heard the equivalent of a great shout of triumph, when we discovered our new serial, "Lord Vibart's Valuable Time," by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, which begins in this issue.

You would have understood the demonstration had you known the thousands upon thousands of words through which we had waded to discover a serial which we felt was good enough for you.

It had to be an unpublished novel, of course. *The Chatelaine* never publishes a serial which has appeared in book form, or in any other magazine prior to ours, in any part of the world.

It had to have suspense of the most exhilarating kind. Humor, too—lots of it. A love story that was out of the ordinary. And we preferred a Canadian setting.

Thus the rejoicing when "Lord Vibart's Valuable Time" arrived in the office, and so, through multitudinous processes, into your hands.

We feel certain that you will like it. Let us know if we are right. Or wrong.



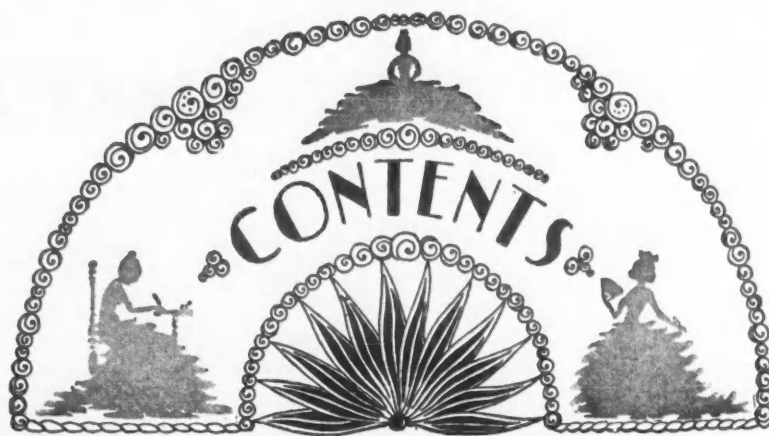
**CHATELAINE** readers are becoming very familiar with the works of Blodwen Davies. She is a Toronto woman whose chief delight is the delving into Canadian history for all the romance and glamor which lies there. Do you remember her "Bowl of Sagamite" in the September issue—the story of the founding of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec? And her short story "The Jade Cat" in our October issue? This month, Blodwen Davies has penetrated back fifty years to tell the story of the development of nursing in Canada. Her article would make an excellent paper for any club interested in the development of Canadian women.



**C. B. ROBERTSON**, who is among those present with an interview with the Hon. Irene Parlby, is a Canadian writer who has "written her way" across Canada from coast to coast several times. She has even penetrated up into the Yukon in search of copy. She divides her time among the provinces, but is at her happiest in her red-roofed bungalow on the Muskoka River.



**AMONG** the specialists writing to the Modern Chatelaine department for the home-maker is John T.



H. NAPIER MOORE  
Editorial Director

*The Chatelaine*  
A Magazine for Canadian Women

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS  
Editor

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager

Volume II.

NOVEMBER, 1929

Number 11

COVER DESIGN BY R. W. MAJOR

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## Who's who among the contributors to the Chatelaine for November

Perrin, who is giving us a series of articles on home-made candies. He has a very successful professional candy school in Toronto, and has prepared a particularly interesting article on the Christmas candies, which will appear next month.



**READ** the delightful story of "The Woman Who Went to Africa" yet? Louise Morey Bowman, the authoress, is a Canadian who is winning international reputation. She lives in Westmount, Quebec, where she writes fiction, of such excellence, that in the 1929 edition of O'Brien's Best Short Stories, she wins three stars for her work, and is given a biographical sketch in the roll of honor.



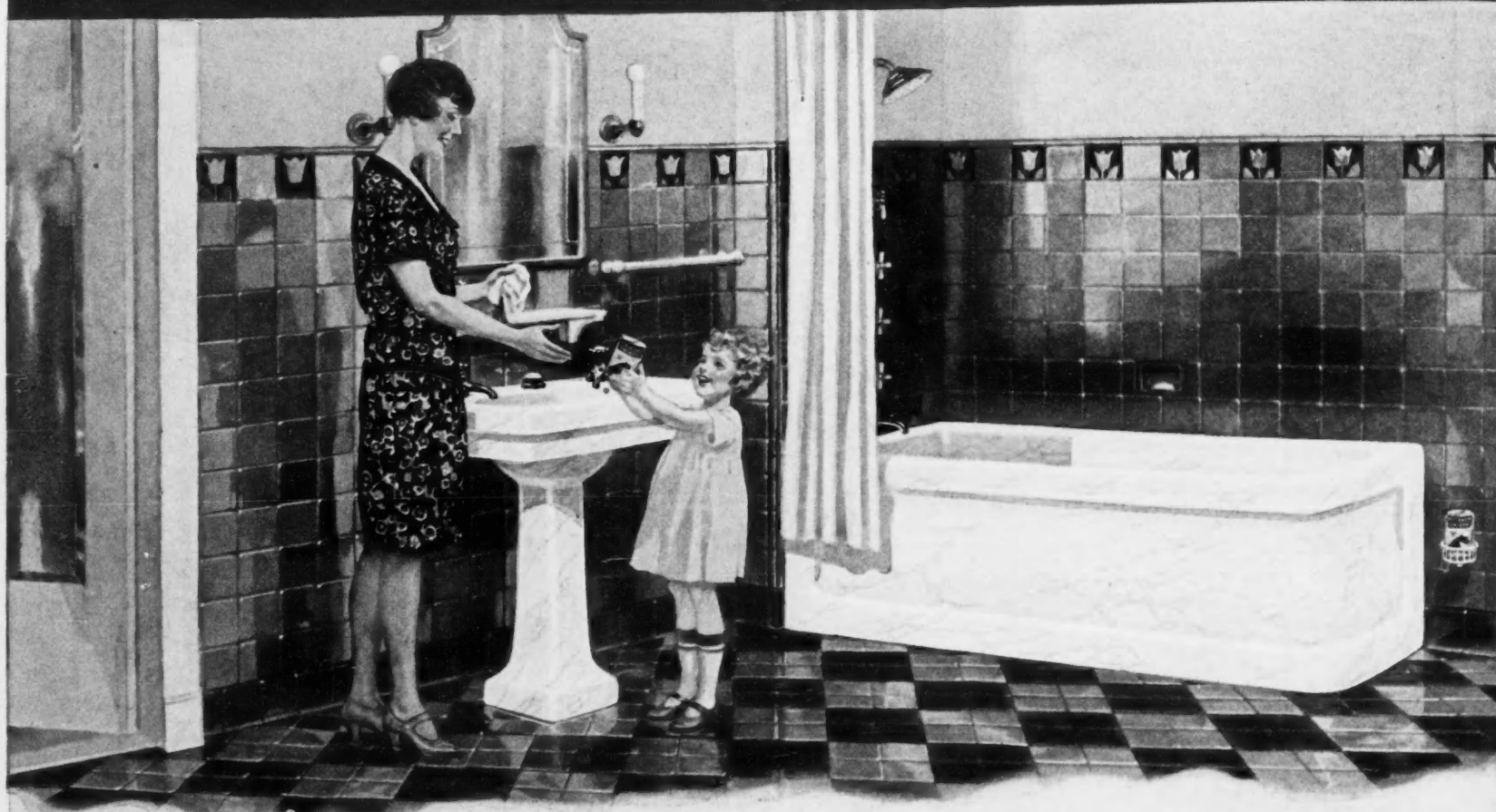
**ONE** of the newer writers in the Dominion is R. K. Hall, the young Torontonians who is in the magazine this month with the hilarious account of a modern elopement, "Three's a Crowd." The severest test of humor in a story comes when one is ploughing slowly through it watching for commas which should not be there, or dashes which should. "Three's a Crowd" stood the test even under the rigor of the searching blue pencil; wherefore it should amuse you in your casual, debonnaire reading of the magazine.

Helen Webster is the mystery writer of *The Chatelaine*. In her ordinary capacity she is one of the most popular writers for the magazine—writing under a pen-name. This month she is hidden under a second pen-name—and under two aliases, what can we tell of her? Nothing but that she is spending the winter in Banff and points west, but is scheduled regularly for future issues of *The Chatelaine*.



**AS SOON** as we realized the extent of the change in the new Fall Fashions, and discovered that Marceline D'Alroy was in Canada, we wired her instantly for some direct information on which we could rely. "What is it all about?" queried our night letter, which had to travel to Winnipeg and then to New York to reach her. "How long will the long skirts go—and why?" There is no one more fitted to answer all this than Marceline D'Alroy, the charming Frenchwoman who has spent so much time in Canada lecturing on the new fashions.

Old Dutch safeguards your family with  
*Healthful Cleanliness* - the greatest  
advance in modern cleaning efficiency



*Perfect for porcelain and enamel*

*Health demands Healthful Cleanliness.* With Old Dutch it is such an easy matter to protect your family with *Healthful Cleanliness*—for instance in the bathroom. A little Old Dutch on a damp cloth used regularly to clean the washbowl and tub, removes the health-endangering impurities, as well as the unsightly and annoying water rings, stains and soap accumulations; everything is spick and span, and safeguarded with *Healthful Cleanliness*.

*Old Dutch is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency.* There is nothing else like it. Its marvelous detergent qualities are derived from flaky, flat-shaped particles of "Seismotite." Old Dutch does not contain harsh scratchy grit, acid or caustic; it is not a chemical and does not scratch.

*The lasting beauty of the modern bathroom* is dependent upon its care and protection. Old Dutch is perfect for porcelain and enamel, tile, nickel plated trimmings, etc. It preserves their beauty—keeps them looking just like new.

*Old Dutch is kind to the hands*—doesn't irritate or roughen the skin. Because of its remarkable efficiency Old Dutch is economical.

*A little goes a long way*

